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WAS 'LANGLAND' THE AUTHOR OF THE C-TEXT OF 'THE VISION OF PIERS PLOWMAN'?

[PREFATORY NOTE. This paper was written previously to the appearance of Vol. II of the *Cambridge History of English Literature.* The conclusion arrived at by the writer of it with regard to the C-text is fully borne out by Professor Manly, the author of the section of that work dealing with *Piers.* But Professor Manly goes further, adducing arguments which prove almost to demonstration that neither is the B-text the work of the original author. He lays great, but not undue, stress on the evidence afforded by the remarkable hitch in Pass. V, where, owing probably to the displacement of a few lines, a confession more suitable for a thief or a robber is incongruously placed in the mouth of Sloth:

> And ȝit I-chulle ȝelden aȝeyn· ȝif I so muche have,
> Al þat I wikkedliche won... (A, V, 236.)

The conclusion seems irresistible that had the author of A himself brought out a revised edition of his own work, he must at once have discovered the error, and corrected it either by the restoration of the proper order of the lines, or—if Professor Manly's hypothesis of a missing leaf be adopted—by making good the omission. Instead of this we find the author of B struggling awkwardly with the incongruity, and seeking to justify the promise of restitution on the part of Sloth by making his laches to have been the cause of loss to others. But the lines in question are surely part of the confession of 'Robert the Robber,' to which they form a fitting close (A, V, 252; B, V, 478).

Professor Manly perhaps scarcely does justice to the high merits of B. Its author lacked the sense of proportion, the architectonic eye, of the author of A. But he displays a power of pathos and of the moral sublime surpassing anything in the work of his predecessor. He

occasionally spills pearls by the way, as when he omits the beautiful line—perhaps a reminiscence of the Cædmon story—in which the minstrel is bidden to make the love of God and of man the theme of his mirth (A, I, 138):

preche it in þin harpe
þer þu art murie at þi mete· when me [man] biddeþ þe ȝedde [sing];

or drops out the picturesque erection of the great 'Pavilon' for Mede's nuptials (A, II, 40—45).

But he sometimes betters his original, as in the singularly powerful line which forms the close of the confession of Envy (B, V, 124):

Ne neiþer schrifte ne shame· but ho-so schrape my mawe.

The corresponding line in A (V, 102) is tame in comparison:

If shrift shulde it thenne swopen out· grete wonder it were.

The personality of the author of A eludes us: that of the author of B is revealed in a number of significant touches; and to know him familiarly is to love him.

Professor Manly holds that the work of the original author ends with Pass. VIII, assigning the sequel of 'Do-wel,' 'Do-bet' and 'Do-best' to other hands. This conclusion may be questioned. The difference in matter and style as compared with the earlier vision does not seem beyond what may be noted in other instances—*Paradise Regained* as compared with *Paradise Lost*, for example. Moreover, it is easier to account for the prolonged continuation if we suppose a start to have been already made by the original author. The puzzling conclusion to A discovered by Dr Skeat and accepted by him as Pass. XII is most naturally understood, at least so far as the latter part of it is concerned —the former part seems to be genuine *Piers*—as a sort of epitaph on the author of the previous visions by another hand. (The name of 'But'—Johan But—is somewhat suspicious.) The hurrying on of the end by 'Death' and 'Fever' is unlike the workmanship of either A or B; moreover, the specific mention of 'fever' as the immediate cause of death seems to point unmistakably to a real event. If, as this epilogue taken in its obvious sense gives us to understand, the author of the previous eleven passus was struck down by death when he reached this point in his undertaking, that fact in itself seems both to account for the curious hitch referred to above, and to justify the consequent continuation and revision of his work by the author of B, who would naturally ignore the irrelevant epilogue.

Whensoever a new edition of *Piers* is issued for the benefit of the general reader, it may be hoped that it will comprise both of the earlier texts. The B-text will in all probability continue to be the popular version; but every genuine student of our literature will desire to have before him the powerful original sketch on which this was based.]

The *Vision* now holds an assured place among the greater treasures of our literature. The form of poetic structure to which it belongs has passed away, but it is that which comprises such imperishable national productions as the epic of *Beowulf*, the Cædmon poems, and that noble fragment *The Battle of Maldon*. But there is no other great work which has come down to us in so widely diverging forms. Apart from minor variations in MSS., which are exceedingly numerous, the poem exists in three leading forms—now generally known as texts A, B and C respectively. The earliest of these, consisting of a Prologue and eleven or perhaps twelve passus, or cantos, and extending to some 2500 lines, was written about 1362 (the A-text). This was enlarged and re-cast probably about fifteen years later; the enlargements comprising ten new cantos, in addition to a considerable expansion of the original work. This is text B. The latest, or C-text, appears from internal evidence to have been issued some fifteen years later still. This is the form of the work reproduced in Dr Whitaker's monumental edition (London, J. Murray, 1813); the publication of which marks the re-emergence of our author after an eclipse of more than two centuries. This recension, based on its two predecessors, though differing widely from both, has been accepted as authentic by the distinguished scholar who has done more for the study of *Piers* than any other man, Professor Skeat, whose opinion is supported by Professor Saintsbury, Dr Garnett, and others. M. Jusserand, too, who has made a special and sympathetic study of the *Vision*[1], leaves the authenticity of the C-text unquestioned. On the other hand, it was ignored by the sixteenth century editors, who printed only the B-text; while Mr Thomas Wright, in the Introduction to his own excellent edition of the same, expresses the opinion that the variations (shown in C) were made '*by some other person*, who was perhaps induced by his own political sentiments to modify passages, and was gradually led on to publish a revision of the whole' (Introduction, xli).

The present writer hopes to be able to show that strong internal evidence exists for reconsidering what has hitherto been the generally

[1] *L'épopée mystique de W. Langland.* Paris, 1893.

accepted view; and that not only is the C-text a debasement of the author's own work, but that the nature of many of the changes precludes the supposition of their being from the hand which penned either the original (A) or the enlarged (B) *Vision*.

The more serious changes introduced by the compiler of the C-text may be classed thus:

I. Omissions.

II. Insertions of new matter.

III. Structural changes, involving interference with the author's own plan and arrangement.

I. *Omissions.* These are exceedingly numerous; indeed they are to be noted in almost every part of the work. Some are limited to a few lines, or even to a single line. In other cases entire pages have been suppressed; and only in a few is it easy to account for or justify the excision.

(1) A signal instance occurs in the opening of the poem, where the well-known description of the poet's environment on 'Malverne hilles' is curtailed by the suppression of one whole line and parts of several others. In the two earlier texts this passage reads as follows:

> Ac on a Mornyng· on Malverne hulles
> Me bifel a ferly [a wonder]· of fairy me thoughte;
> I was wery forwandered· and went me to reste
> Under a brode banke· bi a burnes side:
> And as I lay and lenede· and loked on the wateres
> I slombered into a slepyng· it sweyed [sounded] so murie.
>
> (*Prol.*, 5—10.)

Compare with this the form which it is made to take in C:

> Ac on a May mornyng· on Malverne hulles
> Me bifel for to slepe· for weryness of wanderyng;
> And in a launde as ich lay· lenede ich and slepte.

Six lines reduced to three, when not one of the six can be spared! For this is surely one of the most delightful morsels in our earlier literature. Do we not feel, too, that in passing from the one to the other we have entered a different and less genial atmosphere? The vague but suggestive mention of a fairy world is withdrawn; the 'brode banke' and with it the 'burn' with its 'murie sweying' are gone; and worst of all, the very attitude of the poet, with eye intent upon the rippling water but feasting itself on a vision of its own, disappears with them. In short we have exchanged poetry for mere verse, and indif-

ferent verse too[1]. Is it probable or even conceivable that the author should have made havoc of his own work after this fashion?

(2) Another remarkable omission occurs in the highly dramatic scene where the Lady Mede is pleading her cause before the King. To us the cancelled passage is doubly interesting from its apparent reference to one of the most striking incidents in the Hundred Years' War; when Edward, awed by a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, was moved to consent to terms of peace—the 'Great Peace' of Bretigny, 1360. Mede is retorting on Conscience the charges brought against herself by him:

> In Normandy was he nouhte· noyed for my sake;
> Ac þow þiself sothely· shamedest him ofte,
> Crope into a caban· for cold of þi nailes,
> Wenedest that wynter· wolde have lastede evere,
> And draddest to be ded· for a dym cloude,
> And hiedest homeward· for hunger of þi wombe.
>
> (B, III, 188 ff.)

Here one is at a loss to conceive why so pregnant a passage should have been cancelled by anyone; much more by the author. Rude as it is in style, it is an intensely vivid picture that it presents to us. The seeming endless winter, the menacing cloud, the conscience-stricken king and his men creeping into hovels in the bitter cold, the panic and the hunger, had doubtless stamped themselves upon the minds of men —as in the case of the sufferings of our troops in the Crimea in the winter of 1854.

(3) In Pass. V (C, VI) out of some sixty lines devoted to the confession of Envy, about fifty have wholly disappeared. This is a part of the poem which in the earlier text is highly elaborated. Pale, shivering as one palsied, a knife at his girdle, his lean cheeks suggesting the hue of a leek 'that has lain long in the sun,' Envy bites his lips and clenches his fist; and

> Eche a word that he warp· was of a nadder's tonge.

Hardly one of these vivid touches is retained in C, though the portraiture is eked out by some features borrowed from another part of the poem (B, XIII, 326 ff.). The inimitable confession itself is treated in the same unsparing fashion. All the quaint homely tales—how he would be gladder 'that Gibb had mischance' than that he had himself 'won a weye of Essex cheese'—how in the market he had hailed as his friend the man he most hated—'he is doughtier than I; I dare do no

[1] The line, 'Me bifel for to slepe etc.,' is deficient in alliteration and inferior in structure. Compare it with the original, 'Me bifel a ferly, etc.'

other'—how in church at the moment when all are bidden to pray for others, all his prayer had been for sorrow to befal those who had done him some petty wrong—how, when he turns his eye from the altar and beholds Eleyne 'in her new cote,' he wishes it were his 'and all the web after'—all these absolutely disappear. Can this wholesale destruction be the author's work?

(4) The two following cantos are altered through and through; and the changes include many omissions. In IX much of the discourse of 'Wit' is discarded; and that of 'Dame Study' in X is still more ruthlessly cut down. It is impossible within present limits to speak particularly of these omissions. But much that is of real interest has been discarded. Among the fragments cast aside is the interesting passage in which the author laments the passing away of the fine old custom of common meals in the great feudal halls:

> Elyng [wretched] is the halle· each day in the wyke
> There the lord ne the lady· liketh not to sit.
> Now hath eche rich a rule· to eten by himselve
> In a pryvé parlour· for pore mennes sake (*i.e.* to shun them).
>
> (B, x, 94 ff.)

(5) In Pass. XII—the discourse of 'Ymaginatif'—we miss a striking autobiographic passage, of which it will be needful to speak under another head. Along with it go some of our author's most vivid and picturesque lines; notably those in which he tells of his eager desire to know the ways of 'Kynd' [Nature]:

> Where the flowers catch their colours· so clere and so bright,

and notes how

> He is the pie's patron· & putteth it in here ere
> There the thorn is thikkest· to buylde & brede.
>
> (B, XII, 220 ff.)

Further, the latter part of Pass. XIII and the whole of XIV, comprising the episode of 'Haukyn,' have been completely transformed, many entire pages being cancelled. With this it will be more convenient to deal in speaking of 'structural changes.' From this point onward both the insertions and the omissions become fewer and fewer, and in the last four cantos there are none calling for special notice.

II. *Additions.* (1) These like the omissions begin with the *Prologue.* Indeed the compiler loses no time in displaying his itch for interpolation; inserting almost at the very beginning an altogether

futile and pithless line[1]. Passing over this and the four prosaic lines introduced as a sort of argument to the entire vision, we are presently confronted by an insertion which can scarcely fail to jar on ears attuned to the genial temper of the rest of the *Prologue* (C, I, 94—124). It consists of a fierce diatribe against priests in general, whose devices are unsparingly denounced and who are themselves menaced with a judgment sorer than that which befel the guilty sons of Eli. The whole of this passage savours too much of the partisan; and the author of the *Vision* was no partisan, either in doctrine or in polity. He had a good word to say for the 'pore freres' even when most discredited (B, XV, 320), and would hardly have dealt out this sweeping censure on the order to which he himself appears to have been attached. The passage is further discredited by the total lack of alliteration in parts of it—a feature quite without parallel in the earlier texts—and the remarkable variations which it exhibits in the MSS.[2]

(2) In Pass. II (B, I) an insertion occurs, the sheer ineptness of which is sufficient to discredit it. Our author, after his wont, had cited in illustration a text from the *Vulgate*: 'Ponam pedem in aquilone, et ero similis altissimo'; 'I will set my foot *in the North*...' (see *Is.*, xiv, 14). The writer of C must needs turn aside to discuss the question 'why the wretched Lucifer' should have his quarters in the North? He tells us that:

> Ne were it for northern men· anon ich wolde telle:

and then, telling us after all, wanders still further away to gossip about 'hinds feeling the cold most on holidays.' The real Piers is always homely and sometimes tedious, but he is always to the point.

(3) The most outrageous case of irrelevant insertion occurs in Pass. IV (B, III), where a long scholastic discussion is foisted into the speech of 'Conscience,' in the dramatic trial scene. Actually the king's judgment is held in suspense in order that he may hear a lengthy argument on the nature of Direct and Indirect Relation, and the Concord of Adjective and Substantive, with theological illustrations. And this poor arid stuff runs on for a full hundred lines!

(4) We now come to what, from its bearing both on the authenticity question and on the character of the poet, is the most significant of all the insertions in C. It forms a prologue to Canto VI (B, V), and is professedly autobiographical. In fact it has formed the basis of most

[1] 'And saw many cellis· and selkouthe things' (C, *Prol.*, 5).
[2] Dr Skeat seeks to restore the true alliterated text by a collation of MSS.

recent portraitures of the author of *Piers*[1]. Yet the very first line of it rouses suspicion:

> Thus ich awaked, God wot· *whanne ich woned in Cornhulle.*

How comes it that when, as all remember, the poet 'slombered into his sleping' on Malvern hills, we have him awaking on Cornhill? Professor Skeat speaks of the adroitness with which the new matter has been adjusted to the old: how would he explain this?

But this is not all. If this be Langland's own account of himself, it would be difficult to defend him from the charge of being himself one of those very idlers and 'lollers' upon whom he has vented his scorn: 'Grete lobies that loth were to swynke' (*Prol.*). For here he is made to confess that when he was hale and strong all his care had been to get good fare and shirk hard work. He had 'lymes to labour with,' and yet cared only 'to drynke and to slepe.' When challenged by 'Reason'—'Could he not make himself of use, bind sheaves, or reap, or keep corn from thieves, or mend shoes, or keep cows, swine or geese?'—he had unblushingly replied in the very accents of the idle vagrant:

> Certes...and so God me helpe,
> Ich am too waik to worche· with sykel or with sithe;
> And too long, leyf me· low for to stoupe....

Now that he has reached middle age, he is well content with the life of a clerical loafer, 'hanging about men's hatches,' ready with his venal prayer, looking to be

> welcome whanne ich come· other while in a monthe,
> Now with him & now with hure· & thus gate ich begge....

M. Jusserand speaks of our author's 'passionate sincerity.' Can it be then that he here stands self-convicted of palpable hypocrisy? He is a prophet, and one of the main points of his gospel is 'work.' Christ is for him not only the King of kings; he is the Plowman too. He calls in Famine to chastise the idlers, and manifestly enjoys the spectacle, when at the bidding of their pitiless taskmaster, they shorten their skirts and fall to in earnest with shovel and spade. Is this all mere verbiage? Surely the ring of Piers's sincerity is too clear. We instinctively trust him. We need not shrink from the thought of our author gaining a livelihood by rendering petty clerical services to such as might choose to employ him. What else was open to him? Literature was no paying profession, and there were no wealthy patrons among the class for whom mainly the *Vision* was written.

[1] Professor Jack of Illinois has ably maintained the opposite view: *Journal of Germanic Philology*, III, 393.

As far as the B-text is concerned, there are passages which help us to form a juster estimate of the author as a man; though it is significant that the greater part of these have been discarded by the compiler of C. One such occurs in Pass. XIII, B, where 'Ymaginatif' is represented as pastorally remonstrating with the author on his past life. But it is noteworthy that, though the monitor speaks of the 'wylde wantonesse' of his youth, the only definite charge brought against him is that very use of his time which for us lifts him out of the obscurity of the past:

> And þow medlest þe with makynges [versifying]· & myghtest
> go seye þi sauter
> And pray for hem þat giveth þe bred· *for þere are bokes ynowe*
> To telle men what Do-wel is· Do-bet & Do-best bothe,
> And prechours to preuve what it is· of many a peyre[1] freres.
>
> (B, XII, 16 ff.)

It is difficult to think ill of the man who could talk of himself in this frank way. The cheery tone of his reply indeed shows that the charge was not very deeply felt; nay rather, that he is taking this mode of justifying his 'pastime' to the world. He reminds his monitor that wise and holy men before him have solaced themselves as he has done. Still such is his earnestness for Do-wel, that, could he but find a guide,

> Wolde I nevere do werke· but wende to holicherche
> And there bydde my bedes [prayers]· but whan I eat or slepe.
>
> (*Ib.*, 28.)

Already the man's simplicity has won our hearts; and the impression is deepened by another passage even more significant, of which we give the vital portion:

> Ac after my wakynge· it was wonder longe
> Ere I coude kyndely· know what was Do-wel.
> And so my wit weex and wanyed· till I a fool were:
> And some lakkede [chid] my life· allowed [praised] it fewe,
> And lete [held] me for a lorel· and loth to reverencen
> Lords or ladies· or any lif [living thing] else;
> As persons in pelure [fur]· with pendaunts of silver,
> To sergeaunts ne to swiche· said I not ones
> 'God loke [keep] you lordis!' ne loutede faire,
> That [so that] folk helden mè a fool· & in that folie I raved.
>
> (B, XV, 1 ff.)

Surely it is no mere idler or sensualist that we have here. Pondering these character-sketches of the author we seem to gather that from the beginning he had been unlike others. Imagination had attended him from the cradle. 'Youthful wantonness' had tempted him, we know not

[1] It was part of the rule of the Observant Friars, an order founded in 1373, to pay their visits in pairs as a security against scandals; and there seems to be a reference to this here.

how far; but his chief solace had been in those 'makynges' which to the world seemed mere idleness. He is so earnestly bent on finding the difficult narrow path, that his wits 'wax and wane' with the inward struggle. He is too deeply absorbed to attend to the common courtesies of life. Like the first emissaries of the Gospel, he 'salutes no man by the way'; he has no 'God bless you' for lord or lady or furred officer of the law, but passes as one 'in a mase.' Have we not here the very target of misrepresentation? Idler, fool, fanatic, are the ready labels of the world for such men. But a deeper and truer characterization may perhaps be discerned in the words the poet has put into the mouth of 'Ymaginatif':

> I am Ymaginatif, quoth he· *ydel was I nevere*
> Though I sitte by myself· in sikeness & in helthe.
> (B, XII, 1.)

III. *Structural changes.* (1) Under this head, the first thing to strike the reader is a needless and vexatious alteration of arrangement. In the earlier texts the opening section appears as the *Prologue*; and a prologue it is. In it the author, as it were, spreads his canvas, and boldly sketches in his scenery and his characters. Earth, heaven, hell, king, lords, commons, churchmen, pilgrims, jongleurs, hawkers, vagabonds—all the *farrago libelli* is here. Text C counts this as Pass. I, thus throwing out the enumeration of the following cantos, and at the same time obscuring the structure of the whole. This is surely more like the doing of one who imperfectly grasped the intention of the author rather than that of the author himself.

(2) The compiler of C shows great freedom in quarrying blocks out of the earlier fabric and working them into the new. Thus Pass. VI, C (B, V) has been enriched with spoil from the discourse of 'Clergy' (B, X) and from the episode of Haukyn; and 'Langland's' famous prophecy becomes a part of the discourse of 'Reason'—suffering loss in the transfer. The earlier form of this remarkable prediction is this:

> Ac there shall come a kyng· & confesse you religiouses
> And bete yow as the bible telleth· for brekynge of youre reule.
> And thanne shall the Abbot of Abingdon· and alle his issue for evere
> Have a knok of a kynge· & incurable the wounde. (B, X, 317 ff.)

In the C-text the last two lines read:

> For the Abbot of Engelonde· and the abbesse his niece
> Shal have a knok on here crounes· and incurable the wounde.
> (C, VI, 177.)

Professor Skeat acknowledges that Langland has 'considerably spoiled his famous prophecy' (vol. III, lxx).

(3) Passus X. This section of the poem has been treated with very great freedom, not to say roughness, in C. In the earlier text, the poet, after listening to a lengthened homily from 'Clergy,' declares himself 'little the wiser' for it, and gives frank expression to his perplexities. His sense of justice is outraged by a scheme of salvation which declares Aristotle and Solomon, both of them approved masters of 'sapience,' eternally damned. His audacity draws down upon him the anger of 'Scripture' who rebukes him smartly:

Then Scripture scorned me... (B, XI, 1 ff.);

so much so that he is moved to tears.

This honest frankness on the part of the poet seems to have proved too strong meat for the editor of C, who takes the overbold speech from him and assigns it to a character labelled as 'Rechelesness'—or 'Profanity.' But in doing so he has overlooked the fact that one change mostly necessitates another, and has left the rebuke administered to the poet (or his hero) still standing as in the earlier text without anything to justify it! There are other incongruities resulting from the changes made in this part of the poem, less glaring but no less real, which the careful reader will note. Taken together they form a body of evidence which cannot be ignored by anyone desirous of forming a sound judgment as to the *provenance* of the later text.

(4) The episode of Haukyn. In the earlier text this occupies the whole of one canto and half of another (B, XIII, XIV), and extends to no fewer than 550 lines. In C a considerable portion is detached and worked in elsewhere (C, VI), and the remainder abridged and deprived of all its individuality. The very name 'Haukyn,' which marks the most real and lifelike of all the characters in this part of the work, is suppressed, and only a pale abstraction labelled *vita activa* is left[1]. Haukyn is the average man of the world, honest in the main and well-meaning, but with small leaning towards a spiritual life. By trade he is a 'waferer' or baker; and he is not a little vain of his services to the community in that line. But it is soon apparent that all is not well with him; and he, too, has to learn his 'Do-wel' or 'Do-bet' if not 'Do-best.' The world is no very clean place, and Haukyn's 'moled' garments afford plain proof of this. The rebuke of 'Conscience' marks the awakening of his spiritual sense, and the picture of his ultimate humiliation and penitence is in Langland's best vein (B, XIV, 320 ff.).

[1] It is to be regretted that Professor Manly, by ignoring the homely name of Haukyn and harping on the scholastic phrase *vita activa*, has obscured the dramatic force of this section of the *Vision*.

We search for it in vain in C. It is difficult to believe that the author could have dealt so destructively with his own workmanship—the fruit, be it remembered, not of his unripe youth, but of his mature age.

Professor Skeat finds in the duplication of the confession scene (cf. V and XIII, B) an explanation of the treatment to which this section of the poem has been subjected. But the recurrence of a confession scene will hardly seem a blemish if it is borne in mind that the 'vision' of which the earlier one forms parts ends with Pass. VII. Although the cantos are numbered in succession for convenience, the poem of 'Do-wel,' to which the episode of Haukyn belongs, is a distinct work. In the MSS. its first passus is styled 'passus octavus de visione et *primus de Do-wel*.'

The argument derived from all the above considerations is confirmed by certain obvious dialectic peculiarities of C. The language of Langland as seen in the B-text is standard English of his day—the English of Wicliff and of Chaucer. How then, except on the theory of a different writer or editor, are we to account for the fact that in the latest text there are to be found numerous provincial forms which are absent from the earlier version? The most marked of these are the regular use of *ich* for 'I'; of *heo* or *hue* for 'she,' with a possessive form *hure* for 'her'; also of *hus* for 'his'; and of such plurals as *clerk-us* for *clerk-es*; none of which forms occur in the B-text as edited by Professor Skeat himself. The course of sound-change is ever onward. He who has learned to say *I* does not return to his earlier *ich*. The difficulty disappears on the hypothesis of a later editor who habitually used the provincial form himself and lived among those who were conversant with no other.

Such are the chief grounds for questioning the authenticity of the C-text, and their cumulative weight seems to the writer to be overwhelming. It may be added that the compiler of it would seem to have been a man of somewhat different temperament and convictions from his predecessor or predecessors. He is more vehement in his denunciation of the vices of the priestly and monastic classes, and, as we have seen, withdraws 'Langland's' memorable testimony to the good done by the friars. Like him he is full of pity for the poor, but he is sterner towards the unworthy, even counselling the rich not to concern themselves though such persons starve (C, XV, 101). The author of B is more penetrated with the sense of human weakness, and in one of his most winsome appeals—also cancelled in C—he pleads even for them 'that nedy ben and *naughty*.'

> Love hem (he says), and lakke [chide] hem not...
> Theigh [though] thei don yvel· *let God worthe.* (B, VI, 194.)

Moreover, the compiler of C is essentially a schoolman and a moralist, with little imaginative sensibility. Hence his remorseless handling of 'Langland's' work generally, and his obliteration or disfigurement of some of his best lines. He must have been an admirer of the work, though his treatment of it is unsympathetic. No doubt he thought his changes improvements and conducive to greater edification. The seemingly loose structure of alliterative verse lays it open to facile change; and no printing-press existed to confute the forger with its myriad witnesses. The author of C has here and there a good thing of his own, but the value of his work as a whole is antiquarian rather than literary.

THEOPHILUS D. HALL.

BOWDON, CHESHIRE.

NOTES ON CHAUCER.

Prologue, ll. 177—181:

> He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
> That seith that hunters beth nat holy men,
> Ne that a monk, whan he is recchelees,
> Is likned til a fish that is waterlees,
> This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.

It may fairly be said, I think, that the reading of the Harleian MS. 'cloysterles' for 'recchelees' cannot possibly be right. Chaucer could not have written this and then have added so feeble an explanation of what was obvious, 'This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.' The word 'recchelees,' moreover, is quite appropriate. It means 'careless,' and especially 'regardless of duty or obligation,' whether of religion, morality or gratitude. ('Cupido the reccheles' in *Hous of Fame*, 668, is 'Cupid who is regardless of merit or service done.') To the examples given in the Oxford Dictionary under 'reckless,' may be added these from the Middle English *Rule of St Benet* (E.E.T.S.). In the prose version we have, with reference to the discipline of the disobedient, 'þa þat ere fraward and recles, lede þaim þe straiter' (p. 6, l. 14); and in the metrical version, with regard to the admission of a nun to the order after a year's probation:

> In hirself þen sal scho knaw
> Þat scho sal neuer for godes aw
> Fro þat rewle reklisly gang.

So in *Piers Plowman*, C, XIII, 64, 'a recheles caitif' is one who roams the country to escape the control of his lord.

So Chaucer, in writing 'whan he is recchelees,' meant 'when he is careless of his rule.' But as the saying which he quotes is meant here to apply especially to a particular form of carelessness, namely, absence from the monastery on worldly business, he adds the explanation 'This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.' It was possible of course for a monk to be 'recchelees' in other ways than this, but this was the

most obvious and flagrant form of negligence. The alteration to 'cloysterles' is exactly the kind of change which might be made by a rather unintelligent reviser.

ll. 525 ff.:

> He waited after no pompe and reverence,
> Ne maked him a spyced conscience,
> But Cristes love, etc.

The word 'spyced' has been quite rightly explained to mean 'highly refined' or 'scrupulous,' and passages to illustrate this meaning were quoted by Todd, *e.g.*, Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Mad Lover*, III, 1:

> *Priestess.* Fy! no corruption.
> *Cleanthe.* Take it, it is yours;
> Be not so spiced.

It is obvious that here at least the English expression had nothing to do with the French 'épices' in the sense of presents made to judges, as in the poems of Coquillart (ed. Tarbé, I, 31), referred to by Professor Skeat, where the judge says to the suitor,

> Mais il faut payer les espices,
> Ce sont les droitz de noz offices,
> Et puis on vous appointera.

There is no doubt about this use of the word in French, but with all deference to Professor Skeat, I do not think that it ought to be alleged in explanation of Chaucer's expression. The phrase 'spiced conscience' is quoted by Todd from Massinger, *Emperor of the East*, I, 2:

> Fool that I was to offer such a bargain
> To a spiced-conscience chapman!

and *Bashful Lover*, IV, 2:

> will it please you to put off
> Your holy habit and spiced conscience?

But the sense in which Massinger and others used the phrase 'spiced conscience,' *i.e.*, 'highly-refined (or scrupulous) morality,' does not suit well with our passage of Chaucer, where it is certainly not meant that the parish priest was lax in his morality. Chaucer's use of the word 'conscience' requires attention here. In the character of the Prioress (l. 142) he had written,

> And for to speken of hire conscience,
> She was so charitable and so pitous, etc.;

and again (l. 150),

> And al was conscience and tendre herte,

where 'conscience' seems clearly to mean 'feeling' rather than either 'moral sense' or 'consciousness,' and I am disposed to understand it so also in l. 398, where it is said of the Shipman,

> Of nyce conscience took he no keep.

It is more natural, with a view to the balance of the sentences, to connect this line with what follows than with what goes before, and in that case it would mean that the Shipman had no very delicate feelings of humanity, such as might prevent him from throwing his prisoners overboard. If we suppose that in the case of the Parson 'a spyced conscience' means 'highly refined (or fastidious) feelings,' it would have reference here not to feelings of humanity, but to the sense of personal dignity,

> He waited after no pompe and reverence,

and would naturally be connected with what has already been said of him:

> He was to synful man nat despitous,
> Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne

(where 'daungerous' of course means 'repellent': cp. *Cant. Tales*, D, 1090, 'Is every knight of his so dangerous?'). The passage would mean then, 'He demanded no pomp or reverence, nor did he cultivate highly-refined feelings; but he taught the Gospel simply, and set an example by first following its rules himself.' Chaucer uses the phrase also in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*, l. 435:

> Ye sholde been al pacient and meke,
> And han a swete spiced conscience,
> Sith ye so preche of Jobes pacience,

where it seems to refer to delicacy of feeling as regards the relation of husband and wife.

Knight's Tale, l. 297:

> For *par amour* I loved her first er thow.

The meaning of this expression has been rather obscured than elucidated by the editors. The French 'aimer par amour' meant 'to be in love with,' and here 'to love *par amour*' is opposed to that very different kind of love which is associated with religious worship. Arcite is arguing that Palamon's feeling had been only 'affecciouns of hoolynesse,' for he admitted that he had taken Emilie for a goddess,

> And myn is love, as to a creature.

He admits that Palamon saw and loved her first, but he maintains that he was himself the first to be in love with her.

Knight's Tale, ll. 309 f.:

> And therfore positif lawe and swich decree
> Is broken al day for love in ech degree.

It has not been noted, so far as I know, by any editor, that the expression 'positif lawe' is here used in the technical sense, 'lex positiva,' the 'positive' as opposed to the 'natural' law. The 'positive' law is that which depends solely upon man's decree, and the term was most commonly applied to the rules laid down by ecclesiastical authority. This may be usefully illustrated from Gower's utterances on the subject in his three principal works. In *Vox Clamantis*, III, 237 ff., he condemns the system under which unnecessary rules are laid down by the Church, in order that money may be obtained for dispensations, with the heading, 'Hic loquitur de legibus eorum positivis, que quamvis ad cultum anime necessarie non sunt, infinitas tamen constituciones quasi cotidie ad eorum lucrum nobis graviter inponunt.' He pursues the same theme in *Mirour de l'Omme*, 18469 ff.,

> Ne puet descendre en ma resoun
> Q'ils du propre imposicioun
> Font establir novel pecché, etc.,

and he proceeds to refer particularly to the question of the forbidden degrees of marriage, in respect of which the 'positive law' of the Church most obviously affected society:

> Du loy papal est estably,
> Qe tu ne serras point mary
> A ta cousine, etc.

It is with reference to the same subject that the 'positive law' is referred to in *Confessio Amantis*, III, 171 ff., where treating of the incestuous love of Machaire and Canace, the author says that they were guided by Nature, who

> techeth every lif
> Withoute lawe positif,
> Of which sche takth nomaner charge,
> Bot kepth hire lawes al at large.

This special application of the term to the ecclesiastical rules about marriage gives us the key to the meaning of the Chaucer passage: 'Love is a greater law than any other, and therefore positive law and its decrees are constantly broken for love'; that is to say, love pays no regard to the artificial restrictions which human discipline endeavours to place upon marriage. It is possible that 'in ech degree' may mean 'in every

degree of kinship,' but the expression is also used generally, as *Wife of Bath's Prologue*, l. 404,

Atte ende I hadde the bettre in ech degree,

that is 'in every case.'

Hous of Fame, II, 421 ff.:

For in this regioun, certein,
Dwelleth many a citezein,
Of which that speketh dan Plato

This reference to Plato has never, I think, been rightly explained. It has been taken to be a casual allusion to Plato's *Republic*, suggested by the word 'citezein'; but this cannot be regarded as satisfactory. Chaucer, of course, was not acquainted with Plato at first hand, but when he wrote the *Hous of Fame* he was evidently fresh from reading Dante, and this reference to Plato depends probably upon *Paradiso*, IV, 22:

Ancor di dubitar ti dà cagione
Parer tornarsi l'anime alle stelle,
Secondo la sentenza di Platone.

Dante refers to the doctrine of Plato in the *Timæus* to the effect that souls proceed from stars and return to them.

Legend of Good Women, ll. 285 ff.:

And after hem com of women swich a traas,
That sin that god Adam had mad of erthe,
The thridde part of mankynd or the ferthe,
Ne wende I nat by possibilitee,
Had ever in this wyde world y-be.

For l. 287 the so-called A-text, given by the Cambridge MS., has

The thredde part of wemen ne the ferthe.

The meaning here seems clear, but the form of expression surely needs some elucidation. The author means evidently that there was such a multitude that it could hardly be believed that even as many as the third or the fourth part of it could have existed in the world since the creation of Adam. But what are we to make of the expression 'of mankynd' or 'of wemen'? This, I think, must be separated in sense from 'The thridde part or the ferthe' and connected with 'y-be,' however awkward the construction may seem: 'such a multitude, that not even the third or fourth part of it could have been born, as it seemed to me, of human kind,' or according to the other text, 'of woman kind.' The sense would be made a little clearer if we punctuated

The thridde part, of mankynd, or the ferthe.

Legend of Good Women, ll. 298 ff.:

> Hele and honour
> To trouthe of womanhede and to this flour,
> That berth our alder pris in figuringe!

The last line is explained to mean, 'That bears away the prize from us all in external beauty or figure.' This I am sure is wrong. It means rather, 'That displays the glory of us all in a figure or emblem.' It is not that the daisy surpasses all women in external beauty, but it is an emblem of their spiritual graces, of purity and of truth. The expression 'in figuringe' is equivalent to 'in figure,' as used, for example, in Bacon's *Essays* (quoted in the Oxford Dictionary): 'The ancient times do set forth in figure both the incorporation and inseparable conjunction of counsel with kings, and the wise and politic use of counsel by kings: the one in that they say Jupiter did marry Metis,' etc.

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ESPRONCEDA.

I.

Though centenary celebrations may sometimes have an air of being organized as much to glorify the living as to honour the dead, they have their uses; they serve to stimulate interest in great personalities, they arouse or quicken the historic sense, and they occasionally spur admirers to researches which would otherwise not be undertaken. It is true, indeed, that so far as immediate positive additions to knowledge go, centenary celebrations are prone to be barren. Striking discoveries are rarely made at the most dramatic moment. Of the Calderón bicentenary held in 1881, nothing survives but an admirable course of lectures by Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo, and a suggestive treatise by Sr. Rubió y Lluch. We have had to wait a quarter of a century before Dr Pérez Pastor, the happiest of investigators—but, in these matters, fortune commonly favours the most deserving—began to do for Calderón what he had done so successfully for Cervantes. It is now Espronceda's turn. The centenary of his birth occurred last March; it is a little more than sixty-seven years since he died. We can see him in his right perspective, and we are beginning to learn something definite concerning the life of the most popular lyric poet that Spain produced during the nineteenth century.

Our information hitherto has been obviously incomplete; it has also been, as Sr. Cortón shows in his interesting monograph[1], in many respects erroneous. All men, even the best, have their frailties, and it is a wholesome, pious sentiment which withholds us from peering too curiously into the lives of eminent authors. But reticence may easily be so misplaced as to defeat its object. We can all see now that the respectable scruples which led to the concealment of the Valladolid *proceso* did more harm to Cervantes than publication would have done; we can all see now that it was a fatal error of judgment to suppress

[1] *Espronceda* par Antonio Cortón. Madrid, n.d.

Lope de Vega's compromising correspondence. The truth leaks out at last, but not till tittle-tattle has done its worst. Espronceda's case is, naturally, on a very different footing. In the interest of survivors it needed handling with tact; but the generation that knew Espronceda personally has passed away with Valera and Cheste, and, though an unnecessary pretence of mystery is still kept up about trifling details, something like the real story can now be told. Furtive tactics are once more shown to be the worst in the world. The legendary Espronceda was a profligate, sinister figure, the incarnation of rebellion against the established order in politics and morals. According to the new version, he was of unimpeachable orthodoxy, and, after sowing his wild oats, he was on the point of settling down to a life of humdrum respectability when death took him prematurely. The facts may be left to tell their own tale[1].

We had hitherto been led to suppose that Espronceda was the only child of his parents, and that he was born at Almendralejo de los Barros on the line of march during the Peninsular War in 1809 or 1810. This is a tissue of mistakes. Espronceda had a brother[2] and a sister[3] (both older than himself) who died young. He was born on March 25, 1808 —before the Peninsular War began,—and, according to local tradition, his birth took place in a shepherd's hut at a spot called Pajares de la Vega near Villafranca de los Barros[4]. However that may be, he was baptized the same day in the church of Our Lady at Almendralejo, received the names of José Ignacio Javier Oriol Encarnación, and is described in the certificate as the legitimate son of Lieutenant-Colonel Juan Espronceda (of the Bourbon cavalry regiment) and his wife Doña María del Carmen Delgado y Lara. He is next heard of in July, 1820, when his father took steps to have him admitted to the artillery school at Segovia. The boy entered as a cadet in June, 1821, but was shortly afterwards removed to the Colegio de San Mateo in Madrid when

[1] For biographical information, the student should consult, in addition to Sr. Cortón's monograph, two articles by Sr. D. José Cascales y Muñoz in *La España Moderna* (May and June, 1908), and Sr. E. Rodríquez Solís, *Espronceda: su tiempo, su vida, y sus obras* (Madrid, 1883).

[2] Francisco Javier Diego, born at Reus on May 13, 1805.

[3] María del Carmen Agustina Tadea Teresa Javiera Eulalia, born at Barcelona on February 12, 1807, and died on March 24, 1807.

[4] Colonel Juan Espronceda's regiment was stationed at Villafranca de los Barros. He and his wife resided at 8, Plaza Vieja (now Plaza de Fernando Ceballos); the disturbances following upon the mutiny at Aranjuez and the fall of Godoy caused them to leave hurriedly for Badajoz, and José Espronceda was born soon after the journey began. This is the version given by Sr. Cascales y Muñoz; but, according to Sr. Cortón (p. 17), Espronceda was born at Almendralejo de los Barros where, unquestionably, he was baptized.

Alberto Lista and José Gómez Hermosilla were among his masters; from the outset he was a favourite with Lista whose affection for him never wavered, but he had no taste for plodding, and the official school-reports speak of him as an exceedingly clever, idle, lovable lad. He soon began to dabble in literature and politics. A member of *El Mirto*, a literary society formed by the boys of San Mateo, he joined *Los Numantinos*, a political club founded at the suggestion of a school-fellow slightly his senior, Patricio de la Escosura. It is amusing to find in the list of members—there were but twelve—the names of Ventura de la Vega, Roca de Togores, and Plazuela; these three exasperated young revolutionists were destined to become pillars of society: Vega was appointed secretary to Isabel II, Roca de Togores is more easily recognizable as the Marqués de Molins[1], and Plazuela—better known as the Conde de Cheste—died, almost a centenarian, as the Director of the Spanish Academy.

Meanwhile the *Numantinos*, the eldest of whom was barely twenty, met in unfrequented fields, or in obscure holes and corners, to plot for the cause of liberty. The juvenile conspirators took themselves very seriously, and it is fair to say that they did more than talk. Espronceda soon had an opportunity of showing that he was in earnest, and in 1822 he was under fire for the first time. A boy of fourteen, he enlisted in the National Militia, helped to put down an absolutist rising at Madrid, and celebrated the triumph of constitutional liberty in a poem *Al Siete de Julio* which was warmly praised by Lista. But constitutional liberty did not triumph for long. The Duc d'Angoulême and his 'hundred thousand sons of St Louis' crushed the Liberals in 1823, and on November 7 Rafael Riego, the figure-head of the revolution, was executed in the Plaza de la Cebada at Madrid. The young *Numantinos* were present in the crowd, held a meeting afterwards, and swore to avenge their chief—'beginning with the highest.' This amounted to passing sentence of death on Ferdinand VII. Unfortunately for themselves the youthful enthusiasts made their vows in writing. The melodramatic document fell into the wrong hands, and was used against them. Espronceda was arrested with some of his friends, and was sentenced to five years' confinement in the Franciscan monastery at Guadalajara where his father was then stationed. There was evidently no intention of treating him harshly, and he was speedily released. He returned, bringing his sheaves with him, to Madrid, where Lista had

[1] His conversion seems to have been complete; he was prominent in contriving the fall of Olózaga in 1843.

opened a private school in the Calle de Valverde to supply the place of the Colegio de San Mateo which an unsympathetic Government had closed on the arrest of the *Numantinos*. Espronceda's sheaves consisted of the manuscript of *El Pelayo*, an unfinished epic, which was dutifully admired by the master who had the good sense to see that his turbulent pupil was a much truer poet than he himself was.

But, though Lista contributed forty-seven supplementary stanzas, Espronceda never found time to complete *El Pelayo*. He was not long in discovering that epics were not his calling. He is said to have met with André Chénier's poems shortly after his return from Guadalajara, and to have begun his evolution from classicism to romanticism. On the closing of Lista's school in 1826, Espronceda found it convenient to leave Madrid, made for Gibraltar, and thence sailed for Lisbon. He has told us how he was put in quarantine, how the sanitary authorities pestered him for their fee, how he offered them the only *duro* which he possessed, and how he threw the two *pesetas* which he received as change 'into the Tagus, as I did not wish to enter so great a capital with so little money[1].' There seems to be no doubt that Espronceda's parents kept him well supplied with cash, but his story may be true enough, and at all events his *beau geste* is quite in the high romantic manner. He was no more at peace in Lisbon than in Madrid. Portugal was in a state of civil war, and the Spanish refugees were regarded with suspicion. Possibly Espronceda, not content with literature, became entangled in local politics; at any rate, he was arrested, and imprisoned in the Castle of St George. It was a fateful experience, for here he first met the celebrated Teresa whose name is so tragically associated with his life, but to whom he owes his finest inspiration:

Aún parece, Teresa, que te veo
Aérea como dorada mariposa,
Ensueño delicioso del deseo,
Sobre tallo gentil temprana rosa,
Del amor venturoso devaneo,
Angélica, purísima y dichosa,
Y oigo tu voz dulcísima, y respiro
Tu aliento perfumado en tu suspiro[2].

[1] 'En fin, llegamos á Lisboa, que yo creí que no llegábamos nunca. Hicimos cuarentena, que fue también divertida; visitónos la sanidad, y nos pidieron no sé que dinero. Yo saqué un duro, único que tenía, y me devolvieron dos pesetas, que arrojé al río Tajo, porque no querría entrar en tan gran capital con tan poco dinero.'

[2] The quotations throughout are from the *Obras poéticas y escritos en prosa*. Colección completa enriquecida con varias producciones inéditas encontradas entre los papeles autógrafos del autor, ordenada por Don Patricio de la Escosura Académico de la Española; publicala Doña Blanca Espronceda de Escosura, hija única y heredera del insigne poeta. Madrid: Eduardo Mengíbar, 1884. The second volume has not appeared. It is discreditable that no complete edition of Espronceda's works is available.

At this time Teresa was fifteen, daughter of a hectoring Andalusian colonel whom we know only as Don Epifanio M. The idyll was cut short by the Portuguese Government; Teresa and Don Epifanio M. were hurriedly shipped off to England, and Espronceda was unable to follow them till a year or two later. He then found that Teresa had been forced into a marriage with a well-to-do Spanish merchant, established in London, whose identity is disguised under the initials G. B.[1] Espronceda was twenty, and Teresa was seventeen; their heads were aflame with romantic nonsense, they were thrown in each other's company once more, and things fell out as might be expected. Teresa left her husband and child, disguised herself in boy's clothes, and eloped with Espronceda to Plymouth; there the couple embarked for Cherbourg, and took up their residence at Paris. Among the colony of Spanish refugees in London, Espronceda had attracted no notice; absorbed by his passion, he lived in obscurity. He does not seem to have written in either of the journals issued by the refugees,—*El Momo* and *Ocios*,—and it has been remarked with some acerbity that his name is not even mentioned by Alcalá Galiano in the *Recuerdos de un anciano*. There is no reason why it should be, for Espronceda had as yet done nothing to distinguish him from the crowd of exiles who preferred to run the risk of starvation in Somers Town rather than be within reach of Ferdinand VII and his camarilla. Two of Espronceda's poems belong to this period: the *Serenata* is dated 'Londres, 1828,' and the elegy *Á la patria* is dated 'Londres, 1829.' The *Serenata* has touches of conventional prettiness likely enough to appeal to a young girl like Teresa (who appears as Elisa), and there is a vibrating note of patriotic anguish in the elegy. But in neither of these poems do we find the authentic Espronceda. He had not yet found himself: he was to do so in Paris.

There literature and politics were in a ferment of revolution. The publication of the *Orientales* (1829), and the performance of *Hernani* at the Théâtre Français (February 25, 1830), filled the literary conservatives with dismay. Espronceda may not have known Victor Hugo, Musset and Gautier personally, but it is clear that he read them as assiduously as he had read Byron in England, and during his stay in Paris he must often have met with wild Bohemians like Pétrus Borel (*Le Lycanthrope*, as he chose to call himself), the most amazing figure in the amazing

[1] The practice of referring by their Christian names, or by initials, to the tragic comedians in this drama, is not solely due, as might be imagined, to a superfine discretion. Sr. Cortón hints broadly (p. 166) that Teresa's surname would have been given to the world long ago, if it had happened to be pleasing.

group of *Bousingots*, who curdled the blood of the middle-classes with their romantic extravagances. Baffled by a Bourbon in Spain, Espronceda helped to dethrone a Bourbon in France, and fought at the barricades in July, 1830. For some time Ferdinand VII refused to recognize the new French monarchy; Louis-Philippe retaliated by encouraging the *emigrados* who were flocking to the frontier, preparing to provoke a series of local insurrections against absolutism. This was the kind of argument that Ferdinand could understand, and he gave way as usual when his personal interests were threatened. Deprived of French support, the expeditions marched to disaster, and Espronceda marched with them. He served under Colonel Joaquín de Pablo—otherwise Chapalangarra—who advanced into Spain with a band of one or two hundred volunteers. Chapalangarra was killed in the first encounter, and, after a desperate struggle against superior numbers, his force was compelled to retreat. Espronceda, who had shown great gallantry in the engagement, commemorated his leader's fall in a copy of impressive verses:

Llorad, vírgenes tristes de Iberia,
Nuestros héroes en fúnebre lloro;
Dad al viento las trenzas de oro
Y los cantos de muerte entonad:
Y vosotros¡ oh nobles guerreros,
De la patria sostén y esperanza!
Abrasados en sed de venganza,
Odio eterno al tirano jurad.

Chapalangarra's defeat took place in October; towards the close of the year, José María Torrijos left Gibraltar and advanced upon Málaga in the belief that he would be joined by the regulars. The information was misleading; Torrijos and his handful of supporters were trapped; they were induced to surrender, and were then murdered. The massacre was branded in an indignant sonnet by Espronceda who, at about this period, volunteered to join an expedition to Russian Poland where an insurrection was in progress. Like Ferdinand VII, Nicholas I had refused to recognize Louis-Philippe; the French Government pursued the same policy towards Russia as towards Spain, and, when he saw expeditions being fitted out against him with the connivance of the French Foreign Office, Nicholas surrendered as meekly as Ferdinand. No more was heard of 'divine right' as against 'revolutionary principles'; Louis-Philippe was duly recognized by the Tsar, the service was repaid, and the volunteers for Poland were arrested.

The year 1830 was eventful and discouraging for Espronceda. He had failed in his effort to raise Spain; he had failed in his attempt to

follow the example which was always before his eyes, and to do for Poland what Byron had done for Greece. It is reported that envoys from London visited Teresa, and sought to induce her to return to her child and the mysterious G. B.; if so, the overture was rejected. The pair removed to Passy[1], where they lived in tranquil obscurity till the death of Ferdinand VII in 1833, and the subsequent amnesty, opened Spain to them once more. Espronceda had left Spain as a 'classic'; he returned a full-fledged 'romantic,' with all the inconsistencies and extravagances of the school. Exile had been less hard for him than for most of his comrades, for his father and mother seem to have supplied him with sufficient means. The prodigal found friends at court when he returned. His father was now a brigadier, his uncle—the future Patriarch of the Indies—was Bishop of Córdoba, and through their influence he was given a commission in the Guardia de Corps[2]. But he was still untamed, and could not in a moment forget his revolutionary theories, nor his obligation to shock the Philistines by his eccentricities. He attended a political banquet, delighted the guests by reading a copy of *décimas* condemning the Government which had appointed him[3], was cashiered, and sent into exile at Cuéllar. His expulsion must have been painful to his father (who died the year following), but it was well-deserved, and need not be regretted. Literature gained much more than the army lost.

Yet the first result of Espronceda's enforced seclusion was not happy. At this distance, when our own enthusiasms have cooled, it is difficult to imagine how great the influence of Sir Walter Scott was on the continent; on the other hand, we have no difficulty in believing that what we now think to be his inferior novels were precisely those which were most admired abroad. It takes time to sift the chaff from the grain, and a generation which was capable of ranking *Lalla Rookh* above *Adonais* was naturally incapable of discriminating between the relative merits of *Old Mortality* and *Ivanhoe*. We cannot expect foreigners to be more infallible in these matters than ourselves. Espronceda had been brought up in the straitest sect of admirers. His old master Lista was enthusiastic for 'Gualtero Escoto.' Trueba

[1] Espronceda would seem, however, to have visited London again. At least, the poem *Á Matilde* (on pp. 226–8 of the *Obras poéticas y escritos en prosa*) is dated 'Londres, 1832.'

[2] But compare the note appended to the *Octavo real* on p. 226 of the *Obras poéticas y escritos en prosa*. Here Espronceda is described as belonging to the Guardia on October 10, 1831. This seems to be a misprint.

[3] So far as appears, these verses have not been preserved; yet it might be thought that they would be embodied in the official report of the court-martial. Nor have I seen the juvenile poem *Al Siete de Julio* which Lista is said to have praised, and which helped Espronceda to ingratiate himself at Lisbon with Colonel Epifanio M.

y Cosío, one of the *emigrados*, had produced two historical novels written in English—*Gómez Arias* (1828) and *The Castilians* (1829)—while Espronceda was in London, and about the time that Espronceda went to Passy *Notre-Dame de Paris* appeared (1831). In 1831 also Trueba y Cosío's *Gómez Arias* had been translated into Spanish by Mariano Torrente, and other imitators of Scott had come forward in different parts of Spain. Among these were two intimate friends of Espronceda: in 1833 José García de Villalta had published *El golpe en vago*[1], and Escosura had published *El Conde de Candespina*. Espronceda followed the fashion; in 1834 he brought out *Sancho Saldaña ó El Castellano de Cuéllar: novela histórica original del siglo XIII*—a romance in six volumes[2] dedicated to his mother. It is readable inasmuch as it deals with a picturesque historical period, and it contains a few brilliant descriptive passages; but it is a literary exercise, not specially characteristic of the author.

I have assumed that Espronceda was attached to the Guardia de Corps immediately on his return to Madrid in the autumn of 1833, and that he was cashiered and sent to Cuéllar within a very short time of joining his regiment; but it is right to say that this is mere conjecture. We are almost forced to assign his exile to this period by the statements of his biographers who allege that he helped to found *El Siglo*, a liberal newspaper of which the first number appeared on January 21, 1834[3]. If he really took any active part in launching *El Siglo*, it is plain that his stay at Cuéllar must have been very short. But, assuming that he was still at Cuéllar when *El Siglo* first appeared, it seems highly probable that he was free again before April 26, 1834, on which date the managers of the Teatro de la Cruz produced *Ni el tío ni el sobrino*, a piece which he wrote in collaboration with Antonio Ros de Olano,

[1] Sr. Cortón states (p. 221) that García de Villalta, like Trueba y Cosío, wrote novels in English; they do not appear under his name in the catalogue of the British Museum Library, but may have been published anonymously. García de Villalta is known also as the author of an excellent translation of *Macbeth* which was hooted off the stage at the Teatro del Príncipe in 1838; see Enrique Piñeyro, *El Romanticismo en España* (Paris, n.d.), pp. 170–1.

[2] Are there two editions of *Sancho Saldaña*, issued in 1834? Sr. Cortón describes (p. 219) a mysterious edition published by Repullés as being in the form of an octavo volume 'de muy escasas hojas,' and again (p. 242) as 'un tomo en 8°, flaco y raquítico.' The only edition which I have seen was published at 'Madrid: Imprenta de Repullés. Año de 1834.' The arrangement is as follows: vol. I, pp. 1—178, vol. II, pp. 1—188, vol. III, pp. 1—205, vol. IV, pp. 1—186, vol. V, pp. 1—181, vol. VI, pp. 1—212.

[3] Sr. Cortón (p. 219) states that Espronceda was banished to Cuéllar at the beginning of 1834, and he may possibly be right. But, in that case, Espronceda can scarcely have had any great share in founding *El Siglo*. No doubt discipline in the Spanish army was lax at this time; but it is difficult to think that any ensign on the active list would have been allowed to found a journal for the avowed purpose of overthrowing the Government under which he served.

like himself a founder of *El Siglo*. *Ni el tío ni el sobrino* attracted little notice: *El Siglo* attracted too much notice for Espronceda's convenience. He was arrested on July 25 and, after a week in jail, was ordered to Badajoz, and told not to return to Madrid. In a letter dated from the City Prison on August 7, and published in the newspapers, he protested against not being sent for trial, and renewed his protest in a letter to the Queen-regent on August 12. From these circumstances it would appear that he had refused to leave the Madrid jail, and that the Government shrank from removing him to Badajoz by force. His letter to the Queen-regent proved effectual[1]; he was released, and flung himself into the political fray again.

He was in constant and aggressive opposition. In 1835 he joined the National Militia, and on August 15 took part with them in their armed demonstration against Toreno's Cabinet. In 1836 he published a pamphlet against the much more advanced Government of Mendizábal; on August 3 he again 'demonstrated' in the streets with the National Militia against Mendizábal's successor Istúriz, and narrowly escaped from the police who were in search of him. He found shelter in the unlikeliest spot—in the house of a police commissary—and there is said to have written *El Mendigo* and *El Verdugo*, which were duly published in the *Revista Española*. Coming out of his hiding-place, he carried on his political campaign in the columns of *El Español*, and travelled through Andalusia, organizing supporters at Granada, Seville and Cádiz. He collaborated with Eugenio Moreno López in a prose play entitled *Amor venga sus agravios*: the piece, ascribed on the programme to D. Luis Senra y Palomares, was produced without much success at the Teatro del Príncipe on September 28, 1838. In 1839 Espronceda visited Granada once more, and there gave the local literary society the *primeur* of part of his *Estudiante del Salamanca*.

Not content with his notoriety as a poet and political agitator, he had adopted the pose of a dandy, and his adventures led to scenes and quarrels with Teresa. The picturesque details which are given of these outbursts are uncorroborated, and are probably false. It seems, however, to be fairly certain that Teresa fled to Valladolid in a fury of jealousy, and was forcibly brought back by Espronceda; a complete rupture

[1] Espronceda's manifest reluctance to leave Madrid, and his personal appeal to the Queen-regent—an action very unlike him—may be explained by the fact that his daughter Blanca was born during the course of 1834. It may be convenient to mention at this point that, after Espronceda's death, Blanca was adopted (or, at least, educated) by her father's friend, the Conde de las Navas. She married Narciso de la Escosura, younger brother of Patricio de la Escosura, a leading spirit among the *Numantinos*.

followed[1], and no more is heard of Teresa till her premature death on September 18, 1839. This tragic incident made no apparent difference in the poet's mode of life. In 1840 his mother died. His domestic troubles would seem to have invigorated his energies, instead of checking them. He wrote his patriotic poem *Al Dos de Mayo*, commemorating the popular movement of 1808 against the French, contrasting past and present, and branding the subserviency of contemporary place-hunters to Louis-Philippe. He made a bid for fame as an orator by delivering a speech at the bar in defence of Patricio Olivarría, who was prosecuted for mildly advocating republican theories in *El Huracán*. In this same year, 1840, Espronceda published his *Poesías*[2], a slim volume which established his reputation, and was reprinted at Paris within a short time of its appearance at Madrid[3]. The loyal Lista came forward to lead the chorus of applause, and, though he could see nothing to praise in *El Reo de Muerte* nor (strangely enough) in *El Verdugo*, was enthusiastic in his appreciation of the book as a whole. He was perhaps rashly enthusiastic when, in speaking of Elvira, he invited a comparison between Espronceda and Milton.

His literary success seems to have encouraged and steadied Espronceda, and the political situation favoured his ambition. The first canto of *El Diablo Mundo* was issued early in October, 1840[4]; and, shortly afterwards, Espartero succeeded the Queen-mother as Regent. Espron-

[1] We are not told when this rupture occurred, but 1836 seems a probable date.

[2] Sr. Cortón states (p. 29) that not a single copy of this first edition is now in existence. This is, I think, a misapprehension. There is a copy in the British Museum with the press-mark 1464. h. 13. *Poesias de D. José de Espronceda.* Madrid. En la Imprenta de Yenes, Calle de Segovia, Núm. 6, 1840. A private collector in this country has another copy.

[3] *Poesias de D. José de Espronceda.* Paris, Imprimerie de H. Fournier, 1840. This appears to be an exact reprint of the Madrid issue, not very intelligently executed. At the end of the *princeps* there is the following *Advertencia*: 'Al poner en limpio los borradores se omitieron involuntariamente las cuatro octavas siguientes de Fragmento 1° del poema Pelayo, que deben leerse á continuación de la II, en la página 14.' Then follow the stanzas numbered III, IV, V and VI in the modern editions:

(III) Al blando son de la armoniosa lira...
(IV) Toledo, que de mágicos jardines...
(V) Allí con ojos lánguidos respira...
(VI) El ruido crece del festín en tanto...

This *Advertencia* and the four stanzas are reproduced in the Paris reprint. Unfortunately in the Paris edition p. 14 is a blank, and *El Pelayo* begins on p. 17. It may be worth remarking that the title is generally given (though not by Sr. Cortón) as *Poesías varias*: the word *varias* does not occur on the title-page of the 1840 editions. The Madrid *princeps* was advertised in May, 1840; but the book was probably ready considerably before this date, for the *Prólogo* by José García de Villalta is dated June, 1839.

[4] *El Diablo Mundo* appears to have been issued by Boix in parts published at irregular intervals. I have not seen it in this form: the earliest issue known to me is the two volume edition (containing six cantos) brought out by Boix in 1841. Modern reprints include fragments of what was to be the seventh canto. These verses were recited—wholly or in part—at Espronceda's funeral by the celebrated actor Julián Romea, himself a skilful versifier.

ceda's friends were now in power; he was nominated Secretary of Legation at The Hague, and left to take up the appointment towards the end of 1841. His absence was short. The Government needed parliamentary supporters, and—by methods too familiar to students of Spanish politics—Espronceda became deputy for the province of Almería. He did not resign his post at The Hague, but came back to Madrid, and took the oath on March 1, 1842. His speech on behalf of Olivarría is said to have been impressive, and the ministry may well have hoped to find in him a valuable recruit; but, if he had the talent of oral eloquence, he was careful to hide it. Conscious of his physical disadvantages, he doubtless perceived that he could not compete with such brilliant rhetoricians on his own side as Joaquín María López and Salustiano de Olózaga. He made no attempt to rival them; yet he showed none of the diffidence which is usually thought to be becoming in a new member. Espronceda, who was officially described as a 'moderate progressist,' knew how electioneering was conducted in Spain; his denunciations of the system leave no doubt on this head, and the system has never varied, whatever party may have been in power. He was, therefore, well aware that he owed his seat to official pressure, not to the electors of Almería, who, like the electors in most other Spanish constituencies, were merely so many 'honorary voters.' However, he appears to have taken the position seriously, was assiduous in attendance, sat on various committees, spoke fairly often (though without much distinction) in debates on financial or mercantile questions, was sensible but rather commonplace in substance, and, so far from proving irreconcileable, gave promise of mellowing into an adroit opportunist. His friend, Olivarría, whom he had defended in the *Huracán* case, soon found that the Cortes was no place for a sincere republican, and resigned his seat. Espronceda had no such doctrinaire difficulties or scruples. All traces of the old revolutionary had vanished; he debated prosaic practical questions in a prosaic practical way; and his latest biographer makes the alarming suggestion that, had his life been prolonged, he might have suppressed his poems, followed the example of other *Numantinos*, and declined into an embassy or a marquessate.

Incredible variations constantly occur in the unstable kaleidoscope of Spanish politics, but it is useless to discuss what might have been. Espronceda was at the end of his career. He was present at the Cortes for the last time on May 17. He had become engaged to Bernarda Beruete, went to visit her at Aranjuez, hurried back to his parliamentary duties, caught cold, and on May 20 wrote a note to the President of

Congress apologizing for his absence on the plea of severe illness. It was no formal excuse. His health, never strong, had been failing for some months; he was noticeably weaker when he returned from The Hague, and it is said that his parliamentary speeches were delivered in so low a tone as to be inaudible to most of the deputies. Though he had some of the habits of a valetudinarian, he was generally careless in his manner of life, had taxed his constitution severely, and had no reserve of strength. His friends thought later that the doctors had mismanaged his case. A proposal to perform the operation of tracheotomy was rejected first of all by a majority, and, when it was finally determined to resort to it, the opportunity had gone by. Espronceda died at 19, Calle de la Greda, Madrid, on Monday, May 23, 1842, at nine o'clock in the morning. He was in his thirty-fourth year. According to the medical certificate, he died of inflammation of the larynx. His death was duly reported the same day to the President of Congress: Luis González Bravo, one of the most sinister figures in the history of Spanish politics, attempted to express his grief at the loss of one who had been his friend. He broke down, and resumed his seat in tears: for once, he was evidently sincere[1]. Espronceda was buried on May 24, in the cemetery of San Nicolás. In one of his most famous poems occurs the line:

¡ Sólo en la paz de los sepulcros creo !

Even this slight act of faith proved excessive. Sixty years later, on May 24, 1902, Espronceda's remains were disinterred, and removed to a spot in the cemetery of San Justo set apart, at the suggestion of Núñez de Arce, for the 'illustrious dead.'

II.

The most important events of Espronceda's life are now known to us as completely as they are ever likely to be, and there is a tendency to interpret the facts in a way which leaves him a less interesting and less romantic figure than he appeared in the light of legend. Scarcely any hero is as great and good as he seems to his impassioned admirers. The gods will give us some faults to make us men, and it is only too easy to point to many blemishes in Espronceda's character and conduct. But there is some danger of his being treated unjustly by the new school of critics. He was so powerfully influenced by external conditions that the details of his biography must be kept constantly in mind by anyone who

[1] González Bravo spoke with more self-command next day, following the celebrated Joaquín María López who delivered the formal funeral oration.

wishes to form a fair judgement. Pampered by a fond mother, flattered by an appreciative schoolmaster, educated at hazard, never submitted to any stern moral or intellectual discipline, he was brought up in most unfavourable circumstances. It is not astonishing that he committed many extravagances; the wonder is that with such training—or rather want of training—he committed so few. Extravagance was in the air he breathed. It is easy for us in our armchairs to smile at the boy-conspirator of fifteen swearing with his fellow-Numantines to bring Ferdinand VII to justice. It is easy to show that Espronceda's material sacrifices for his political views were slight, and that in London—if not in Lisbon—his egotism overcame his principles. It is easy to ridicule him for profiting by an amnesty to join the fashionable Guardia de Corps, for defending republican theories yesterday and accepting a post under the Regency to-morrow, for posing as a gloomy misogynist in print one spring, and exerting all his fascinations to please the visitors at Carratraca next autumn[1]. These contradictions are flagrant, but politicians and poets are chartered libertines. Espronceda made no pretension to consistency, and had not the strength of will to retreat into a tower of ivory, like Alfred de Vigny. He was not consciously insincere, but his feelings were more violent than deep, and as a purely intellectual force he may be disregarded. Let us remember that, as he himself tells us, he was next to uneducated:

> ¡ Mis estudios dejé á los quince años,
> Y me entregué del mundo á los engaños!

He was swayed more by emotion than argument, his temper was naturally irreflective, and he did not attain the years that bring the philosophic mind. Sensitive and untrained, he never ceased to be a creature of impulse, tossed to and fro by instincts which (it is bare justice to say) were, more often than not, ardent and generous. To expect from this inconstant, elfin spirit a reasoned consistency in conduct or in utterance is to be blind to facts and their consequences.

We think of Espronceda mainly as a poet of the Revolution, and who can deny that he was a romantic Liberal? Yet it is doubtful if he had any grasp of political doctrine. Shelley noted 'the canker of aristocracy' in Byron, and symptoms of this disorder are discernible in Espronceda. He was taught by his parents to despise the unpatriotic reaction embodied in the person of Ferdinand VII, and, like all honest

[1] In September, 1840—just a year after Teresa's death, and shortly before the publication of the *Canto á Teresa* in *El Diablo Mundo*—Valera, then a mere boy, met Espronceda during the fashionable bathing-season at Carratraca. He has given an amusing, cynical account of the poet's demeanour in the *Florilegio de poesías castellanas del siglo* XIX (Madrid, 1902), vol. v, p. 204.

Spaniards, he hated the Ugartes and Chamorros who disgraced the Court. His association with Lista lent a tinge of mild liberalism to his incoherent opinions, and, in common with most literary men of his time, he fought against a particularly stupid, capricious and vindictive form of tyranny. But there is no reason to suppose that he had ever thought out a system of political doctrine, or even that he was capable of thinking out such a system for himself; and to charge him with contemplating apostasy is to impute to him a gravity and deliberation of purpose foreign to his nature. The only ground for this view is that he satirizes a certain type of National Militiaman in the First Canto of *El Diablo Mundo*, and a certain type of rationalist in the Third Canto:

¡Oh gloria! ¡oh gloria! ¡lisonjero engaño,
Que á tanta gente honrada precipitas!
Tú al mercader pacífico, en extraño
Guerrero truecas, y á lidiar le excitas;
Su rostro vuelves bigotudo, huraño,
Con entusiasmo militar le agitas,
Y haces que sea su mirada horrenda
Susto de su familia y de su tienda....

Leyendo está las *Ruinas de Palmira*
Detrás del mostrador á aquellas horas
Que cuenta libres, y á educarse aspira
En la buena moral,
Y á la patria á ser útil en su oficio,
Habiendo ya elegido en su buen juicio,
En cuanto á religión, la natural;
Y mirando con lástima á su abuelo,
Que fue al fin un esclavo,
Y el mezquino desvelo
De los pasados hombres y porfías,
Rinde gracias á Dios, que el mundo al cabo
Ha logrado alcanzar mejores días.

It is impossible to draw any wide inferences from such humoristic stanzas, except that Espronceda disliked tradesmen, thought them out-of-place away from their counters, and was of Voltaire's opinion that incredulity was the privilege of gentlemen. He enforces this view in an earlier passage:

... ahora que un sastre es *esprit fort*,
No hay ya visión que nos inspire horror.

There is no reason for believing that Espronceda was more in earnest here than in his description of a typical Spanish Cabinet:

Basta, silencio, hipócritas parleros,
Turba de charlatanes eruditas,
Tan cortos en hazañas y rastreros
Como en palabras vanas infinitos:
Ministros de escribientes y porteros,
De la nación eternos parasitos:
Basta, que el corazón airado salta,
La lengua calla y la paciencia falta.

These lines, and many more like them, are the petulancies of a spoilt child of genius who feels that the world is out of joint, whose impressions are singularly vivid, whose misconception of practical difficulties is vast, and who avenges his own impotency to set matters right by ridiculing all conditions of society. Espronceda is everything by turns and nothing long. It is extremely difficult to penetrate through his armour of affectations, of indifference, cynicism, and pessimistic humour to the real man, who is genuine enough, if not deep. And it is scarcely more easy to estimate his literary achievement.

His prose works may be neglected. It would be unkind to say that *Páginas olvidadas*[1] is an appropriate title for a collection of stray papers (on miscellaneous subjects) which do not deserve to be remembered. They contain some happy touches, and relate some interesting personal experiences; but they add nothing to the author's fame. So also with respect to *Sancho Saldaña*: it gives no promise that a great novelist was lost in Espronceda. Nor need we pause to consider his dramatic work. His most ambitious effort, *Blanca de Borbón*—the manuscript of which is now in the British Museum[2]—may take place beside Byron's *Sardanapalus*, and the question whether the first two acts are classical and the rest (said to have been written during, or after, his exile) romantic is scarcely worth determining. Nor would Espronceda be remembered by the unfinished *Pelayo*. Except perhaps by Victor Hugo, no great epics were produced in the nineteenth century —not even by the cleverest of schoolboys. *El Pelayo* has vigorous and impressive passages, but they are not specially characteristic of Espronceda. Take, for instance, the eighth stanza:

> Abre la flor naciente el lindo seno,
> Y recibiendo el encendido rayo,
> En la esmeralda del otero ameno
> Vierte su dulce olor, gloria del mayo:
> Pasa el arroyo plácido y sereno,
> Solícito besándola al soslayo,
> Ella en vivos colores se ilumina
> Y al dulce beso la cabeza inclina.

This is an excellent stanza in its place, is perfectly appropriate, and perhaps indistinguishable from the rest of the poem. But, as it

[1] *Páginas olvidadas de Espronceda* (Madrid, 1882). This, however, is the second edition. A note in *Obras poéticas y escritos en prosa* (p. 245) gives the title as *Páginas perdidas*: possibly this refers to the first edition which I have not seen.

[2] Add. MSS. 28972. See Pascual de Gayangos, *Catalogue of the Spanish Manuscripts in the British Museum*, vol. II, p. 533. Gayangos is mistaken in saying that this drama was acted and printed in 1835 as the composition of Antonio Gil y Zárate: the two plays are independent of one another. It is generally stated that Espronceda's *Blanca de Borbón* is unpublished, but it appears to have been published at Madrid in 1870: see Sr. D. Adolfo Bonilla y San Martín's valuable essay in *La España Moderna* (June, 1908).

happens, it was written by Lista, and why Espronceda should have incorporated it some sixteen years afterwards in the substance of *El Pelayo* is not easy to explain except on the hypothesis that he had forgotten who wrote it, or that he thought his master's manner and his own were identical. Despite its fitful brilliancy *El Pelayo* is no longer to our taste; but some of Espronceda's personal friends regarded it as his masterpiece, and, in the funeral oration delivered at the poet's grave, Joaquín María López declared that *El Pelayo* entitled the author to a place beside Homer. This freakish judgment survives only as a curiosity of criticism.

We are on surer ground when we come to Espronceda's lyrical verse, though here he is under suspicion as being a mere imitator of Byron. Most of us have heard, and some of us in our ignorant good faith have repeated, the story of Espronceda's poems being read by the Conde de Toreno, who is reported to have said that he 'preferred the originals.' This would explain the insertion of two virulent stanzas in the First Canto of *El Diablo Mundo*:

No es dado á todos alcanzar la gloria
De alzar un monumento suntuoso
Que eternice á lo siglos la memoria
De algún hecho pasado grandioso:
Quédele tanto al que escribió la historia
De nuestro pueblo, al escritor lujoso,
Al Conde que del público tesoro
Se alzó á sí mismo un monumento de oro.

Al que supo, erigiendo un monumento
(Que tal le llama en su modestia suma),
Premio dar á su gran merecimiento,
Y en pluma de oro convertir su pluma,
Al ilustre asturiano, al gran talento,
Flor de la historia y de la hacienda espuma,
Al necio audaz de corazón de cieno,
Á quien llaman el Conde de Toreno.

According to Sr. Cortón, the current story is apocryphal; the verses were written to satirize the boastful vanity of a political opponent, and Toreno, we are assured, never made the sarcastic remark ascribed to him. Yet he might have made it, had he had the bad manners and the wit. Espronceda's relation to Byron has not escaped notice since Toreno's time. Valera, one of Espronceda's most ardent partisans, observes vague points of resemblance between *The Corsair* and the *Canción del pirata*:

Con diez cañones por banda,
Viento en popa á toda vela,
No corta el mar, sino vuela
Un velero bergantín:

Bajel pirata que llaman
Por su bravura el *Temido*,
En todo mar conocido
Del uno al otro confín.

Doña Elvira's letter at the end of the Second Part of *El Estudiante de Salamanca*[1] is, as Valera points out, an admirable (though rather sentimentalized) translation of Julia's letter in *Don Juan* (Canto I, st. cxcii—cxcvii), and the humoristic digressions are obviously in Byron's manner. But similar resemblances to Byron are frequent in poets of Espronceda's generation; they may be found equally in Musset, and Leopardi, not to speak of Heine and Pushkin. Like all young poets, including Byron himself, Espronceda began by being imitative; he makes no secret of his indebtedness to predecessors, and even admits it with quixotic generosity. *Oscar y Malvina* is frankly described as an 'imitación del estilo de Osián,' and a mutilated quotation from *Don Juan* at the beginning of the Second Part of *El Estudiante de Salamanca* might easily suggest that the relation between the two poems is much closer than it actually is. Valera traces to Béranger the source of the *Canción del cosaco*, and as the influence of *Faust* has been detected in *Manfred* so Valera detects the influence of *Faust* in *El Diablo Mundo* which—so he was intrepid enough to say—exceeds the model in imaginative force and verbal splendour. And no doubt, if it were worth while, it might be shown that Espronceda derived occasional inspiration from many diverse writers—from Quintana, perhaps from Quinet's *Ahasvérus*, of which faint reminiscences seem to echo in certain stanzas of *El Diablo Mundo*. Readers of Espronceda are always on the watch for resemblances to Byron, and doubtless the resemblances are there; but Espronceda goes much further afield. The famous poem *Á Jarifa en una orgía* is not more nearly related to Childe Harold's 'unpremeditated lay' (*To Inez*) than the hymn *Al Sol* is related to Ossian.

But these are the tithes of mint and anise and cummin. The influence of Byron on *El Diablo Mundo* is as unquestionable as is the influence of Pulci on *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. The mere borrowings of Espronceda from Byron are unimportant, but there is a striking resemblance in the temperament and attitude of the two poets, and both have suffered from the violent reaction against their individual

[1] The poem is based on an old popular legend: see the *romances* entitled *Lisardo el estudiante de Córdoba* in Agustín Durán, *Romancero General*, Nos. 1271–2. As Sr. Piñeyro has pointed out in *El Romanticismo en España* (pp. 179—180), Zorrilla deals with the same legend in *El Capitán Montoya*.

type of histrionic romanticism. Byron has, of course, lost more than Espronceda, for he had far more to lose. Many have said in their haste that Byron was not a great poet, and some that he was not even a true poet. Espronceda has not been dethroned so peremptorily. Never so idolized as Byron, he has never been so belittled. Again, he had no contemporary rivals so formidable as Keats and Shelley, as Coleridge and Wordsworth: in saying this we do no injustice to the troubadouring Zorrilla, nor to the Cuban poetess Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda who—though much more than satellites—came under his spell. Lastly, his successors in the next poetic generation—the iridescent Becquer, the hedonistic Campoamor, and the unquiet Núñez de Arce—were not precisely Tennysons, Brownings and Arnolds. Valera maintained that in natural endowment Espronceda was not inferior to Byron and Goethe; but Valera was a master of paradox whose sallies are not to be taken too solemnly. No one else, at any rate, pretends that Espronceda was Byron's match in momentum and luminous wit, and, though he has escaped eclipse, criticism has not spared him. He has been charged with scepticism, misanthropy, and immorality, and unquestionably he did not write for young people; his workmanship has been pronounced defective, and, though he wrote so little, he certainly published too much; and those who hold him to have been unequal to a prolonged flight are careful to remind us that *El Diablo Mundo* remains, like *El Pelayo*, a torso. There is substance in this elaborate indictment. Chaotic in thought, Espronceda is apt to be erratic in execution, as he ingenuously admits:

> Terco escribo en mi loco desvarío
> Sin ton ni són, y para gusto mío...
> Sin regla ni compás canta mi lira
> ¡Solo mi ardiente corazón me inspira!

He drops headlong from the flaming clouds to earth, and his pathos too often modulates into a dulcet sentimentalism. The shadow of the amateur lies upon his page. And he offends against our conventional code of reticence: we expect fewer rhetorical professions of disdain for public opinion, and fewer appeals to middle-class sympathy.

But when all is said, when every due deduction is made, enough remains to justify Espronceda's eminent position among Spanish poets. It is no fault of his that the uncritical have admired his defects more than his good qualities. It is not wholly his fault that we are out of harmony with him; the canons of taste vary continually. He is not to be exhibited in a series of elegant extracts, but some idea of his variety,

his strength and weakness, his poignant note of personal emotion, and his brilliant metrical design may be gathered from the hackneyed but justly famous address to Jarifa[1]:

Yo me lanzé con atrevido vuelo
Fuera del mundo en la región etérea,
Y hallé la duda, y el radiante cielo
Vi convertirse en ilusión aérea....

¡Oh! cesa: no, yo no quiero
Ver más, ni saber ya nada:
Harta mi alma y postrada,
Sólo anhela descansar.
En mí muera el sentimiento,
Pues ya murió mi ventura,
Ni el placer ni la tristura
Vuelvan mi pecho á turbar.

Pasad, pasad en óptica ilusoria
Y otras jóvenes almas engañad:
Nacaradas imágenes de gloria,
Coronas de oro y de laurel, pasad.

This is but one example—not the best, but perhaps the most characteristic—of Espronceda's manner. His variety of tone, his metrical mastery, his flashing humour, his poignant tenderness, his interpretation of life are exhibited on a larger scale in *El Diablo Mundo*, a masterpiece which is also a fantastic medley of

Batallas, tempestades, amoríos,
Por mar y tierra, lances, descripciones
De campos y ciudades, desafíos,
Y el desastre y furor de las pasiones,
Goces, dichas, aciertos, desvaríos,
Con algunas morales reflexiones
Acerca de la vida y de la muerte,
De mi propia cosecha, que es mi fuerte.

En varias formas, con diverso estilo,
En diferentes géneros, calzando
Ora el coturno trágico de Esquilo,
Ora la trompa épica sonando,
Ora cantando plácido y tranquilo,
Ora en trivial lenguaje, ora burlando,
Conforme esté mi humor, porque á él me ajusto,
Y allá van versos donde va mi gusto.

And he keeps his promise: it is a great thing to say, but it can be maintained. Though cut off at the moment when his incomplete, impetuous and turbid genius was on the point of clarifying and maturing, Espronceda has bequeathed us a series of poems which, despite imper-

[1] Jarifa is not, as some have supposed, a pseudonym of Teresa. Jarifa, who long survived Espronceda, is the theme of a poem by Espronceda's friend, Miguel de los Santos Álvarez: see Sr. Piñeyro, *El Romanticismo en España*, pp. 359—360.

fections of art, admirably express his exciting personality, and the feverish turmoil of his age. Notwithstanding his burden of disillusion, he imposed himself on his contemporaries by what Théophile Gautier called his 'énergie passionnée et farouche.' He still stirs us with his elemental force, his resonant music, his prodigal potency of phrase, his communicative ardour for noble causes. A less rare combination of qualities would vindicate his renown[1].

JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

LONDON.

[1] While the last pages of the above were passing through the press, Mr Philip H. Churchman has reissued *Blanca de Borbón* in the *Revue Hispanique* (vol. XVI. no. 52), and has appended to his reprint a very useful bibliography of Espronceda's works.

THE TEXT OF CHAPMAN'S CONSPIRACY AND TRAGEDY OF CHARLES DUKE OF BYRON.

The date of Chapman's double play on the fall and death of the famous Duc de Biron may be established within comparatively narrow dates. It is based upon Grimeston's *General Inventorie of the History of France*—a translation and compilation of the works of Jean de Serres, P. Matthieu and Palma Cayet, which appeared in 1607[1]—and the verbal coincidences are so close that it is quite certain that Chapman used the English translation and not the French originals. The first mention of the play is in the despatch of La Boderie (not Beaumont, as Fleay says, *Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. I, p. 62), the French Ambassador at the Court of James I. This despatch, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale (MSS. fr. 15984, p. 240 sqq.), was first printed by F. von Raumer (*Briefe aus Paris zur Erläuterung der Geschichte des sechszehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhunderts*, Leipzig, 1831, vol. II, p. 276) under the date, April 5, 1608[2]. The English translation of these letters (*History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries illustrated by Original Documents*, by F. von Raumer, London, 1835, vol. II, p. 219) misprinted the date April 5, 1605, a mistake which has found its way into the account of Chapman's life, prefixed to the reprint of his plays (Pearson, 1873, vol. I, p. xxi, footnote) and into the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (vol. X, p. 51), where, as a result, the Byron plays are said to have been produced in the year 1605. I have not seen the original despatch, but a friend who examined it for me in Paris (Mr Clemens, now Reference Librarian at Princeton University) assures me that Raumer's translation though 'both free and condensed' is accurate in substance.

I append the English translation as given in the work referred to above: 'April 8, 1608, I caused certain players to be forbid from acting

[1] Entered S. R. March 3, 1606, under the name of *The French Inventory*, to George Eld.
[2] Apparently it should be April 8.

the history of the Duke of Byron; when, however, they saw that the whole court had left the town, they persisted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Mademoiselle de Verneuil. The former, having first accosted the latter with very hard words, gave her a box on the ear. At my suit three of them (*i.e.* the players) were arrested, but the principal person, the author, escaped.'

No such scene as that here referred to appears in Chapman's play, but as there is an evident allusion to the quarrel between the queen and Henry's mistress in the masque which occurs in the mutilated second act of the *Tragedy of Byron*, we are safe in concluding that it was struck out of the copy by the censor before the play was allowed to be printed. Other omissions or alterations in the play will be referred to later. That the despatch refers to Chapman's play there can be no reasonable doubt.

The play is entered in the Stationers' Registers on June 5 (not May, as Fleay gives it, *English Drama*, vol. I, p. 62), 1608, as follows:

'Thomas Thorp entered for his copie under thandes of Sir George Buck and the wardens A booke called *The Conspiracy and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron* written by Georg Chapman.'

There is no hint in this entry that the publication of the play was to be stayed. Probably the initial difficulties had been already overcome and the copy entered for Thomas Thorp had been censored, or 'dismembered' to use Chapman's own phrase, by the official licenser. It is to these difficulties, and to the long delay of the licenser in giving his permission, that Chapman refers in the extremely interesting letter discovered by Mr Dobell among a collection of letters apparently by Chapman, which he published in the *Athenaeum* for April 6, 1907.

The plays were published some time in 1608 with the following title-page: The | Conspiracie | And | Tragedie | of | Charles Duke of Byron, | Marshall of France. | Acted lately in two playes, at the | Black-Friers. | *Written by* George Chapman. | Printed by *G. Eld* for *Thomas Thorppe*, and are to be sold at | the Tygers head in Paules Church-yard. | 1608. The second part has a half-title: The | Tragedie | of Charles | Duke of Byron. | By George Chapman. | Two copies of this edition are to be found in the British Museum (C. 30. e. 2, and C. 12. g. 5). In case of difference I will refer to these as A_1 and A_2 respectively. Copies are also found in the Bodleian (Malone 241) and in the Dyce collection at the Albert and Victoria Museum.

The Byron plays alone of Chapman's dramas achieved the honour of republication in the poet's lifetime. The second edition appeared in

1625 with the following title-page: The | Conspiracie, | And | Tragœdy of | Charles | Duke of Byron, | Marshall of *France.* | *Acted lately in two Playes, at the* | *Blacke-Friers, and other publique Stages.* | Written by *George Chapman.* | London: | Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Thorpe.* 1625. The second part has a separate title-page with the same imprint except that the words 'Conspiracie and' are omitted. Two copies of this edition are in the British Museum, C. 45. b. 9, and 644. d. 46.

The latter is a mutilated copy lacking signatures H_4—I_2 inclusive, *i.e.* the last two pages of the *Conspiracy*, the title-page and first page of the *Tragedy.* The first copy contains MSS. notes, said in the Museum Catalogue to be by Philip Earl of Pembroke, but Mr Herbert of the MSS. department of the Museum assures me that the handwriting cannot be identified as Pembroke's, though it is a seventeenth century hand. The assignment to Pembroke is made on the authority of Mr Kerslake of Bristol, apparently a former owner of the book. Some of the MSS. corrections are valuable and I will refer to them as MS.

There is a copy in the Bodleian (Malone 206); and copies are also in the Dyce collection, in the library of Cambridge University, and in the library of Princeton University (U.S.A.). The British Museum also possesses a copy of *The Tragedy of Byron,* 1625, bound separately. That this is a genuine edition, and not a mere reprint of the first, will appear from the numerous variants which will be pointed out. Unfortunately, however, the poet was unable to restore the passages which had been struck out of the copy originally sent to the printer and the play remains in its mutilated form. The changes introduced into Q_2 are almost always for the worse, and in most cases appear to be either errors, or alterations by some proof-corrector. Here and there, however, I fancy that I see the poet's hand, and it is not impossible that Chapman may have marked a few changes in the copy sent to the printer for the second edition. That Chapman sometimes read the proofs of his plays we know from a remark in his *Masque of the Middle Temple* on the 'unexpected haste' of his printer who had not sent him a proof of that work till he had passed certain speeches (Sig. A reverse). I shall hereafter denote the second quarto by B.

The two plays were dedicated in an elaborate prose epistle to Sir Thomas Walsingham, the friend and patron of Marlowe and of Chapman, and to his son Thomas Walsingham. This dedication probably suggested to J. P. Collier[1] the name of the patron to whom he should address the dedication in sonnet form which he forged in

[1] See my letter on this forgery in the *Athenaeum*, June 27, 1908.

Chapman's name and inserted in his own copy of *All Fooles*. The opening words of the epistle seem to me plainly to imply that Chapman had never previously dedicated a printed book to Walsingham: 'You ever stood little affected to these unprofitable rites of Dedication (which disposition in you hath made me hetherto dispence with your right in my other impressions).'

After the republication of the Byron plays in 1625 they apparently fell into complete oblivion. They were not reprinted, either singly or in any collection of Elizabethan plays, for nearly two centuries and a half. Lamb quoted largely from them in his *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*—the extracts from these plays cover five and a half pages in the first edition (1808). Shelley prefixed four lines from the third act of the *Conspiracy* to his *Laon and Cythna*, but as these occur in one of Lamb's extracts, it is doubtful whether Shelley had ever read the whole play. As late as 1845 Lowell, when writing his enthusiastic appreciation of Chapman in *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets* (p. 167), was obliged to confess that his knowledge of the Byron plays was confined to the 'copious and judicious extracts in the "Retrospective Review" (vol. IV, 1821),' as they were quite inaccessible in America.

The plays were first reprinted in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, London, Pearson, 1873, vol. II. The editor, whose name does not appear on the title-page, but who is known to have been the late R. H. Shepherd, states, p. 184, that 'a few corrections, chiefly clerical, of the edition of 1625 have been, for the most part silently, adopted in the following reprint.' This would imply that the reprint except for these corrections was based upon the edition of 1608. But a careful collation of the reprint with the originals has convinced me that the editor made a transcript of the second quarto, compared this with the first quarto, and introduced certain first quarto readings, relegating the second quarto readings in these lines to the foot-notes. As a consequence, this reprint is quite unsatisfactory, for one is often unable to discover whether one has a first or second quarto reading before one in any given passage. I shall in the following article denote this reprint by P.

This reprint was quickly followed by another by the same editor in *The Works of George Chapman—Plays*. London, Chatto and Windus, 1874. This is a modernised version of P. I shall denote it by S. The next, and up to the present date, the latest reprint is that by Professor Phelps in the 'Mermaid' edition of Chapman (1895). This is founded on the Pearson reprint (P.) and on the modernised version

thereof (S.). It has therefore no critical value, and, in fact, reproduces some glaring mistakes of P. and S. I shall, when necessary, refer to it as Ph.

In the following notes I shall attempt to record all variants between A and B, except mere variants of spelling or such changes in punctuation as do not affect the sense, and shall also note alterations made by P., S. and Ph., and consider emendations proposed by various students of the text. I shall cite from Pearson's reprint by page, and also by act, line, and scene from my forthcoming edition of Chapman's plays.

Byron's Conspiracy.

The list of *Dramatis Personae* was first printed by Ph.

I, i, 22 (p. 188). Qq. *long-tong'd Heraulds.* So P.; but S. has *loud-tongued.* I do not believe this change is needed.

I, i, 41 (p. 188). A *Franch County*; B *French Bounty* (emended in MS. to *County*). I modernise to the more intelligible *Franche-Comté.*

I, i, 43 (p. 188). The punctuation of this line differs in the Qq. A_1 has a comma after *Savoy,* but A_2 has a semicolon, as have the Malone copy, and B. P. follows A_1 which to my mind confuses the sense. S. and Ph. make matters worse by placing a semicolon at end of line. I place a colon after *Savoy* and drop the comma at the close of the line.

I, i, 54 (p. 189). A *projection*; B *protection,* a plain misprint as the context shows.

I, i, 112 (p. 190). A *my traine*; B *any traine,* corrected in MS. to *my.*

I, i, 116 (p. 190). A *their Arts*; B *the arts,* an evident misprint.

I, i, 124 (p. 191). Qq. *mutuall rites.* Mr P. A. Daniel suggests *rights.*

I, i, 145 (p. 191). A *Licentiate Justice*; B *Licentiary Justice.* P., S., and Ph. all follow B; but A seems to me better both for sense and metre.

I, i, 163 (p. 192). All Qq. that I have seen read *Sunne be judge.* P.'s *Sunne to judge* is a misprint.

I, i, 178 (p. 192). Qq. have *defies.* S. alters to *denies.* This is unnecessary, as *defy* has here the obsolete sense of 'reject, renounce.' See *N. E. D., sub* DEFY, † 5.

I, i, 184 (p. 192). A *Farre farre*; B *Farre faire,* a plain misprint.

I, i, 203 (p. 193). A *traitrous*; B *traytors.* P., S., and Ph. follow B. The alteration is tempting as it supplies an antecedent for *their* in the

next line. But the loose construction is quite characteristic of Chapman, and I think the alteration is more likely the work of a proof-reader than of the poet. Mr Daniel prefers *traitors.*

I, i, 206 (p. 193). A *neighbor*; B *neighbours,* a mere misprint.

I, i, 212 (p. 193). A *peace now made*; B *peace I now make.* P., S. and Ph. follow B which is smoother metrically, but I prefer to follow A. The change does not seem to me to be Chapman's.

I, ii, 55 (p. 195). A *enmitie*; B *emnity,* a misprint.

I, ii, 64 (p. 195). A *Though it offends*; B *Though it offend.* P., S. and Ph. follow B. I do not believe the change is by Chapman.

I, ii, 95 (p. 196). A *And so, 'tis nothing*; B *And so, 'tis nothing else.* The word *else* appears to me to have been inserted by a puzzled proof-reader. The reference is to *servile loyalty* which Picoté pronounces a mere privation, a nothing.

I, ii, 98 (p. 197). A *Which carve*; B *Which crave,* a misprint.

I, ii, 127 (p. 197). A *th' others boat*; B *th' other boat,* a mere misprint which reappears in l. 131, where B has *th' other* for *th' others.*

I, ii, 134 (p. 197). A *flourishes of forme*; B *flourishes of fame.* I follow A, which suits the context much better.

I, ii, 142 (p. 198). A *continuate*; B *continuall,* a misprint, I think, or mistaken attempt at correction.

I, ii, 175 (p. 199). A *my uttermost answere*; B *my utmost answere.* P., S. and Ph. follow B, which is smoother metrically, but may be a proof-reader's change.

I, ii, 221 (p. 200). A *Ile hold*; B *Is held.* P., S. and Ph. follow B; but A seems to me to suit the context better.

II, i, 11 (p. 201). Qq. *guardlike.* P., S. and Ph. follow Qq. This word does not appear in the *N. E. D.*, and I cannot see that it would give a fit sense in this passage. I have therefore emended it to *guardless,* a word used by Chapman in his *Iliad,* v, 146. It has there a somewhat different meaning, *i.e.* 'unguarded,' from that which is required in this passage, *i.e.* 'heedless,' but such an extension of meaning is not uncommon in Chapman.

II, i, 16 (p. 201). A *might have smokt*; B carelessly omits *have.*

II, i, 51 (p. 202). Qq. *your service.* P., S. and Ph. follow Qq. The phrase seems to me almost unintelligible, and I have therefore emended *service* to *servant,* for which it might easily be misread.

II, i, 52 (p. 202). After this line Qq. have *Exit Savoy.* It is plain, however, that all the Savoyards leave the stage, so I have added *cum suis.*

II, i, 68 (p. 203). Qq. *fleade carcase.* S. and Ph. modernise *flea'd.* I am not sure what meaning they attach to this; strictly it should mean 'cleared of fleas.' The proper modern form, of course, is 'flayed.'

II, i, 70 (p. 203). A *an intelligencing Lord*; B *an intelligencing instrument.* P., S. and Ph. follow B, which seems to me the better reading, for I can hardly believe that any one but the author would have altered the simple, and metrically more satisfactory, *Lord* to the more vigorous, but less regular, *instrument.*

II, i, 73 (p. 203). A *desperate*; B *desperatd,* a misprint.

II, i, 90 (p. 204). A *dares not shew it*; B *dares no shew it,* a misprint.

II, i, 102 (p. 204). A *But what good*; B *By what good,* a misprint.

II, i, 105 (p. 204). Qq. *And dare assume it.* Mr Daniel suggests the emendation *affirm.* This is tempting, and *affirm* might easily be misread *assume.* But *assume* in the sense of 'arrogate, lay claim to' gives a good sense, and need not, I think, be altered.

II, i, 122 (p. 204). A *earths driest pallms*; B *palms.* I take A to be a misprint for *plains,* which B has still further distorted. Mr Daniel first suggested this reading to me.

II, i, 133 (p. 205). A *makes me so skornd.* B carelessly omits *so.*

II, i, 145 (p. 205). Qq. *How fit a sort.* In the Malone copy the long *s* looks very like an *f,* and I was at first tempted to read *fort* (cf. I, i, 104, *the...fortress of Byron*), which would go well with the verb *win* in the next line. But probably *sort* in the sense of 'lot' (cf. *Troilus and Cressida,* I, iii, 376) is right.

II, i, 149 (p. 205). Qq. *dull shore of East.* P., S. and Ph. follow Qq. Mr Daniel suggests *ease,* which seems to me a most happy emendation. There can be no sense in applying the epithet *dull* to the East, whereas the antithesis between the *dull shore of ease* and the *industrious seas* in the next line is quite in Chapman's manner. The fact that this emendation introduces a rhyme into a passage of blank verse need not give us pause, for Chapman is rather fond of an occasional rhyme, or short rhymed passage.

II, i, 151 (p. 205). A *Scamanders flood*; B *Scamander,* another instance of a dropped *s.*

II, ii (p. 206). In the direction at the beginning of this scene A misprints *Roisieau*; B correctly *Roiseau.*

II, ii, 29 (p. 207). A *And are like to*; B misprints *end are like to.*

II, ii, 47 (p. 207). A *further from those*; B alters *from* to *then.* This seems to me the change of a hasty proof-reader.

II, ii, 68 (p. 208). A *Argosea*; B misprints *Agrosea.*

II, ii, 93 (p. 208). A *Fortune? to him was Juno*; B drops the question mark after *Fortune.* P., S. and Ph. follow B; but I am not sure that the question mark, which is perhaps equivalent here to an exclamation mark, should not be retained. In that case the subject to *was* needs to be supplied from the context, *viz.*, she, Fortune.

II, ii, 97 (p. 208). A *was not forc't*; B *not was forc't.*

II, ii, 143 (p. 210). A *yet must not give*; B *yet you must not give.* This seems to me another instance of a change for the worse made by a hasty proof-reader attempting to better the text. Henry's speech, *must not give him all the honor,* or words to that effect, is interrupted by Savoy. There is no need for any change except to put a dash at the close of the line.

II, ii, 187 (p. 211). A *beates him into route*; B misprints *beares.*

II, ii, 216 (p. 212). A *My Lor. Norris*; B *My Lord Norris.* P. follows B; but both S. and Ph. print *Mylor.* I prefer *My Lor'* (cf. III, ii, 55, p. 217 where this form appears in A).

II, ii, 220—223 (p. 212). The punctuation of this passage in the Qq.—accurately reproduced by P.—is rather confusing. I take lines 221—222 to be parenthetical and inclose them accordingly; on *any sudden* = 'upon any sudden call'; there should be a comma after *ground*; and *As ready* (l. 223) goes back to the phrase *in command* (l. 220).

III, i, 8 (p. 213). Qq. *Asterisims*; P. silently corrects to *Asterisms.*

III, ii, 6 (p. 216). Qq. *Thats sought.* S. and Ph. alter to *fought,* which is manifestly wrong.

III, ii, 68 (p. 218). Qq. *stopt.* P. misprints *stept.*

III, ii, 84 (p. 218). A *smoke*; B misprints *smokt.*

III, ii, 90 (p. 218). Qq. *What had his armes beene without my arme.* S. and Ph. emend *his armies,* a tempting alteration, but not, I think, necessary.

III, ii, 113 (p. 219). All Qq. have the misprint *prefect.* S. corrects to *perfect.*

III, ii, 121 (p. 219). Qq. *the purfle rare.* P., S. and Ph. follow Qq., Ph. glossing *purfle* as 'adornment.' Specifically 'purfle' means 'a decorated, or embroidered border,' and I do not think this gives any sense here. It could hardly be applied to the frame of a picture, even if the picture on which the painter is engaged in this scene had a frame. And it is not the frame but the portrait which the Savoyards are flattering. I therefore propose to read *profile.*

III, ii, 194 (p. 221). In the stage direction after this line Qq. have

Soisson for *Soissons*. So also throughout both plays, except in the stage direction at the beginning of *Tragedy*, act v.

III, ii, 196 (p. 221). Qq. *our streame*; P. misprints *over streame*.

III, ii, 201 (p. 221). Qq. have a comma after *My Lord*. S. and Ph. delete it, making *My Lord* agree with the following words. But I think it is plain that it is addressed to Byron, to whom Savoy now speaks aloud, introducing, as it were, Nemours and Soissons. I therefore follow the old punctuation.

III, ii, 214 (p. 222). A *And we will turne these torrents, hence. The King. Exit Laffi.* B *And we will turne these torrents, hence. En. the King. Ex. Laf.* In A the words, *The King*, are in italics and are immediately followed by the stage direction *Exit Laffi.* Evidently the proof-reader of B took them to be part of the stage direction, and wishing to make this clear, he inserted the word *En.* for *Enter*. And he did this in spite of the fact that the change spoiled the metre, and was quite unnecessary, for the next line in both Qq. has the stage direction *Enter Henry, etc.* This gross blunder has been followed by P., S. and Ph. The two latter make matters worse by deleting the comma after *torrents*. Any one who examines the first Quarto will see at a glance that the true reading is: *And we will turn these torrents. Hence! The King!* Byron wishes to get the obnoxious La Fin away before the King enters.

III, ii, 218 (p. 222). In A the final *s* in *houses* is blotted out; B gives *houses* which is required by both sense and metre.

III, ii, 224 (p. 222). Qq. *Of femall mischiefs*. So P., S. and Ph. Ph. glosses 'Female, mischief brought on by the Fates.' This seems to me a rather wild guess. I take *femall* to be a misprint for *feral, i.e., deadly*. Practically the same misprint occurs in another play by Chapman, *The Gentleman Usher*, II, i, 286 (P. vol. I, p. 279), where for *female* we should read *feral* with the sense 'wild, savage,' referring to the beast-like figure of the Sylvan[1].

III, ii, 254 (p. 223). A *and led it by a rule*; B misprints *let*.

III, ii, 256 (p. 223). Qq. *his head is napt with baies*. The sense is plain—the poet's head is crowned with bays—but this seems a peculiar use of the word *napt*. I can find no exact parallel to it in the *N. E. D.*, but take it to be connected with the 'nap' of cloth.

III, ii, 258 (p. 223). Qq. *Are of the great last*. Deighton (*Old Dramatists*, 1895) proposes to read *blast*. I do not understand what

[1] This emendation was suggested to me by Dr Bradley too late to be included in my edition of *The Gentleman Usher* in the *Belles Lettres* Series.

meaning he attaches to this. *Last* has here the sense of 'model,' 'pattern'; the poet's feet are said to be of the great, *i.e.*, the heavenly, pattern.

III, ii, 259 (p. 223). Qq. *puft with.* P. misprints *wirh.*

III, ii, 260 (p. 223). Qq. *Full merit, eas'd, those passions.* Deighton suggests *caus'd*, a tempting emendation. But I believe *eas'd* in the sense of 'gave ease to,' 'gave vent to,' may be retained. The punctuation of the Qq. is, of course, quite wrong.

III, ii, 269 (p. 223). A *treading on their noises*; B misprints *noses.*

III, ii, 284 (p. 224). In the stage direction after this line Qq. have *Exit Hen. & Sau.* But Savoy, I think, must have left the stage after l. 209 (p. 222) where the stage direction *Exit. manet Byr:* (B *Byron*) *Laffin*, must mean *Exeunt all but Byron and La Fin.* I therefore alter the direction here to *exit Henry* [*with Lords*] *i.e.* Epernon, Vitry, Janin. Possibly Chapman wrote *Hen. cum suis* which was misprinted *& Sau.*

III, ii, 291 (p. 224). A *fayning I am sent*; B misprints *saying I am etc.*

III, iii, 13 (p. 224). A *in that imitation.* B misprints *intimation.*

III, iii, 64 (p. 226). Qq. *What safely thou must utter.* S. and Ph. alter to *mays't*, which is a very plausible emendation. But I think *must* should be retained. Byron means that La Brosse *must* speak the secret if it is to be discovered with safety. If he will not speak, Byron will knock out his brains and search for the secret in them (ll. 62, 63).

III, iii, 84 (p. 227). Qq. *Remedy of pity.* The text seems to me certainly corrupt here, but I have not been able to hit upon an emendation. Mr Daniel suggests *Thou remedy of pity, i.e.*, Thou reason for discarding all pity. This hardly seems satisfactory.

III, iii, 124 (p. 228). Qq. *More then I use, that my weake braine will beare.* I suggest reading *than* for *that.* I am not sure that the emendation is absolutely necessary, but it makes the passage much clearer, and *that* for *than* is a common misprint.

III, iii, 145 (p. 228). After this line Qq. have *Exit.* Apparently Byron goes out leaving La Brosse prostrate, in which case a traverse must have been drawn to allow him to rise and depart unseen. This is one of several instances in these plays that suggest the use of a curtain capable of concealing some part of the stage. See note on last line of *Byron's Tragedy.*

IV, i. The fourth act has been, as Fleay pointed out (*Chronicle English Drama*, vol. I, p. 63), very roughly handled by the censor. It consists at present of 222½ lines, a long dialogue between D'Aumont and

Crequi as to Biron's famous visit to the Court of Elizabeth. It is, of course, incredible that this should have been the original form of the act. We must, I think, accept Fleay's view that in the original, Elizabeth herself appeared on the stage and spoke the words that are in the present version reported as hers. Whether the very striking scene in which Elizabeth pointed out the mouldering heads of Essex and other traitors to Biron and sent a warning to her brother of France appeared in the original form of the play, as Koeppel thinks (*Quellen und Forschungen*, LXXXII, p. 25, 1897), seems to me doubtful. It is told at full length by Matthieu (*Histoire de France*, tome 2, pp. 47 a—49 a) but does not appear in Chapman's immediate source, Grimeston's *General Inventory*. Grimeston cuts the visit of Biron to Elizabeth rather short and goes on at once to the birth of the Dauphin (pp. 945, 946, ed. 1607). Unless, therefore, Chapman consulted the French original, a supposition for which we have no proof, it seems unlikely that the play once contained a scene which would have shocked not only the sensibilities of the censor, but even, one fancies, the poet's as well, whose patron the dead Earl of Essex had been[1].

IV, i, 25 (p. 230). Qq. *And we had thought that he, etc.* I have ventured, on the authority of the sources, to introduce the word *not* after *had* into this line. It is plain from the context that a negative sentence is wanted, and Grimeston (p. 945) from whom Chapman is borrowing freely here has: 'That she could not say that a courage which feared nothing but the falling of the pillars of Heaven, should fear the Sea, or not trust unto it for a passage of seven or eight hours.' Matthieu (vol. II, p. 46) also has the negative: 'Qu'elle n'osoit pas dire qu'un courage,' *etc.*

IV, i, 38 (p. 230). A *And led in nature*; B misprints *let.*

IV, i, 40, 41 (p. 230). Qq. *for that Christall Sheds with his light his hardnesse etc.* The use of *Christall* in this passage seems to me peculiar; and there is nothing in the sources to explain it. I thought at one time of proposing to read *Christ*, on the supposition that Chapman had heard some report of the Queen's speech in which she was represented as saying that Christ had defended as well as enlightened her land. But this seems somewhat daring, and it is probably better to read *crystal* and interpret in the sense of the crystalline sphere, or Heaven; cf. V, i, 130 (p. 239) where it has something of the same sense.

IV, i, 112 (p. 232). A *royaltie*: B misprints *royally.*

[1] Chapman had dedicated his first efforts at a translation of the *Iliad* (*Seaven Bookes of the Iliades* and *Achilles Shield*, both 1598) to Essex.

IV, i, 156 (p. 233). A *Crequie*: B *Cerquie*. MS. corrects to *Crequie*.

IV, i, 184 (p. 234). A *fill*; B misprints *fiili*.

IV, i, 213 (p. 235). A misprints *maver*: B correctly *waver*.

IV, i, 216 (p. 235). A *overrules*; B *over-rule*, perhaps an alteration of the proof-reader to make the verb agree with its supposed subject, *starres*. The true subject is *whom*.

IV, i, 223 (p. 235). The mutilated act breaks off in the middle of this line. It is interesting to note that from about l. 58 Chapman, who so far has been paraphrasing Grimeston, departs entirely from this source. Yet the speeches of Byron (ll. 60—100, 106—121) and of the Councillor (ll. 164—169, 174—213) have every air of being versified from reports of the actual speeches. Some contemporary account of Biron's visit to Queen Elizabeth may yet be found as a source of these lines.

V, i, 13 (p. 235). Qq. *in the fresh meate*. Brereton (*Modern Language Review*, Oct. 1907, p. 60) suggests *mead*. This is very plausible, and should perhaps be taken into the text. Yet *meat* may be retained, I think, in the now obsolete sense of 'meal,' 'repast.'

V, i, 37—39 (p. 236). *D'Auvergne's* speeches in these lines are assigned in B to *D'Aum.*, a mere misprint.

V, i, 136 (p. 239). A *Then his kind thoughts*; B misprints *then this kind thoughts*.

V, ii, 5 (p. 240). There is an interesting variation in the Qq. in this line. One of the Brit. Mus. copies (C. 30. e. 2) reads *So long as such as he* which P. gives as the 1608 reading in a footnote. All copies of B that I have seen print the line: *So long as idle and rediculous King* (corrected by MS. to *Kings*). There can be no doubt that this latter is the true reading, and, as a matter of fact, it appears in at least two copies of the first quarto, the Malone copy and Brit. Mus., C. 12. g. 5. Evidently it was struck out as the first edition was going through the press by a proof-reader who had the fear of the censor before his eyes, and was restored, perhaps by the poet himself, in the second edition.

V, ii, 22 (p. 241). Qq. *Drowne the dead noises of my sword*. Deighton proposes *the dread noises*. This seems to me rather tame. I think *dead* should be kept, either in the sense of 'past,' 'extinct,' or of 'deadly.' I prefer the former.

V, ii, 38 (p. 241). In the stage direction after this line Qq. have *Exeunt* (A *Exieunt*). S. drops the direction altogether; Ph. retains it but notes 'as they are going out, Henry reappears.' I think for *Exeunt* we may safely read *Exiturus* as elsewhere in Chapman.

V, ii, 84 (p. 242). A *Which not another deluge*; B carelessly drops *not*.

v, ii, 103 (p. 243). Qq. *I lockt it*; perhaps we should read *locke* to correspond with the present tense *presse* in l. 105.

v, ii, 110 (p. 243). A *flattery*; B misprints *flatteay*.

v, ii, 115 (p. 243). The Malone copy misprints *Acaron* for *Alcaron* as in other Qq.

v, ii, 116 (p. 243). The stage direction *Enter Savoy with three ladies* occurs in the Qq. after l. 110 in connection with *Enter Epernon, etc.* (Qq. *Esp:*). As often in old texts the entrance is set too early.

v, ii, 154 (p. 244). A *I should then have*; B omits *then*.

v, ii, 155 (p. 244). *A long age.* A_1 misprints *gae*, A_2 and B correct.

v, ii, 179 (p. 245). A *treasury*; B misprints *treasure*.

v, ii, 197 (p. 246). A *articles*; B *articlesl*.

v, ii, 210 (p. 246). A *care*; B misprints *eare*, corrected by MS.

v, ii, 254 (p. 247). A *most absolute*; B *absolut'st*, apparently a change by the compositor to save space.

Byron's Tragedy.

The list of *Dramatis Personae* was first printed by Ph.

I, i, 37 (p. 252). A misprints *beaveries*; B correctly *braveries*.

I, i, 123 (p. 254). A *overmacht*; B *overmatcht*. S. and Ph. emend *overwatched, i.e.* worn out with watching. But we had better, I think, keep *over-matcht* in the sense of 'beaten,' and so 'worn out.'

I, i, 124. Qq. *When guilty* [A *gultie*], *made Noblesse, feed on noblesse.* The line is evidently corrupt. S. reads: *When guilty mad noblesse, feed on noblesse.* Ph. reads: *When guilty, made noblesse feed on noblesse.* Neither of these seems to me intelligible. Deighton suggests: *When guilty mad noblesse fed on noblesse.* Mr Daniel: *When guilt-made noblesse fed on noblesse.* Of these two I should prefer the former. But Chapman almost invariably accents *nóblesse*, and I am inclined to think that a word has simply dropped out of the line after *guilty*. I suggest, with some diffidence, *lust, i.e.* 'lust of power,' 'ambition,' which was certainly the cause why noblesse fed on noblesse in the civil wars of France.

I, i, 141 (p. 255). Qq. *Let him by vertue, quite out of from fortune.* S. emends *quite cut off*, etc., a very happy correction which is corroborated by a parallel passage in *Caesar and Pompey* (II, iv, 134—140. P. vol. III, p. 155).

I, ii, 4 (p. 255). A misprints *neclected*; B *neglected*.

I, ii, 20 (p. 256). A *his fixed place*; B misprints *her*.

I, ii, 22 (p. 256). A *distinguisht*; B misprints *destinguish*.

I, ii, 38 (p. 256). Qq. *how short of this is my*. MS. proposes *his* for *this*, a rather plausible suggestion.

I, ii, 45 (p. 256). Qq. *more then humaine winde*. Deighton suggests *mind* for *wind*, and in v, iv, 71 (p. 314, third line from bottom), this common misprint (*wind* for *mind*) certainly occurs. But I think that in the present passage *wind, i.e.* 'spirit,' 'temper,' may be retained; cf. the phrase *give ayre* in l. 44.

I, ii, 57 (p. 257). Qq. *ravish; and my soule*. MS. notes in margin *mee*, probably suggesting the reading *ravish me*. But this seems uncalled for.

I, ii, 67 (p. 257). A *the onely Cyment*; B misprints *Clyment*, which MS. corrects.

I, iii, 32 (p. 259). A *Justice*; B misprints *Justic*, which MS. corrects.

I, iii, 55 (p. 260). A *levies*; B misprints *leaves*, which MS. corrects.

I, iii, 73 (p. 260). Qq. *Which are not those that must conclude against* (B *'gainst*) *him*. Here the source, Grimeston, enables us to restore the true reading. On p. 963[1] Grimeston has: 'Of many papers...they made choise of 27 peeces: which were not those which concluded most against the Duke of Biron, but which made mention onely of him,' etc. I think it is plain that *must* of the Qq. is a mere misprint for *most*. I prefer A *against* to B *'gainst*.

I, iii, 102 (p. 261). There is no break in the Qq. after this line, which is at once followed by the direction Enter *Esper. Soisson, Vitry, Pralin, etc.*; but four pages further on [sig. L verso, K 4 verso in B] we find *Finis Actus Secundi*, although no note of the beginning of the second act has been given. I think it is clear that these four pages of the Qq. contain all that is left of the censored second act, from which the scene that offended the French ambassador has been ruthlessly shorn away. The masque that remains has no purpose except to represent the reconciliation between Henry's queen and his mistress.

II, 26 (p. 262). A misprints *saftety*; B corrects.

II, 65 (p. 263). Qq. *play the prease*; A_2 looks rather like *pray* with a blot over the *r*; MS. corrects *pray*. This is certainly correct, yet S. prints *play the press*, and Ph. *play; the press* which is unintelligible.

II, 101–2 (p. 264). A *she likes it*; B misprints *like*. MS. corrects.

II, 102 (p. 264). A *the vertue*; B *vertue*. The context shows, I think, that B gives the correct reading.

[1] In the 1607 edition this page is wrongly numbered 941.

II, 125–6 (p. 265). B carelessly drops the words, *and then attend Your heighnes will.*

III, i, 57 (p. 267). The Qq. do not indicate the entry of La Brunel after this line, but simply assign the next speech, ll. 58–9, to *La Brun.* So also after l. 165 (p. 270) I have supplied an exit for La Brunel in order to prepare for his entrance marked by the Qq. after l. 230 (p. 272).

III, i, 130 (p. 269). Qq. *every Pursivant brings.* P. misprints *bring*; S. and Ph. correct.

III, i, 148–9 (p. 270). Qq. *not the Syrian starre That in the Lyons mouth undaunted shines.* So P., S. and Ph. But read *Sirian star* and *Lion's month.* The reference, as the next lines show, is to the heliacal rising of Sirius in July, the Lion's month. The emendation proposed gives a perfect sense to a passage which was unintelligible before.

III, i, 195 (p. 271). A *That hath but two staires*; B *two starres.* Either reading will make sense. With P., S. and Ph. I follow A.

III, i, 206 (p. 271). Qq. *by laying out.* So S. and Ph. I do not quite understand the sense, and fancy that there may be some corruption, but I am not prepared to make an emendation. *Flying out* would make sense, but seems to me somewhat daring.

III, i, 209 (p. 271). A *Not to be quencht, nor lessend*; B inserts *no* before *nor.* This sounds like the interpolation of an actor, spoiling the rhythm to secure greater emphasis.

III, i, 235–7 (p. 272). Qq. print these lines as prose.

III, i, 239 (p. 272). A *all scruple*; B *scruiples.* I prefer A.

III, ii, 43 (p. 274). A *Province by Province*; B misprints the second *Provice.* MS. corrects.

III, ii, 56 (p. 274). Before this line A needlessly repeats the name of the speaker, *Hen.* B omits. In the stage direction after this line Qq. include the word *brother.* This character is perhaps meant to represent one of Biron's brothers-in-law; he takes no part in the play.

III, ii, 60 (p. 275). A *Jelouse of mine honor*; B misprints *Jealousie.* MS. corrects.

III, ii, 69 (p. 275). Qq. *Be what port it will*; MS. inserts *it* after *Be,* a rather tempting correction. But as Chapman often omits the subject when it may be understood from the context, I have not thought it necessary to insert *it.*

III, ii, 88—90 (p. 275). Qq. print these three lines as two; *Resolving ...in, And had...son.*

III, ii, 111 (p. 276). A *an open expedition*; B *exhebition.* Either reading will make sense, but I prefer to follow A.

III, ii, 112 (p. 276). A *In which*; B misprints *I which.*

III, ii, 113 (p. 276). Qq. *fouly foyld.* P misprints *foyld,* and S. and Ph. read *soil'd.* But *foil'd,* in one of its meanings, 'trampled down,' 'defeated,' or 'defiled,' is certainly the true reading.

III, ii, 116 (p. 276). A *as perfect roundnes*; B misprints *a perfect.*

III, ii, 129 (p. 277). A *Ile tell you as your friend*; B reads *as a friend.* P., S. and Ph. follow B. I prefer to retain the reading of A.

IV, i (p. 277). In the stage direction at the beginning of this scene B prefixes *Enter the Duke of* to A's *Byron, D'Avuergne.*

IV, i, 2 (p. 277). A *I meane*; B misprints *meant.* MS. corrects.

IV, i, 3 (p. 277). A *much better themselves*: B correctly inserts *then* after *better.*

IV, i, 31 (p. 278). A *their diverted eares*; B misprints *delivered.*

IV, i, 33 (p. 278). A *must like*; B *most like,* probably a misprint.

IV, i, 46 (p. 279). A *But he is most loth*; B carelessly omits *most.*

IV, i, 66 (p. 279). A *fare you wel*; B carelessly drops *you.*

IV, i, 68–69 (p. 279). Qq. print the words from *They keepe* to *King* as one line.

IV, i, 76 (p. 279). A *losse to lose*; B misprints *losse, to losse.* MS. emends the second *losse* to *loose,* a variant of *lose.*

IV, i, 80–84 (p. 280). The compositor of this passage in B seems to have been more than usually careless. He misprints *n're* for *n'ere,* l. 80; *keepe* for *kept,* l. 82; *spects* for *aspects,* l. 83; and *Barke* for *Brake,* l. 84.

IV, i, 101 (p. 280). Qq. *He wills us to retire.* P. misprints *He will us,* a mistake followed by S. and Ph.

IV, i, 114 (p. 281). Qq. *the wilde ducke.* This line is a clear proof, I think, that Chapman followed the English translation (Grimeston) not the French original (Matthieu). Grimeston, p. 966[1], says: 'A Ducke came into his cabinet, etc.'; but Matthieu (vol. II, p. 123) has: 'un oyseau qu'on appelle Duc, etc.' Now 'Duc' is a species of owl. If Chapman had read the French and understood its meaning, he would hardly have substituted the wild duck, thus anticipating Ibsen, for the conventional bird of ill omen, the owl.

IV, i, 125 (p. 281). A *fel-mad*; B correctly *fell mad.*

IV, i, 139 (p. 282). Qq. *That die.* P. misprints *hie.*

[1] In the 1607 edition this page is wrongly numbered 944.

IV, i, 152 (p. 282). A *my apprehendor*; B misprints *apprehennor*. MS. corrects.

IV, i, 153 (p. 282). The stage direction *Exeunt* is wanting after this line, but it is clear that Byron and his friends are not on the stage in the following scene.

IV, ii, 25 (p. 283). A *resolution, what were fit*; B *that were fit*. P., S. and Ph. follow A; but I think B is the better reading. A is probably a misprint due to some contraction in the MS.

IV, ii, 34 (p. 283). A *manadge*; B misprints *manadage*.

IV, ii, 61 (p. 284). A *and on D'Avuergne*; B omits *on*.

IV, ii, 69 (p. 284). A *Passions*; B misprints *Pssiaons*.

IV, ii, 85 (p. 284). I have inserted the name, *Montigny*, in the stage direction here to prepare for his speech, ll. 156—162 (p. 287).

IV, ii, 90 (p. 285). The direction *Exit D'Auvergne* is wanting in the Qq. I have supplied it here to prepare for his re-entrance after l. 172 (p. 287).

IV, ii, 110 (p. 285). Qq. *lessons of mortallitie*; MS. apparently tries to alter to *moralitie* and notes in margin: '*A morall man, A civill man.*' S. and Ph. read *morality*, an emendation which Deighton also suggests. It is certainly a tempting conjecture, and possibly correct. Yet I think *mortality* in the sense of 'human life,' 'human nature,' may be retained.

IV, ii, 119 (p. 286). A *the worthy King of Hearts*; B alters to *that worthy*.

IV, ii, 128 (p. 286). A *as before*; B *as be before*. MS. adds in margin *they did*.

IV, ii, 139 (p. 286). Qq. *He sought for gold, and Empire*. MS. notes in margin: *Hee fought* [*for*] *gold, not em*[*pire*]. The letters enclosed in brackets have been cut off when this copy of Q_2 was rebound.

IV, ii, 155 (p. 287). Qq. *the magnanimity*. MS. in margin *this mag*[*nani*]*mitye*. Byron's speech is interrupted by Montigny; I therefore place a dash instead of the period of the Qq. at the close of this line.

IV, ii, 170–171 (p. 287). Qq. have *unmov'd* and *beloved* as the last words of these lines. I think it is plain that a rhyme is intended and therefore print *unmov'd* and *belov'd*.

IV, ii, 177 (p. 287). Qq. *on Strong Barre*. MS. corrects *one*.

IV, ii, 183 (p. 288). Qq. *Trust that deceives our selves in treachery*. S. emends *is*, which is, no doubt, correct.

IV, ii, 184 (p. 288). A *an open lie*. B misprints *and open lye*.

IV, ii, 194 (p. 288). Qq. *All this...is misery*. MS. notes in margin

Mysterye, anticipating S.'s and Deighton's *mystery*. The context, cf. l. 195, shows, I think, that *mystery* is the true reading. I have noted the misprint *misery* for *mystery* in Fletcher's *Valentinian*, III, i (F_2, p. 368, 2nd col.). In l. 195 I have followed S. in putting a question mark after *it*. The Qq. have a semicolon and a comma respectively. In this line A misprints *enouge*; B corrects *enough*.

IV, ii, 197 (p. 288). A has *Exit* after the speech of Varennes. B drops it, and accordingly it does not appear in P., Sh., or Ph.

IV, ii, 201 (p. 288). I have inserted the stage direction *Exeunt all but Byron and Henry* in this line, since it is plain that the court retires here and leaves these two alone.

IV, ii, 227 (p. 289). A *Aske life*; B misprints *As life*.

IV, ii, 256 (p. 290). Qq. *my person; wich is as free*. MS. corrects *person with as free*. This emendation, which I think very happy, is followed by S., but Ph. returns to the reading of the Qq.

IV, ii, 258 (p. 290). A *the merits of your valors*; B misprints *or your*. MS. corrects. P. follows B; but S. and Ph. revert to A.

IV, ii, 263 (p. 290). A *I am asham'd to bragge thus; where envy*. B transfers *envy* to the beginning of the next line. I have ventured to introduce *but* before *envy* which restores the metre and, I think, is called for by the sense.

IV, ii, 272 (p. 291). Qq. *others honors*; P. misprints *other*.

IV, ii, 273 (p. 291). A *A property*; B *Properties*. The reading of B seems to me better rhythmically, but I have preferred, as in all doubtful cases, to follow A.

IV, ii, 286 (p. 291). A *And trample ou't*; B *So, trample out*. The reading of B makes no sense unless we suppose *So* a misprint for *To*. In any case I would follow A. P., S. and Ph. follow B.

IV, ii, 294 (p. 291). Qq. *Shooes ever overthrow*. After a good deal of hesitation I have ventured on the emendation *shows, i.e.* pageants, taking *overthrow* in the intransitive sense recorded in *N. E. D.* (OVERTHROW † 5). A confusion between *shoes* and *shows* is not uncommon in Elizabethan spelling. In *King John*, II, i, 144, Theobald's emendation *shows* for the Ff *shooes* is, I think, pretty generally accepted. I have also noted in Middleton's *Family of Love*, I, iii (sig. B_3 reverse), *showes* misprinted for *shoes* (see Dyce's note in his edition of Middleton, vol. II, p. 127), and in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit* (p. 129, Grosart's edition) I find *shooes* misprinted for *shows*. Admitting, then, the possibility of a confusion between *shooes* and *shows*, it seems to me that the latter is what Chapman wrote. The homely figure 'too big shoes upset their

wearer,' would not be at all in his 'heightened style,' and the context, I think, shows that an intransitive verb is required: 'an exhalation falls, cannons burst, and pageants overturn,' not 'shoes upset their wearer.' I am reluctant to introduce emendations into the text where the original will make sense, but I can only say that I feel fairly confident after a long study of Chapman that *shows* not *shoes* was what he meant.

IV, ii, 307 (p. 292). Qq. *Are coullors, it will beare.* MS. corrects *that will beare,* which is no doubt correct. But S. and Ph. have *it.* Deighton like MS. emends *that.*

IV, ii, 308 (p. 292). A *to adverse affaires*; B misprints *advise affaires.*

IV, ii, 309 (p. 292). A *his state still his best*; B corrects the second *his* to *is.*

IV, ii, 310–311 (p. 292). For *That,* the first word in both these lines in A, B has *As.*

V, i, 2 (p. 292). A *That*; B *Which.*

V, i, 9 (p. 292). A *And*; B *For.*

V, i, 12 (p. 293). A *as*; B misprints *at.*

V, i, 16 (p. 293). A *lately levied*; B drops *lately.*

V, i, 38 (p. 293). A *Till*; B *Untill.*

V, i, 68 (p. 294). A *Take*; B *Have.*

V, i, 70 (p. 294). A *lothes*; B *hates.*

V, i, 82 (p. 295). A *feared*; B *sacred.* P., S. and Ph. follow B. Grimeston (p. 970) has the phrase 'to break the Javelins one after another'; Matthieu (vol. II, p. 129 reverse) 'de rompre les javelots l'un apres l'autre.' Since the epithet is original with Chapman, we must choose between the Qq. I think *feared* more likely to be a misprint for *sacred* than *vice versa,* and therefore follow B.

V, i, 88 (p. 295). A *impartiall*; B *imperiall.* P. and Ph. follow B; S. follows A. I think A should be retained.

V, i, 91 (p. 295). A *Duke Byron*; B *Duke of Byron.*

V, i, 92 (p. 295). A *command it*; B drops *it.*

V, i, 99 (p. 295). A *evermore slack*; B *evermore make slacke.* P. and S. follow B; but A seems to me preferable.

V, i, 102 (p. 295). A *merry*; B misprints *many.*

V, i, 112 (p. 296). Qq. *in the best sort.* So P., S. and Ph. But the passage seems to me unintelligible. I take *best* to be a misprint for *lest,* the usual spelling of *least* in these Qq., and emend accordingly, as also in l. 115 where Qq. have *best.*

v, i, 116 (p. 296). A *That*; B *So.*

v, i, 118 (p. 296). A *Byrde*; B misprints *Bryde.*

v, i, 119 (p. 296). A *unwares*; B *unawares.* P., S. and Ph. follow B; but A gives a better rhythm.

v, i, 122 (p. 296). A *not out*; B *nor out.* For *out* Deighton suggests *it*; but *out* (*i.e.* out of the room) stands in contrast to *down.*

v, ii, 15 (p. 297). A *My Lord La Fin*; B *Me Lord.* MS. corrects.

v, ii, 20 (p. 297). A *Till*; B *Until.*

v, ii, 20–22 (p. 297). A misprints *Hen.* as the name of the speaker, although the catchword at the bottom of the preceding page is *Har.* B corrects. l. 21. A *sees*; B misprints *soes.* MS. corrects.

v, ii, 27 (p. 298). A *arraignd*; B misprints *arignd.*

v, ii, 60 (p. 298). A *The fourth is*; B *Fourthly.*

v, ii, 73 (p. 299). A *Seurre*; B *Seuerre.* B's misprint led to the reading *Severre* in S. and Ph. The proper name of the town is Seurre in the Côte d'Or.

v, ii, 76, 82, 89, 100 (p. 299). Before these lines A has 2., 3., 4. and 5. respectively. B omits the numerals.

v, ii, 76 (p. 299). A *treaties*; B *treaty.* P., S. and Ph. follow B.

v, ii, 87 (p. 299). A *for him*; B *from him.* I think B represents the correction of a proof-reader, who thought *him* meant Savoy. It means Henry, and *for* is correct.

v, ii, 117 (p. 300). A *hyrelings then*; B omits *then.*

v, ii, 122 (p. 300). A *What will you say? Byr. I know it cannot be.* B inserts *then* before *say,* and drops *I know.* This looks like an actor's change for the sake of emphasis.

v, ii, 154 (p. 301). A *Trumpe*; B badly blotted, but looks like a cancelled *t* at the end of the word. MS. adds *t* (*Trumpet*). I follow A.

v, ii, 172 (p. 302). A *simply trusted treason*; B misprints *simple trusted reason.*

v, ii, 194 (p. 302). Qq. *Mindes must be sound.* P. misprints *found,* and is followed by S. and Ph.

v, ii, 197 (p. 302). A *desarts*; B *deserts.* P. misprints *desart.* S. and Ph. accordingly *desert.*

v, ii, 201 (p. 302). A *What I have done*; B *What have I done.* P., S. and Ph. follow B; but A is plainly right, since the clause is not interrogative, but in apposition with *This,* l. 203.

v, ii, 231 (p. 303). Qq. *And I were but one.* S. inserts *though* before *I*; but this is not needed. The line begins with the syncopated first foot.

v, ii, 244 (p. 303). Qq. *from the kingdoms.* So S. and Ph. I think *the* is a misprint for *their,* though it may perhaps be a case of the article standing for the possessive pronoun.

v, ii, 258 (p. 304). Qq. *Saturnals.* Deighton suggests *Saturnalians.* But the form *Saturnals* occurs in Jonson, *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue* (p. 607, col. 1, Gifford's one volume ed., 1846), and may well be retained.

v, iii, 1 (p. 305). Qq. give this speech to *Vit.,* an evident misprint for *Vid*[*ame*].

v, iii, 14 (p. 306). A *made my judges*; B drops *my.*

v, iii, 28 (p. 306). Qq. *Though we may.* Deighton suggests, metris causa, *Although.* But the syncopated first foot is common in Chapman.

v, iii, 43 (p. 307). Qq. *to moisture hang'd.* S. emends *chang'd,* which is certainly right.

v, iii, 66 (p. 307). A *sits smoothe*; B misprints *sets.*

Qq. *engazd*; so P., S. and Ph. I can see no meaning in this, and propose to read *englaz'd, i.e.* painted upon.

v, iii, 73 (p. 307). The stage direction *Within,* wanting in A, is supplied by B.

v, iii, 102 (p. 308). Qq. *to which I summon.* MS. improperly adds *you* after *summon.*

v, iii, 131 (p. 309). A has *Flen.* as the name of the speaker, a misprint for *Fleu*[*ry*]; B *Fle.*

v, iii, 135 (p. 309). A *that injures me*; B *and injures me.* The change is due to the fact that B alters the position of the parentheses, within which A includes the words from *most* to *given,* so as to include only from *most* to *is.* The alteration in B is evidently deliberate, but not being sure that it is the poet's own, I retain A.

v, iii, 137 (p. 309). A *restaines*; B, correctly, *restraines.*

v, iii, 154 (p. 310). A *And loves men, for his vices, nor for their vertues*; B *And loves men, for their vices, not for,* etc. I believe that, except the misprint *nor* for *not,* A has the better reading, and that the change in B was made by a proof-reader. But P., S., and Ph. follow B.

v, iii, 160–161 (p. 310). *That had then the wolf To fly upon his bosom.* I cannot quite see the sense of this passage, and suspect some corruption. No source for it appears in Grimeston.

v, iii, 181 (p. 311). A *Tis but a*; B misprints *put*; MS. corrects.

v, iii, 184 (p. 311). I supply the wanting stage direction *Exit Byron* after l. 184.

v, iii, 185–6 (p. 311). *Never saw I...at death*; Qq. make but one line of these words.

v, iii, 210 (p. 311). A *guilded*; B misprints *guided.*

v, iii, 217 (p. 312). Qq. *render the kingdomes dome.* Deighton's emendation *under* for *render* seems to me very happy, and I have incorporated it in the text, which, as it stands, is unintelligible.

v, iii, 226 (p. 312). A misprints *Authoriy*; B correctly *Authority.*

v, iii, 240 (p. 312). I have supplied the *Exeunt* after this line. As there is no division into scenes in the Qq., it is probable that the five characters on the stage at this point remained there through the rest of the act and witnessed the execution of Biron.

v, iv, 16 (p. 313). Qq. *That can be wrought*; P. misprints *he.*

v, iv, 23 (p. 313). Qq. give *Arch*[*bishop*] as the speaker of the words beginning *Good my lord.* But this does not accord with the stage direction a *Bishop or two* above, nor with the facts. Garnier, Bishop of Montpellier, attended Biron at his death. I have therefore altered *Arch.* to *Bishop.*

v, iv, 39 (p. 314). Qq. *And what sayd all you.* Deighton proposes *say you,* but the change does not seem necessary.

v, iv, 45 (p. 314). Qq. *I bring a long globe and a little earth.* This line is manifestly corrupt, yet S. and Ph. retain it. Deighton proposes *being a blown globe of a little breath,* which seems to me too daring. Brereton (*Mod. Lang. Review,* Oct., 1907) suggests *lone* for *long.* This does not, to my mind, improve the sense very much. I venture the suggestion *being a large globe and a little earth,* taking *globe* in the sense of the round representation of the world. Byron, then, calls himself, in an antithesis quite in Chapman's manner, at once 'a large map and a microcosm.'

v, iv, 58 (p. 314). I have supplied this speech of Vitry's from Grimeston. In Q_1 the last word on sig. Q_4 reverse is *Blancart.* Then comes the catchword *Vit.* (*i.e.*, Vitry). But the next page begins *Byr. Do they flie me?* It is plain that half a line has dropped out. And Grimeston, p. 988, gives the answer to Biron's request to see La Force and Blancart, viz. 'They tould him they were not in the city.' B has no indication of a loss as the passage comes in the middle of a page, Q_4 reverse.

v, iv, 71 (p. 314). Qq. *When I have lost my armes, my fame, my winde.* The last word is of course a misprint for *minde.* Cunliffe (*Influence of Seneca, etc.,* p. 48) pointed out that the whole passage was taken from Seneca (*Herc. Furens,* 1265–8), and gave the proper

reading *mind*, corresponding to *mentem*. Yet S. and Ph. have *wind*, and Brereton (*l.c.*, p. 60) thinks that *wind* (*i.e.*, 'the imaginative spirit of a man') should be retained.

v, iv, 77 (p. 315). A *yee*; B *you*. P. and S. follow B.

v, iv, 88, 89 (p. 315). A {*depositions* / *deposition*; B misprints {*dispositions* / *disposition*. MS. corrects and notes in margin *by ye depositions and forgeryes*.

v, iv, 100 (p. 315). Qq. *treason in a sentence*. P., S. and Ph. follow the Qq. But the word *in* makes nonsense of the passage, and has evidently crept in by mistake. Grimeston, p. 986, reads 'Against Charles...accused of treason...A sentence was given, etc.' I have therefore dropped *in*.

v, iv, 136 (p. 316). Qq. *They had bene three yeares since, amongst the dead*. So P., S. and Ph. But *They* is unintelligible. Brereton (*l.c.*, p. 61) proposes to omit *They* and take *had* as equivalent to *H'ad*. Grimeston (p. 988) has the words 'if he would have undertaken it, the King had not beene living three yeares since.' I think we may assume that the printer misread *He* (*i.e.*, the King) and set up *They*.

v, iv, 137 (p. 316). A *his safety in her owne*; B *his safety in his owne*, a mere misprint.

v, iv, 137 (p. 316). I insert the direction *Exeunt the Chancellor and Harlay* after this line. Grimeston, p. 988, records the departure of these two immediately after Biron had spoken the words in ll. 131–136.

v, iv, 149 (p. 317). A *Make even right with the Mountains?*; B omits *the*. P., S. and Ph. follow B; but I see no reason for thinking the change to be an authorised one.

v, iv, 162 (p. 317). I insert the stage directions *He mounts the scaffold*, and *Enter the Hangman* after this line.

v, iv, 157 (p. 317). Qq. *like low straines*. Sh. emends *streams* which is no doubt correct, as the context shows.

v, iv, 171 (p. 317). Qq. give *Arch* as the name of the speaker. See note on l. 23 *supra*.

v, iv, 178 (p. 318). A *Thou seest I see not? yet I speake as I saw*. B alters the question mark to a comma. The line is unintelligible, but is given, in the A reading, by P., S. and Ph. Deighton suggested changing the second *I* to *you*; Brereton (*l.c.*, p. 61) would drop *I*. Grimeston, p. 990, has 'Thou seest that I see nothing, and yet thou shewest mee as if I did see plainely.' It is evident that Chapman wrote *speaks't* or *speaks*, that the compositor misprinted it *speake*, and that a proof-reader thinking to improve matters put in the *I*.

v, iv, 200 (p. 318). A *And force the rest to kill me*; B carelessly drops *kill.*

v, iv, 215 (p. 319). Qq. *beneath the burthen.* P misprints *beneaih.*

v, iv, 227 (p. 319). A *His hearty ills*; B misprints *hearts.*

v, iv, 259 (p. 320). Qq. print this line as two ending *strike* and *soule.* It is just possible that Chapman meant Byron's speech to terminate with the word *strike,* and gave the last words of the play to another speaker. Grimeston says (p. 991) that Biron's head was struck off while he was still speaking. The Qq. contain no stage direction for the bearing off of Biron's body, nor indeed for any exit of the characters. It seems as if we had here a clear instance of an Elizabethan play closing with a tableau and of the curtain's falling, or rather being drawn, upon a group of actors standing on the stage. Mr Archer in his recent admirable article[1] on the Elizabethan stage has stated that only a few, and these perhaps doubtful, instances of such final tableaux occur in Elizabethan drama. I am inclined to think that if we examined the plays produced at the so-called private theatres, where the arrangement of the stage seems to have differed somewhat from the common type of the public theatre, we should find a number of such cases. In Chapman for example *All Fools* (the quarto represents the production of the play at Blackfriars) closes with practically all the figures of the play upon the stage, and with no direction for their leaving it. *The Gentleman Usher* (probably also a Blackfriars play) ends in the same way. The first quarto of *Bussy* (1607) which represents the original performance of the play by Paul's Boys, in a private theatre, apparently closes with the figure of the Umbra standing over the fallen corpse of Bussy, a striking instance of a tableau. Both the Byron plays lack a final *exeunt* for the characters on the stage, and these plays were produced at the Blackfriars. *Caesar and Pompey* appears to end with a tableau of the surviving actors about the body of Cato, but we know nothing as to the production of this play. That it was meant for the stage, in spite of Chapman's disclaimer in the Dedication, we may be very sure from the elaborate stage directions for exits and entrances, for costuming, etc. I do not believe Chapman had any hand in *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*; but this play, performed at Blackfriars, certainly closes with a corpse on the stage, and a grouping of the surviving actors around the new Emperor.

In the case of *Byron's Tragedy* in particular, it seems to me evident that the play closed with a tableau, or perhaps a 'semi-tableau,' a

[1] *Quarterly Review*, April, 1908, p. 454.

curtain being drawn to conceal Byron kneeling on the scaffold and the hangman standing over him with raised axe. The other characters may have been left outside the curtain and gone off in a funeral procession. The question is where the scaffold was placed upon the Blackfriars stage. It is rather difficult for me to picture a raised scaffold in the 'alcove' or 'rear stage' which is the only part of the lower stage that Mr Archer will allow to be curtained off. Possibly it was set upon the balcony, which we know could be cut off by a curtain, but in this case there must have been some device enabling Byron to ascend to the balcony from the front stage, and I am not aware of any proof that such a device existed. The setting of this scene would certainly be more easily understood, if we could assume here the existence of a 'middle curtain' cutting off a part of the main stage, such as Professor Baker (*The Developement of Shakespeare*, chapter on 'The Stage of Shakespeare') believes in and Mr Archer denies. But wherever the scaffold was placed it is plain enough that this striking, and in its time popular, play closes with a very effective tableau or 'curtain.'

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SPENSER'S 'AMORETTI' AND DESPORTES.

THE *Amoretti* of Spenser are generally considered to be the best Elizabethan sonnets next to those of Shakespeare. It is not our purpose in the present note to dispute this verdict, though we may perhaps be allowed to hazard the opinion that for a collection of sonnets composed in the heat of personal passion and in honour of the lady whom Spenser was afterwards to wed, if indeed this traditional assumption is the correct one[1], not a few abound in stale conceits and trite comparisons of the usual type found in the courtly and conventional sonnet sequences then in vogue, which shows their relative inferiority as compared to Spenser's other work. This lends to many of them a certain note of artificiality which leaves the impression that we are in presence of a literary exercise rather than a spontaneous and natural outpouring of pre-marital affection. This impression is reinforced, and to a certain extent corroborated, when Spenser's methods are looked into, and when his originality, in this species of composition, is found to be not much greater than that of the general run of Elizabethan sonneteers. Not that Spenser can be charged, like Lodge or Daniel, with descending to wholesale literary piracy. Yet his indebtedness is not inconsiderable, and just because Spenser is so great a poet, it is all the more striking.

Spenser is usually stated to have sought his inspiration for the *Amoretti* in Petrarch; this assertion is true in the general sense that practically all the sonneteers of the sixteenth century followed Petrarch; his action did not require the apology of his friend Gabriel Harvey. But they did so more or less directly; some followed the master more particularly, and others his disciples. Spenser was one of the latter, and instead of going directly to the author of *Laura* he preferred to

[1] On this point compare Mr Percy W. Long's article in the *Modern Language Review* (April, 1908).

borrow second-hand from Philippe Desportes, whose last sonnet-collection *Cléonice* had appeared in 1583. This statement of course is not meant to be so absolute as to preclude the possibility, or even the probability, that many a turn or conceit in the *Amoretti* was transplanted without any intermediary from Petrarch's *Rime* which by that date Spenser had certainly read in the Italian original. But the general proposition stands and, we venture to think, resists all scrutiny that the Petrarchism of the *Amoretti* has its main source not directly in the sonnets of Petrarch. It was not the first time, to borrow Mr Sidney Lee's felicitous expression, that the author of the *Faerie Queene* had travelled to the Italian shrine through France.

This infatuation of the Elizabethan sonneteers for the productions of the Abbé de Thiron is one of the most curious things in literature; it demonstrates that the critical instinct of great writers for what is base or noble in literature is not always unerring. Why of French poets did Spenser pick out Desportes as a model, rather than Du Bellay from whom he had drawn his first literary sustenance, or Ronsard who was still at the height of his fame? It also adds further evidence that the influence exercised by French literature on Spenser was greater than is generally supposed.

The credit of having first pointed to Desportes as the model for certain sonnets of the *Amoretti* belongs to Mr Sidney Lee; in the Introduction (pp. xcii ff.) to his *Elizabethan Sonnets* (1904), he has traced back to Desportes two of the sonnets of the *Amoretti* (Sonnets XV and LXVIII), and ventured the opinion that, in spite of his genuine poetic force, the greater part of Spenser's sonneteering efforts abound in strange conceits which are often silently borrowed from foreign literature. For this statement he has been rather rudely taken to task by certain critics. They could not bear that one of the greatest of English poets, the 'poet's poet,' should be shown to owe anything more to foreign creditors. They did not even allege the usual 'je prends mon bien là où je le trouve.' There was nothing new in this attitude; it was merely a repetition of what had already been heard when somebody else had ventured to assert that the original of much in the *Faerie Queene* was to be found in the *Orlando Furioso*[1].

As a matter of fact Mr Sidney Lee has considerably understated the extent of Spenser's debt, in the *Amoretti*, to Desportes, and we will now

[1] Nothing can be more effective in a like case than the accumulation of facts, and all students of literature owe a debt of gratitude to Mr Neil Dodge for having settled the question of Spenser's dependence on Ariosto in his admirable study in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, vol. XII, No. 2 (Baltimore, 1897).

proceed to show that a considerable number of examples must be added to those instanced by him:

Sonnet XVIII is a condensation of Sonnet LI of *Les Amours d'Hippolyte* (*Œuvres*, ed. Michiels, p. 151):

The rolling wheel, that runneth often round,
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear:
And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear
And long entreaty, soften her hard heart;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painful smart;

But, when I plead, she bids me play my part;
And, when I weep, she says, 'Tears are but water,'
And, when I sigh, she says, 'I know the art';
And, when I wail, she turns herself to laughter.
So do I weep, and wail, and plead in vain,
Whiles she as steel and flint doth still remain.

L'eau tombant d'un lieu haut goute à goute a puissance
Contre les marbres durs, cavez finablement;
Et le sang du lion force le diamant,

Bien qu'il face à l'enclume et au feu resistance.
La flamme retenüe enfin par violance
Brise la pierre vive, et rompt l'empeschement;
Les aquilons mutins, soufflans horriblement,
Tombent le chesne vieux, qui fait plus de deffance.
Mais moy, maudit Amour, nuict et jour souspirant,
Et de mes yeux meurtris tant de larmes tirant,
Tant de sang de ma playe, et de feux de mon ame;
Je ne puis amollir une dure beauté,

Qui, las! tout au contraire accroist sa cruauté
Par mes pleurs, par mon sang, mes soupirs et ma flame.

Sonnet XXII is a close paraphrase of Sonnet XLIII of *Diane* I (*Œuvres*, p. 31):

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclined:

Therefore, I likewise, on so holy day,

For my sweet saint some service fit will find.
Her temple fair is built within my mind,

In which her glorious image placed is,

On which my thoughts do day and night attend,
Like sacred priests that never think amiss!
There I to her, as th'author of my bliss,

Will build an altar to appease her ire;

And on the same my heart will sacrifice,

Solitaire et pensif, dans un bois ecarté,
Bien loin du populaire et de la tourbe espesse,
Je veux bastir un temple à ma fiere déesse,
Pour apprendre mes vœux à sa divinité.

Là, de jour et de nuit, par moy sera chanté
Le pouvoir de ses yeux, sa gloire et sa hautesse;
Et devot, son beau nom j'invoqueray sans cesse,
Quand je seray pressé de quelque adversité.
Mon œil sera la lampe ardant continuelle,
Devant l'image saint d'une dame si belle;
Mon corps sera l'autel, et mes soupirs les vœux.

Burning in flames of pure and chaste desire:
The which vouchsafe, O goddess, to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relics to be kept.

Par mille et mille vers je chanteray l'office,
Puis, espanchant mes pleurs et coupant mes cheveux,
J'y feray tous les jours de mon cœur sacrifice.

With the exception of the first quatrain, Sonnet XI of *Cléonice* (*Œuvres*, p. 184) reappears, in a somewhat modified guise, as Sonnet LXIX of the *Amoretti*:

The famous warriors of antique world
Used trophies to erect in stately wise;
In which they would the records have enroll'd
Of their great deeds and valorous emprize.
What trophy then shall I most fit devise,
In which I may record the memory
Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!
Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortal monument;
And tell her praise to all posterity,
That may admire such world's rare wonderment;
The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

Si trop en vous servant, ô ma mort bien-aimée!
L'ardant feu de mon cœur éclaire et se fait voir;
Si l'on dit qu'à son gré vostre œil me fait mouvoir,
Et que de vous sans plus ma vie est animée;
Une si pure ardeur, qui n'a point de fumée,
Devant tous peut reluire et monstrer son pouvoir.
Tant de vers, qui si loin mes douleurs font sçavoir,
Sont des arcs que je dresse à vostre renommée.
Jadis entre les Grecs, quand l'honneur y vivoit,
Le vainqueur des vaincus maint trophée élevoit,
Fait d'étoffe legere et de peu de durée.
Mais moy que ma deffaite a rendu glorieux,
Bien que je sois vaincu, j'éleve en divers lieux
Maint trophée immortel pour vous rendre honorée.

Sonnet L was certainly suggested by Sonnet LIII (*Œuvres*, p. 153) of *Les Amours d'Hippolyte*, though the resemblance in particulars is not very close:

Long languishing in double malady
Of my heart's wound, and of my body's grief;
There came to me a leech, that would apply
Fit medicines for my body's best relief.
Vain man, quoth I, that hast but little prief
In deep discovery of the mind's disease;
Is not the heart of all the body chief,

Bien qu'une fièvre tierce en mes veines boüillonne,
De cent troubles divers mon esprit agitant,
Médecins abusez, ne dites pas pourtant
Qu'une humeur cholericq' ces tempestes me donne.
Je suis trop patient, je n'offence personne,
Et vay de mes amis le courroux supportant,
Tout paisible et tout coy, sans qu'en me despitant

And rules the members as itself doth please?
Then, with some cordials, seek first to appease
The inward languor of my wounded heart,
And then my body shall have shortly ease:
But such sweet cordials pass physician's art.
Then, my life's leech! do your skill reveal;
And, with one salve, both heart and body heal.

Je remasche un venin, qui le cœur m'empoisonne.
Celle dont l'influence altere mes humeurs,
Qui fait par sa rigueur qu'avant l'âge je meurs,
Est cause de ma fièvre, et non pas la colere.
Las! je n'ay point de fiel! car je voudroy donner
Cent baisers, en mourant, à ma belle adversaire,
Pour monstrer que ma mort je sçay bien pardonner.

The same may be said of Sonnet XLVIII ('Innocent paper; whom too cruel hand') and of Sonnet LXXV of *Diane* II ('O vers que j'ai chantez en l'ardeur qui m'enflamme'), and of Sonnet LX ('They, that in course of heavenly spheres are skilled') and Sonnet IV of *Cléonice* ('D'une douleur poignante ayant l'ame blessée').

In other sonnets the imitation is confined to the quatrains or to the tercets, as in the following:

Leave, lady! in your glass of crystal clean,
Your goodly self for evermore to view:
And in my self, my inward self, I mean,
Most lively like behold your semblance true.

Pourquoy si folement croyez-vous à un verre,
Voulant voir les beautez que vous avez des cieux?
Mirez-vous dessus moy pour les connoistre mieux,
Et voyez de quels traits vostre bel œil m'enferre.

Lastly Desportes' fondness for similes taken from battles or sieges finds a striking parallel in several sonnets of the *Amoretti*, as do, indeed, other conceits and hyperboles affected by the French poet. We should weary the reader by quoting the passages or single lines containing these similes and conceits; we prefer to invite him to read carefully the two sonneteers, and by noting these and other details in their own setting, to see for himself how deeply immersed Spenser is in Desportes' thought and language. At the same time we do not wish to as much as hint that Spenser's versions are not immeasurably superior to those of the French poet, or that the beauty and charm they contain are not emphatically his own.

L. E. KASTNER.

ABERYSTWYTH.

ZWEI ALTFRANZÖSISCHE MARIENGEBETE.

I.

Religiöse Dichtungen dieser Art, in welchen reuige Sünder mit Berufung auf die freudenreichen Begebenheiten im Leben der Jungfrau Maria und ihres göttlichen Sohnes diese um Hilfe und Beistand im Kampfe des Lebens flehen, waren in Frankreich besonders im XIII. Jahrhundert, dem Zeitalter der eifrigsten Marienverehrung, sehr verbreitet. Am häufigsten wies man auf fünf Ereignisse hin, die Maria zu besonderer Freude gereichten: die Verkündigung, die Geburt Jesu (die Anbetung der Könige) das Wiedersehn Jesu nach seiner Auferstehung, die Himmelfahrt Christi und Mariae. Wir kennen etwa sechs verschiedene Versionen[1] dieses namentlich von Gautier de Coincy behandelten Stoffes, dessen (lateinische) Prosafassung in einzelnen Handschriften dem Bischof von Paris Maurice de Sully († 1196) zugeschrieben wird[2]. Seltener wurden sieben und neun Freuden[3] besungen, erstere von einem Henri de Wallentinnes (Valenciennes)[4], letztere in einem in zahlreichen Handschriften erhaltenen Hymnus *Reine de pitié Marie*[5], als dessen Verfasser Rutebuef, Nicole de Bozon und Guillaume de Saint-Amour genannt werden, ferner in einem anonymen noch ungedruckten Gedichte *Esjoui toi, vierge Marie* (Hs. Chartres 1036, fol. 126 v.—XIV. Jahrh.)[6].

[1] S. die Gedichte, welche zumeist von P. Meyer bekannt gemacht wurden, in *Romania*, x, 623; xv, 307; xxx, 571 und 574; vgl. Reinsch in *Zeitschrift f. rom. Philologie*, III, 202; Gröber im *Grundriss*, II, i, S. 973; Handschriftennachweise bei Naetebus, *Die nichtlyrischen Strophenformen im Altfranzösischen* (Leipzig 1891), S. 76, 100, 133, 139.

[2] Zu den von P. Meyer in *Romania*, XXXV, 571 angeführten Hss. gesellt sich noch Br. M. Harley 2253 (agn.), wo auf fol. 134 v. ein 'dem Bischof von Paris von Maria zugesandtes' Prosagebet mit denselben Worten beginnt wie das a. a. O. gedruckte Reimgebet und zwar: *Gloriouse dame que le fitz Dieu portastes.*

[3] Öfter in der lateinischen geistlichen Literatur, die noch Lieder von X und XII Freuden kennt; s. Dreves, *Analecta Hymnica*, XXXI, S. 176 ff.; *Romania*, XXXV, 571, Anm. 3.

[4] *Grundriss*, II, i, S. 687.

[5] S. die Drucke und Handschriften bei Naetebus, S. 163; dazu Hs. Br. M. Additional 16975, fol. 236 r—238 r und ein Fragment mit Noten in der Bodleiana zu Oxford (XIV. Jh.).

[6] S. *Grundriss*, II, i, S. 973.

Dann verherrlichte man fünfzehn Freuden in gebundener und in ungebundener Rede, besonders in letzterer Form, wovon die *Livres d'heures* des XV. und XVI. Jahrhunderts (Handschriften und Drucke) Zeugnis geben[1]. Diesen Stoff verwertete bekanntlich auch Christine de Pisan in einem Gebete (zehnsilbige Kreuzreime). Auf eine nicht bestimmte Zahl von Freuden (und Leiden) schliesslich berufen sich zwei gereimte Mariengebete in der bekannten anglonormannischen Handschrift 522 des Lambeth Palastes zu London[2].

Zu der Gattung der eben erwähnten gereimten Gebete mit Hinweis auf die fünfzehn Freuden der Gottesmutter gehören auch die hier zum erstenmal abgedruckten Texte. Die erstere, in der im Mittelalter sehr beliebten Helinandstrophe (Schema aab aab bba bba) verfasste Dichtung ist uns meines Wissens einzig erhalten in Hs. Royal 11 B III (26 × 17,5—Perg.—361 Bl.) des British Museum zu London, einem früher der Abtei Bury St Edmunds gehörigen Sammelbande mit lateinischen, religiösen Traktaten[3] in den Schriftzügen des XIII. und XIV. Jahrhunderts. Am Schlusse nun auf Bl. 360 v—361 r findet sich unser Gedicht niedergeschrieben nach alter Weise in Langzeilen, von denen eine jede drei achtsilbige Verse umfasst, so dass, da der Beginn einer neuen Strophe nicht durch einen Absatz oder bunten Buchstaben gekennzeichnet ist, das ganze Stück wie aus paarweis (durch Endreim) gebundenen Langversen mit zweifachem Binnenreim bestehend erscheint. Schreiber und wohl auch Verfasser des Lobgedichtes (*loengette*) war ein Bruder der Abtei, wie der folgende Vermerk am Kopfe des Blattes zeigt: *Frater Martinus me scripsit cui Christus sit propicius. amen.* Die Sprache des im übrigen für einen Anglonormannen des XIV. Jahrhunderts ziemlich korrekt gebauten Gedichtes giebt zu Bemerkungen kaum Anlass. Ich erwähne nur: *e* aus *ie* (*lumere*, v. 4), *u* für *o̧* (*munde* 6), *aun* für *an* (*plesauntie*, 74); in der Graphie häufige Verwendung des Zeichens *y*, Wechsel von *s* und *z* sowie *s* und *c*, Bewahrung der losen Dentalis (*ad* 168)—lauter wohlbekannte Züge der späten anglonormannischen Periode.

Einer grossen Beliebtheit—besonders im Osten Frankreichs—scheint sich das zweite, in achtsilbigen Reimpaaren verfasste Gebet erfreut zu

[1] S. P. Meyer im *Bulletin de la Société des anciens textes français*, Jahrg. 1881, S. 47 und Jahrg. 1901, S. 79. Ich kenne etwa zwanzig handschriftliche *Livres d'heures* im British Museum und der Bodleiana, welche Prosagebete dieser Art enthalten.

[2] S. *Archiv f. d. Studium der neueren Sprachen u. Literaturen*, Bd. LXIII, S. 91 und 93; vergl. Naetebus, S. 174.

[3] Die Hs. enthält unter anderen erbaulichen Schriften: *Bonaventurae* († 1274) *Lignum Vitae* (s. *Grundriss*, II, i, 203), *Roberti Grostete* († 1253) *Linc. Episc. de X praeceptis*, *S. Pauli Visio inferni* (s. *Grundriss*, II, i, 143).

[4] Über die Geschichte der Schweifreimstrophe sehe man Suchier in der Einleitung zur *Reimpredigt*, S. xliv.

haben, nach der Anzahl der Handschriften zu urteilen, in denen es sich erhalten findet. Eine seines Erachtens 'sicherlich unvollständige' Liste[1] hat P. Meyer in der *Romania*, Bd. XXVIII, S. 248 veröffentlicht. Ich bringe diese mit entsprechenden Zusätzen hier nochmals zum Abdruck: (1) Charleville, 90, fol. 22 v. (Ende des XIII. oder Anfang des XIV. Jh.)[2]. Es fehlen die ersten 38 Verse (unseres Textes); v. 39—78 wurden von P. Meyer a. a. O. mitgeteilt. (2) Oxford, Bodl. Douce, 39 (jetzt 21613), fol. 166 r. (Anf. des XIV. Jh.)[3]. (3) Paris Arsenal, 570, fol. 132 (XIV. Jh.), in Metzer Mundart. Die ersten 16 Verse wurden im Jahre 1901 von P. Meyer gedruckt aus Anlass der ausführlichen Beschreibung der Handschrift im *Bulletin de la Société des Anciens Textes Français* (S. 69). (4) Paris, Bibl. nat., latin 1169, fol. 149 v. (5) Paris, Bibl. nat. 1553, fol. 524 (Jahr 1284). Beginn: *Ave dame tresglorieuse.* (6) Paris, Bibl. nat., 23111, fol. 208 (XIII. Jh.) betitelt: *Dit de Nostre Dame.* Von G. Gröber angeführt im *Grundriss*, II, I. Abt., S. 973, Anm. 5. (7) Troyes, 1905, fol. 176 (XIV. Jh.)[4]. (8) Turin, LV 32, fol. 23 (Ende des XIII. Jh.)[5].

Da ich mit dieser Publikation nicht beabsichtigte, eine kritische Ausgabe des literarisch wenig bedeutsamen Gedichtes herzustellen, blos einen weiteren Beitrag zur Kenntnis der geistlichen Poesie des mittelalterlichen Frankreich liefern wollte, so habe ich aus der obigen Reihe nur die beiden lothringischen Reimofficien von Troyes und Oxford herangezogen und zwar die erstere Hs. als die bessere dem Texte zugrunde gelegt. Von O habe ich die Lesarten verwertet und die weitschweifige, von T durchaus verschiedene Schlussstrophe in einem Nachtrag zur Kenntnis gebracht.

Was die Sprache dieses Textes in der uns durch T überlieferten Gestalt betrifft, so ist in erster Linie zu bemerken, dass der den östlichen Mundarten eigentümliche Nachlaut *i* hier nur stets nach *e* in den Entsprechungen der lateinischen Endungen *-atem* und *-atum* (z. B. *poestei* : *manifestei* 229, 230) selten nach den anderen Vokalen (*brais* 92 im Versinnern, *secoirauble* 243, *fui* 10, 53) auftritt[6], während die entgegengesetzte Erscheinung, die Reduktion, häufiger sich findet : *aasier* 93

[1] S. *Bulletin*, 1901, S. 68.

[2] S. *Romania*, XXVIII, S. 246 ff.

[3] S. *A Summary Catalogue of Western Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford*, by F. Madan, vol. IV (Oxford, 1897) S. 500. Zur Beschreibung der Hs. ist noch hinzuzufügen, dass auf dem ersten Blatt von einer späteren Hand die Jahreszahl MCCCVIII eingetragen wurde.

[4] S. *Catalogue général des MSS. des bibliothèques de France*, Bd. II, S. 787.

[5] Näheres über diese Hs. und deren Mundart (wallonisch) sehe man bei Långfors, *Li Regres Nostre Dame par Huon le Roi de Cambrai*, Einl., S. V ff.

[6] Die dialekttreuere Oxforder Hs. zeigt den Nachlaut stets nach *a* und *e*.

nassement 110, *fasoit* 114, 251, *plasir* 224, *appasier* 276, *ansi* 113, *a* 120 und 273, *mastres* 207, *porra* 338 im Versinnern; *liosse* 169 (: largesse) unsicher[1], *jo*[*o*]*usse* 75. Sonst sind noch zu beachten die lothringischen, z. T. auch dem Norden nicht fremden Besonderheiten : $\tilde{e} = \tilde{a}$; *oi* für *ei*, auch wo die lateinische Grundlage gedecktes *ę* zeigt wie in *noite* 171 und *adroice* 26 (im Versinnern); *ou*[2] für *eu* (in der Endung *-or*); *s*, das auch intervokalisch im Lothringischen (besonders im Metzischen) stimmlos (*ss*) war[3], wechselt in der Schreibung mit *c* und mit *z* (im Auslaut) und wird auch durch *sc* dargestellt in der Endung *-esce* (z. B. *largesce* : *liesce* 247, 248); lateinisches *l* vor Konsonanten unterdrückt in *damoisés* 201, im Reime auf *bez—savaor* 19, *vosis* 24, *miez* 141, *mavais* 174, *ques* 245 (im Versinnern). Endung *-auble* < -able.

Zum Versbau, der als recht sorgfältig bezeichnet werden kann, ist wenig zu sagen. Auf die bemerkenswerten Reime *liosse* : *largesse* 169 und *lioisse* : *destresce* 179 wurde schon hingewiesen; bei *suers* : *cuer* 81 und *maladiez* : *vie* 257 kommt auslautendes *s* (*z*) nicht in Betracht. Noch *orguil* : *suel* 27. Vortoniges im Hiatus stehendes *e* ist bewahrt geblieben in *heus* : *receus* (21, 22) : *esmeus* (65, 66), *veue* 106, *conceu* 34, elidirt in *resut* : *dut* 159, 160.

Zum Schluss erfülle ich die angenehme Pflicht, meinen herzlichsten Dank zu erstatten : meinem Vetter Robert Priebsch in London, der mir in unermüdlicher Weise seine Unterstützung zuteil werden liess, dem Bibliothekar der Stadtbibliothek zu Troyes Herrn L. Morel für die sorgsam ausgeführte Kopie der nicht leicht leserlichen Handschrift.

I.

fol. 360 v.

I Recorder voil la joie primere,
Ke veroyment esteit rivere
Dunt tout li biens nus surhabunde:
Ceo fu kant l'angle de lumere
Saluz te dist d'amur entere
6 De par li rois de' tot le munde

[1] Wegen *lioisse* : *destresce* 179 (dessen *oi* die Aussprache *oe* voraussetzt) und zentralfranzösisch *liesce* 248. Betreffs burgundischen *-oce* < *-ĭtia* sehe man Långfors in der Einleitung zu *Li Regres Nostre Dame*, S. XCVII; dazu die Reimworte *paroce* und *viloce* in *De David li prophecie*, v. 1005 u. 1362 (*Zeitschrift f. Rom. Phil.*, Bd. XIX, S. 189 ff.).

[2] Nach Bonnardot (*Guerre de Metz*, S. 438) klang *ou* im Lothringischen wie ein langes und dumpfes *o*.

[3] Die in O und anderen lothringischen Hss. übliche Schreibung *-ix* findet sich hier selten : *moix* 90.

Pur tei s'amie pure e munde,
Ke n'as primere ne secunde,
A ki nule se compere.
Pur ceste joie, ke surunde,
Fai nostre vie bone e munde
E nus defend de mort amere.

II La secunde joie k'avoies
Kant engrossie te sentoies
Virginalment de fruit de vie,
E sëuses bien ke mestroies
Par celi ke tu portoies
Le tirant plein de felounie.
Hey, Deus! cum fusses enjoïe
Kant si te sentis replenie
Ke plus pure ke liz estoyes!
Pur ceste joie fai aÿe
A cele ke de quer te prie
E ses dolurs turne en joyes.

III La terce joie esteit mut bele,
Kant mere son seignur tei apele
Elisabeth la tresené,
Vers ki tu prens la centele;
E lors de joie tresaut ele
E sa porture en ly serré.
E tu ke fus virge sacré
De chaunter te as apresté;
E lors trovas chançon novele:
Magnificat est appellé.
Pur ceste joie esmerré
Nos quers en t'amur renovele.

IV La quarte joie est ben soveraine,
Kant enfauntas sans nule paine
Li rois, ki touz les sens avoye,
E aletas de douce vayne
Cely ki tient en sun demeyne
Li ciel, ke touz les sens festoye.
Douce dame, pur ceste joie
De ceste doleruse voye

Du mund al ciel lasus nus meyne.
Envers celi ke nus gueroie
La banere ton fiz desploie,
Lors averoms victorie certayne.

V La quinte joie est esmeré,
Kant des angles l'asemblé
A toi veneient, mere e pucele,
Chantanz a voiz sanz duré:
"A Deu seit la glorie doné
E a genz bone pes novele."
Dame, pur ceste joie bele
De ta face nus renovele
Kant morz trera sa dure espé,
E par ta voiz, ke veint vïele,
A ceste feste nus apele
Ou sur tuz es honuré.

VI Dame digne de tutes joies,
Ta joie sime, ke avoies,
Voil par ta grace dire enprendre:
Ce fu, voir, kant de lunges voies
Venoient, si com tu veioies,
Les treis reis pur lur present rendre
A ton enfant novel e tendre;
E tu de lur present prendre
Trestot l'entendement savoies.
Douce dame, a nus entendre
Voilez e de tuz maus defendre
Pur cel honur ke lors avoies.

VII Ta setime joie est seirie
E plein de grant plesauntie,
Kant tu feseis ta offrende chere
Pur tun fiz, ki est rei de vie,
E Symeon en haut s'escrie:
"Joe voy de salu la banere;
Ne me ert grïef si mort ere,
Pues ke je enbrace la lumere

De totez joies replenie."
Dame, pur ceste joie clere
Kant nus asaudra mort amere
De venir lors ne target mie.

VIII Ta joie utime est treselite:
Ce fu kant revins de Egite
En ton païs, virgine Marie,
E fustes delivere e tote quite
De la malice k'avoit dite
Li rois Herodes par envie:
As enfanz tolt la vie.
Hey! dame, en ki mi quers s'afie,
En ki plenté de grace habite,
Pur cele joie tres seirie
En ceste mer ma nef si guie
Ke vienge au port pur ta merite!

IX La joie novime puis avoies
Kant ton fiz od tei amenoies
En Jerusalem a la feste,
E lors kant tu perdu l'avoies
Par treis jurs le requeroies.
Puis li trovas tut sanz moleste
Rendant reson bel e preste
A mestres de la veile geste,
Si bone ke te merveiloyes.
Par ceste joie, mere honeste,
Gardet ma nef en la tempeste
Tu ki les perillés avoyes.

X Ta dime joie est celestine
Kant ton fiz par vertu divine
Feseit l'ewe pure enviner,
Ceo nus mustranz enterine
Ke sa vertu tres noble e fine
Deit nostre nature afiner
E tutes nos dolurs terminer
E les maus sus raciner,

Ki nus tuz en la mort encline.
Dame, voillez pur moi finer
Kant mort vendra mon cors miner;
Ceo frez, voir, je le destine.

XI Dame, quel sen poroit suffire
A droit cunter e bien dire
La grandur de ta joie unzime,
Ke tu avoyes sanz dedire
Kant morz revifre e pluranz rire
Fesoit ton fiz li tresayntime,
Ki les cors de mauveis lime
E les almes getoit d'abime
Par la force de son empire!
Pur ceste joie tresayntime
Le serpent, ke nus envenime,
Fay feble cum en fu la cire.

fol. 361 r. XII La joie duzime est delicez,
Kant ton cher fiz vëyssez
De mort ke brusa la barrere,
De mort ki venquit les malices
E releva pur nus laver de vices
E de son costé fist rivere.
Pur ceste joie singulere
Fay nus lever de la pudrere
E rumper de la mort les lices,
Apres ceste mort amere
Aver resureccion entere,
Dunt ton fiz mustre les primices.

XIII La joie treszime lors sentoies,
Tredouce, kant veioyes
En char humeyne sacree
E prendre vers le ciel les voies
Ton fiz, lequel tu coveitoies,
De la vowe enluminee,
Vers la curt de ciel estellé.
Hey! douce dame honuré,

Pur cele joie ke lors avoyes,
De mort kant vendra ma vespré,
Seez de venir apresté apresté;
Kar si tu viens, garri m'averoies.

XIV Dame, de dolurs aleggance,
Fai nus bien par ta voillance
Dire la quatorzime joie:
Ele estoit sanz nule dotance
Kant li seint espirit, t'aliance,
Les sainz apostles enflamboie.
En fins armors lor quers avoye
Ki tuz languages lur otroye;
Ceo fu noble demustrance.
Pur ceste joie k'ici cuntoie,
Dame, nus mettez en droite voie
A la joie ki n'ad faillance.

XV Le sen d'angle ne suffit mie
Ke ta quinzime joie die,
Tant est grande e si plenere,
Kant de ceste mortelc vie
Fuis elevé od melodie
A ciel de gloire singulere
En cors, en alme pure e clere,
Ou ore es dame e conseillere,
Mere, ancelle, espuse, amie
Au roy, ki siet en chayere
E tant te honure e tient chere
Ke toz le ciel a toi s'umlie.

Reyne, a ki li ciel s'encline,
E ceste löengette afine,
Prenk ceste petite offrende,
Ffay mon acord, virge trefine,
A ton fiz ki toz maus termine,
E de son saunc face l'amende. Amen.

ANMERKUNGEN.

2 *Ke* statt *ki* (vgl. v. 10, 23, 31, 42, 58, 131 u. ö.) häufig in anglonorm. Denkmälern, ist im *Boeve de Haumtone* (Ausg. A. Stimming, Halle 1899) die übliche Form; s. daselbst Einleitung, S. xxv.

5 Anklang an die weltlichen *Saluz d'amors*; s. über diese Dichtungsart P. Meyer in *Bibl. de l'éc. des chartes*, 6ᵉ sér., III (1867), 124 und Gröber im *Grundriss*, II, i, 968 ff.

7 Hs. *par.*

9 Um eine Silbe zu kurz; vielleicht *e* oder *ne* einzufügen.

13 Fehlt das verbum finitum des Hauptsatzes. S. über solche im Altfranzösischen nicht seltene anakoluthische Ausdrucksweisen Tobler, *Vermischte Beiträge*, I, 2. Aufl., S. 248 ff.

16, 19 *seuses, fusses.* Die Konjunktivformen unrichtig verwendet, wohl um die volle Silbenzahl zu erreichen (vgl. *Boeve* S. 159). Sie können in *seustes* und *fustes* geändert werden, da Wechsel der Person auch in v. 71, 84, 107, 118, 120, 155, 167 begegnet. Konsonantvereinfachung findet sich noch in *gueroie* 46, *paroit* 121, *asemblé* 50, Verdoppelung, die im Anglonorm. viel häufigere Erscheinung (s. Stimming, *Boeve*, S. 239) in *appellé* 34, *esmerré* 35, *offrende* 183, *ffay* (?) 184, *garri* 156.

23 Hs. *celuy* in *cele* geändert : das Gebet war also ursprünglich für einen Mann bestimmt.

27, 126, 130 *Tresené, tresayntime* : *tres* mit dem folgenden Worte eng verbunden; vgl. Tobler, *Verm. Beitr.*, III, S. 120 und O. Schultz-Gora, *Zwei altfranzösische Dichtungen* (Halle, 1899), S. 127 sowie Sass, *L'Estoire Joseph*, S. 107. Wegen Verstummen von nachtonigem *e* im Anglonorm. (in unserem Texte noch in den Fem. *serré* 30, *sacré* 31, *appelé* 34, *esmerré* 35, *esmeré* 49, *asemblé* 50, *doné* 53, *espé* 57, *honuré* 60, etc.) vgl. Stimming, *Boeve*, Einl., S. xix und 181 ff.

28 *centele*, Dem. von *sente* 'sentier.' Der Vers ist zu kurz.

52 Besser *dureté*, wodurch auch die erforderliche Silbenzahl erreicht wird.

64 Hs. *lunge v.*

74 Bessere *pleine* der Silbenzählung wegen; s. Anm. 27.

81 *totez, delicez* 133, *veyssez* 134; über Vertauschung von *s* mit *z* im Anglonorm. vgl. Stimming, *Boeve*, S. 225.

84 *target, gardet* 107, 2 pl. (s. Anm. 16) eine Besonderheit des anglonorm. Dialektes; s. Stimming, a. a. O., S. 230.

91 Vielleicht *A tuz e. tollet* (s. Anm. 84) *la v.*

111 *enviner* = zu Wein werden (?), wohl eine Bildung des Bruder Martin dem (leonischen) Reime zuliebe. Vgl. *encline* 117 statt *enclinent.*

125 *revifre.* Vertauschung von *v* mit *f*, eine Eigentümlichkeit des anglonorm. Dialektes; s. darüber Stimming, S. 220.

127 Bessere *mauveise* und vgl. Anm. 74.

135 *brusa.* Vgl. engl. *to bruise*; Busch, *Laut- und Formenlehre der Anglonormannischen Sprache des* XIV. *Jahrhunderts* (Greifswald, 1887) belegt noch *bruseroy, debrusé, debruserent, debrusa* (stets in unbetonter Silbe) aus Waddington und Urkunden der Zeit.

137 Der Vers ist um zwei Silben zu lang.

146 Etwa *dame* einzufügen.

147 Nach *humeyne* ist *e* einzufügen.

157 *aleggance*, für *alejance* 'allégeance, allégement.' Wegen *g* (hier geminiert, s. Anm. 27) zur Bezeichnung des Lautes *dž* vgl. Stimming, *Boeve*, S. 237.

163 *armors* zeigt (wenn nicht Versehen des Schreibers) unorganisches *r*, das sich nicht selten in anglonorm. Hss. findet; s. Stimming, *Boeve*, S. 215.

178 Das *y* in *chayere* ist hiatustilgend; vgl. Stimming, *Boeve*, S. 237.

J. Priebsch.

Wien.

(Fortsetzung folgt.)

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Ben Jonson and the Cardinal Duperron.

Beyond a scandalous anecdote equally discreditable to all parties concerned, our knowledge of Jonson's visit to France in 1613, as tutor to young Raleigh, is confined to two brief sentences of the *Conversations*. The more important of these (§ iv) reports him as having declared 'That he told Cardinal de [*sic*] Perron, at his being in France, anno 1613, who shew [*sic*] him his translations of Virgill, that they were naught.' No further light has been thrown, so far as we know, by the biographers of either Jonson or the Cardinal upon the intercourse of these two eminent scholars, or upon the interview which this lively declaration not improbably brought to an abrupt close. The following facts, however, indicate a special reason for the Cardinal's readiness to 'show' his translations, and this particular translation, to his English visitor.

Duperron, then at the height of his power, was on friendly terms with the great Huguenot scholar, Isaac Casaubon, then a refugee in England, and high in the favour of James. Though now the most redoubtable champion of Catholic orthodoxy in France, he had been born and bred a Huguenot; and if it could by no means be said of him, as of Jonson, that he was 'for any religion as being versed in both,' yet he had thus much claim to be called tolerant, that he sought to annihilate his opponents by argument and not by fire, and pending their annihilation was quite willing to converse with them civilly, discuss the merits of a pretty conjecture in the classics, and accept or reciprocate good offices with persons in power. There is much in his record which suggests a seventeenth century Blougram—a Blougram who never 'apologised,' but who had had, as a young man, his imprudent moments, in which a not dissimilar intellectual detachment may be discerned. Casaubon had been the subject of his repeated and

sustained assaults, which had so far succeeded that the shy and peace-loving recluse had withdrawn from many of the positions held by Calvinistic orthodoxy, and was freely branded as a weakling or even a traitor by the Huguenot stalwarts. But a substantial residuum remained which he refused to surrender. The two men had however their interest in the classics in common; for Duperron, not to be compared with Casaubon in weight of learning, was a brilliant writer and orator, accomplished in the antique modes of panegyric, necrologue, satire, and a facile and fluent translator of Latin verse. After Casaubon's prudent withdrawal to England, accordingly, the would-be shepherd and the all but hopelessly lost sheep maintained an amicable correspondence.

In 1612, the year before Jonson's visit to France, Duperron sent to his correspondent in England a specimen of a translation from the First Book of the *Aeneid*. Casaubon showed the letter, and presumably the translation also, to the king, who expressed the desire to have a copy for himself—a hint promptly conveyed to the writer. The Cardinal's reply appears to have been thought worth stealing; it was surreptitiously printed, translated into English and published in London, with the title: '*A Letter written from Paris by the Lord Cardinal of Peron to M. Casaubon in England.* Translated out of the French. 1612.' In it, after excusing himself for delays due to ill-health, and thanking Casaubon for showing his letter to the king, and 'procuring for him some part of his favour,' he proceeds: 'As for the Translation of Virgil's verse, wherof you say his Majesty desired a Copy, that being lost which before I sent you, I must defer for some days the performance of this duty, for that I have caused it to be printed again, with an addition of one part of the fourth [Book of the *Æneid*].' He will presently, he adds, send a copy for Casaubon to present to James in his name.

A few months later, probably in November or December, 1612, Jonson arrived in Paris. He probably brought some kind of introduction, and it would be obvious to conjecture that this, in Duperron's case, was provided by Casaubon. This is of course possible. But we know that Casaubon's life in London was extremely recluse, that he confessed to an acquaintance with only two Englishmen, and that Jonson was not one of these. It is apparent, however, that the French Blougram was not likely to be indisposed to meet, and even to receive with favour, this redoubtable 'literary man,' renegade from the Catholic church though he was. To Jonson, on his part, the repu-

tation of Duperron must have been familiar. He had been the guest for five years, during his Catholic time, of Esmé d'Aubigny, who had grown up in France during the years in which Duperron had achieved his triumphs in the service of the Catholic church. He probably knew that the future Cardinal had been chosen to pronounce the funeral *Eloge* over Ronsard. It is clear in any case that the Cardinal received him in his house and showed some concern for his good opinion. Naturally enough he brought out the translation which had just won so flattering a notice from the learned English king, to receive the applause of his yet more learned subject. The result, to a great ecclesiastic, wit and courtier, whose career had been a series of intellectual triumphs, and who was accustomed to be treated with a deference not due merely to his rank, must have been highly disconcerting. Jonson's uncompromising verdict did indeed violate not merely French but most other standards of good breeding. In spite, however, of the obvious touch of bravery in the story, there is no reason to doubt that it conveys substantially what Jonson said. Like many other men of robust candour, he was capable of monstrous flattery on occasion. But literary offences more surely than any others called out the implacable spirit of censorship in him; and translation executed on the wrong principles more surely than other literary offences. The Cardinal's versions were free and facile. Jonson held to the opposite principle of severe literalism, a principle which it must be owned his practice was far from justifying.

The date of Jonson's return from France is unknown. But the *terminus ad quem* is not so late as has commonly been supposed. He 'had taken no part in the festivities at the Lady Elizabeth's marriage, 1613 February,' says Mr Fleay (*Biog. Chron.* I 350), 'but did so in that of Carr, Earl of Somerset, 1613 Dec.' But at this latter date he had been back in London for six months. For, as my colleague Mr Simpson has noted, he was an eye-witness of the fire which destroyed the Globe. 'I *saw* (the Globe) with two poor chambers taken in,' he says in the *Execration*. And the Globe is known from several contemporary letters to have been destroyed on the 29th of June.

C. H. Herford.

Manchester.

A Note on 'King Lear.'

Dr Perrett in his *Story of King Lear* has shown, I think conclusively, that several of the scenes in Shakespeare's *Lear* have been wrongly placed by all, or nearly all the editors. I wish to add another instance.

Since Pope every editor, I believe without exception, has assigned the action of the second scene of the first act to 'Gloucester's Castle'; and by so doing the editors have gratuitously introduced, in plot and characterisation, improbabilities and inconsistencies which the critics have not been slow to point out[1]. The only reason for selecting Gloucester's Castle as the place of action appears to be that the scene in which the Gloucester interest is next resumed (II, i) is undoubtedly laid there. But there is nothing in the story or the text which requires the two scenes to be in the same place. On the other hand the text furnishes evidence both negative and positive that the place of action in I, ii is the same as that in I, i, namely 'Lear's Court.'

With no scenic artist to aid imagination, the impression of change of place on the Elizabethan stage could be conveyed to the audience only in one of two ways, either by a sign-board, or by some definite indication in the course of the dialogue. Shakespeare, I believe, invariably adopted the second alternative, either by preparing the audience in a previous scene for a shifting of the action, or by a sufficiently clear allusion to place in the opening lines of the scene itself. Failing indications of this sort—as in the present instance—the inference is that no change is intended.

On this negative ground we should perhaps be justified in discarding Pope's interpolation as at least unnecessary. But the scene supplies evidence of a positive nature. After Edmund's soliloquy, which opens the scene, and which contains no reference to place, Gloucester enters in evident agitation:

> *Glo.* Kent baniſh'd thus? and France in choller parted?
> And the King gone to night? Preſcrib'd his powre,
> Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
> Vpon the gad?

Surely these exclamations are somewhat strange if we are to imagine that, since Gloucester heard the news which now so moves him, he and his family have leisurely journeyed down from the court to the country. On the other hand the agitation is natural enough if we suppose—as

[1] Compare, for example, Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*, pp. 256—7, 305.

but for Pope we should suppose—that Gloucester enters directly from the council-chamber where he has just learnt the full particulars of Kent's banishment (he was not present when the sentence was pronounced), and has heard of the quarrel with France and of the departure of Lear.

The rest of the scene contains not a word to warrant the assumption that the place is Gloucester's Castle, and that the characters who appear in the scene, Gloucester, Edmund, and Edgar, are all living together under the same roof; whereas the contrary supposition, that the scene is still Lear's Court, and that Gloucester and his two sons have temporary and separate lodgings in different parts of the city where the Court has been held, not only does not conflict with, but is clearly suggested by, the text. The latter hypothesis has the further advantage that it completely acquits the poet of the most serious charge brought against the play on the score of flaws in construction and inconsistency in characterisation. The last consideration, indeed, is the sole justification of a somewhat lengthy note on this subject.

In the text, we may note especially the following: Gloucester's demand and Edmund's pretended ignorance as to Edgar's whereabouts—'Where is he?' 'I do not well know, my Lord.'...'Find out this Villain, Edmond, it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully.' Edmund's comment on Edgar's opportune appearance: 'Pat: he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedie.' All this is not a little curious if the scene of action is a country residence in which the three persons concerned are living, in daily intercourse with one another and consequently sufficiently informed of each other's movements. Even more determining is the conversation between the two brothers: 'When ſaw you my Father last?' 'The night gone by.' 'Spake you with him?' 'I, two houres together.' 'Parted you in good terms? Found you no diſpleaſure in him by word, nor countenance?' 'At my entreaty forbeare his preſence...I pray you have a continent forbearance...retire with me to my lodging... there's my key: if you do ſtirre abroad, goe arm'd.'

Besides the explicit mention of the 'lodging' which clearly suggests, if it does not actually prove, that Edmund at least is not at the time living with his father, it is to be noted that Edmund nowhere in the scene urges Edgar to fly his father's house, but merely to forbear his presence[1]. A much weaker understanding than Edgar's would have

[1] 'Forbear' is explained 'withdraw'; and parallel uses are cited. The adjective 'continent' is however against this meaning in the present passage. 'Have a continent forbearance' must mean 'Patiently keep away.' 'Patiently run away' is scarcely sense.

recognised that flight could only confirm suspicion and a far duller-witted villain than Edmund would have been quick enough to interpret it in that light as Edmund never does. Similarly the other alleged improbabilities, marks of carelessness or indifference to dramatic fitness, vanish with the removal of Pope's stage-direction. Given the conditions 'a credulous father,' knowing and seeing little of his sons[1],

> a Brother Noble,
> Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
> That he ſuſpects none—

and the bastard's plot has every chance of success. Even the device of the letter thrown in at the casement—a trick too thin to deceive even the credulous Gloucester if the supposed writer is himself a member of the household—is on the other hypothesis probable enough. Edmund, it should also be noted, has successfully imitated his brother's handwriting[2]. The apparently reluctant witness borne against one son by another no less loved and trusted (cf. I, i, 20), and the damning evidence of handwriting, are more than sufficient to outweigh, in a mind already predisposed by superstition (I, ii, 115, *et sq.*) to believe anything however monstrous, the absence of all intelligible motives for the crime imputed. It is all thoroughly in the character. With Edgar Edmund's course is simple. He has merely to tell the truth, suppressing that part of it which his brother's 'foolish honesty' would never suspect, and to recommend a policy the prudence of which Edgar's practical understanding must immediately recognise. Time plainly is a better cure for Gloucester's unreasonableness than any expostulation; if violence be threatened Edgar's own lodging is obviously unsafe; and the advice to take precautions against assassins lying in wait at street corners and in alleys, is only natural. Edmund's conduct at this part of the play is, accordingly, not glaringly improbable, a blot in the play to be condoned in consideration of excellences other than constructive. His 'practiſes ride eaſie'; they are admirably adapted to the character of his victims, while they at the same time give him complete command of the situation. The strictures of the critics may stand as against Pope—not as against Shakespeare.

MARK HUNTER.

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[1] Edmund 'hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe' (I. i. 34), and of Edgar's movements here and later (cf. II. i. 98 etc.) Gloucester clearly knows nothing.

[2] Cf. I. ii, '*Glo.*—It is his.' Professor Bradley has perhaps overlooked these words. He remarks: 'Gloucester appears to be unacquainted with his son's handwriting.' (*Shakespearean Tragedy*, p. 257.)

The Date of Brewer's 'Love-sick King.'

In his courteous review of my edition of Brewer's play Prof. Moore Smith has drawn my attention to the fact that within a hundred lines of *The Love-sick King* there are two snatches of songs that occur also in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle.* I had overlooked one, and said in my preface that not too much importance must be attached to the fact that the same song occurs in the two plays. Since writing this preface I have made a discovery which compels us to place *The Love-sick King* after *The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

On p. 362 of *The Modern Language Review* II, Prof. Moore Smith points out that the following words at the beginning of the second act of *The Love-sick King*, 'Be gone, be gone, my Juggy, my Puggy, be gone, my Love, my Dear, my money is gone, and ware I have none, but one poor Lambskin here,' agree very closely with:

> Begone, begone, my Juggy, my Puggy,
> Begone, my love, my dear!
> The weather is warm,
> 'Twill do thee no harm:
> Thou canst not be lodged here.
>
> *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, III, 5.

Now, in the appendix to Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* there is a 'Second Song' consisting of four stanzas. The first two, which only concern us here, run as follows:

> Arise, arise, my Juggy, my Puggy,
> Arise, get up, my dear;
> The weather is cold, it blows, it snows;
> Oh, let me be lodged here.
>
> Begone, begone, my Willy, my Billy,
> Begone, begone, my dear;
> The weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm;
> Thou canst not be lodged here.

It is evident that the text in Heywood represents the original form: the lover comes to his lady's house and bids her arise, calling her his 'Juggy.' In reply she bids him begone, calling him her 'Willy,' her 'Billy.' Merrythought in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, who addresses the song to his wife, intentionally changes the first line to 'Begone, begone, my Juggy, my Puggy.' Anywhere else this change would be meaningless, and if these words occur in any other place they must be a quotation of the passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, and cannot be a quotation from the original song. It is improbable that

Brewer should have borrowed from a writer who in his turn borrowed from Beaumont and Fletcher. I believe we may assume that Brewer's play was written some seven or eight years later than I suggested, if the date of Beaumont and Fletcher's play is 1610–11 (Prof. Moorman's conjecture), or two or three years later if it was written in 1607 (Mr Macaulay's date).

A. E. H. Swaen.

Groningen.

William Kempe.

It has been generally supposed by recent writers that Kempe was the 'Will, my lord of Lester's jesting plaier' referred to in Sir Philip Sidney's letter to Sir Francis Walsingham of March 24, 1586, from Utrecht (*Harl. MS.* 287, f. 1) as carrying despatches from the Low Countries to London; and, if so, this is the earliest notice of the famous actor hitherto upon record. I think, however, that he is to be found in the following passage of a letter of Thomas Doyley to the Earl of Leicester himself from Calais on November 12, 1585 (T. Wright, *Queen Elizabeth and her Times*, ii, 268 from *Cotton MS. Galba, C. viii*):—

'There remayneth in Dunkerk...also Mr Kemp, called Don Gulihelmo.'

E. K. Chambers.

London.

'Merry Wives of Windsor,' i, iii, 93.

There is a curious mistake in the Cambridge *Shakespeare* and many other modern editions. The First Quarto has

> '*Fal.* Here sirrha beare me these letters titely,
> Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores:
> Hence slaves, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.
> Falstaffe will learne the humor of this age,
> French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted Page.
> *Exit Falstaffe, and the Boy.*'

The First Folio also has 'skirted *Page*'; but the editors substitute 'skirted page,' apparently supposing that Falstaff was thinking, not of his intended mistress, but of the boy Robin. Robin, however, did not wear skirts.

E. K. Chambers.

London.

R. P. Gillies and Goethe.

Under the date June 22, 1821, in Goethe's Diary is to be found the entry: 'Früh Mr Gillies from Edinburgh[1].' The interview which seems to have hitherto escaped collectors of Goethe's conversations, is to be found described in Gillies' *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished Literary Characters from* 1794 *to* 1849 (3 vols., London, 1851), III, pp. 13—16. Although what Gillies has to say does not throw much fresh light on Goethe's personality, it is perhaps worth recording as a contribution to an interesting and still unwritten chapter of Goethe's Weimar life, his relations to the many English visitors and residents. Gillies, who had travelled from Scotland by way of Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden and Weissenfels—where he visited Müllner, whose *Schuld* he had translated —reached Weimar about the middle of June. He had neglected to provide himself with an introduction to Goethe, but he called and was at once received. After commenting on the severe simplicity of Goethe's reception room, Gillies describes the poet as having,

in figure, contour of features, mode of speech (or penchant to taciturnity), and demeanour, a certain indefinable resemblance to John Kemble....As the door opened from the farther end of the reception-room, and his excellency's tall, gaunt form, wrapped in a long, blue surtout, which hung loosely on him, slowly advanced, he had veritably the air and aspect of a *revenant*. His was not an appearance, but an *apparition*. Evidently and unmistakeably he had belonged to another world which had long since passed away; but *malgré* attenuation, and some traces of impaired health (such as a yellow suffusion of the eyeballs) there were, nevertheless, indications that the smouldering fire of youth yet lingered in that gaunt frame, and that though he had belonged to a past world, he was yet perfectly able to sustain a part in the present....Goethe advanced in profound silence, in a mood, seemingly, of utter abstraction, and after the manner of ghosts in general, he waited to be spoken to!... I had set my heart on seeing Goethe, but did not for a moment imagine that my communications could have any interest for him, and in sheer desperation I contrived to tell him this much, then fortunately made allusions again to our long journey, and of my great wish to settle somewhere, at Weimar, for example.

As it happened, the best of diplomatists could not have managed better. This was a practical point to which (with a half smile at my broken German) he answered readily, that nothing could be more easy; Weimar was not over-populous, and he believed that Hoffmann, the court bookseller, was at that moment charged to dispose of a house and garden at a very low rent. To this he added: 'In days of yore, there were Englishmen here, who passed their time pleasantly enough, and some of whom I remember with esteem and regret.' I ventured to inquire whether Sir

[1] Goethe's *Tagebücher* (Weimar Edition), viii, p. 71. On Gillies see the article in *D. N. B.* He was born near Arbroath in 1788 and died in London in 1858; his last years were darkened by ill-success and repeated imprisonment for debt. His essays on German and Scandinavian literature appeared mainly in *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and helped in no small degree to make Grillparzer, Müllner and Oehlenschläger known in English literary circles. See M. Batt, *Gillies and the Foreign Quarterly Review* in *Modern Language Notes*, XVII (1902).

Brooke Boothby[1] had been among the chosen few? This question was a lucky hit, for he immediately fixed his eyes with searching expression, and spoke with animation:

'I saw more of him,' said he, 'than any other English resident, and regretted his departure the most. You knew him perhaps?'

'Very intimately.'

'Is he still alive?'

'I believe so. But he left Scotland in 1815, and since then, I have not received any letters from him.'

'Sir Brooke was a pleasant neighbour, and friend of mine. *Was hat er bey Ihnen gemacht?*' (What was he about in Scotland?)

'He filled up his time after his own fashion—wrote a good deal, especially in verse, dined early, and in the afternoon painted in water-colours.'

'Has he ever spoken to you about Weimar?'

'He told me about his having obtained a commission in the Duke's cavalry, in order to have the privilege of appearing at Court in boots instead of silk stockings.'

'*Ganz richtig* (very true). His health was not good: he complained of our cold winters, disliked silk stockings, and could ride better than he danced.'

This important fact disposed of, I mentioned that Sir Brooke always had beside him a first edition of 'Werther,' and a few other German books, from which he had made some translations, and that one of these, the 'Genius and the Bayadere,' was, at my suggestion, published in the 'Edinburgh Annual Register[2].'

'I gave him those books,' said his Excellency, 'but there was one point of difference betwixt us. He was a good French scholar, but never would take the trouble of studying our language so as to comprehend our best authors. He began zealously—*allein es mangelte ihm an Ausdaur* (he was wanting in perseverance). Another of your countrymen, Mr Mellish[3], was in that respect more praiseworthy.'

I tried to introduce other literary characters, but could only bring him thus far, that he desired to be particularly informed whether Sir Walter Scott had quite recovered his health, to which I replied, that not only had he recovered, but seemed stouter than before; and that his industry was unequalled and indomitable. I then endeavoured to speak of the singular influence that 'Faust' and 'Wilhelm Meister' had exercised on English authors; of Lord Byron's debt to the former in 'Manfred,' and so forth; but to this his answers were in a tone of perfect indifference. He cared not a straw about praise, and was inaccessible to flattery. About twenty

[1] Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart., of Ashbourne Hall, Derbyshire, died, according to an obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1824 (p. 370), at Boulogne on January 23, 1824, in his eightieth year. His chief claim to literary fame appears to have been his volume of poems entitled *Sorrows, Sacred to the Memory of Penelope* [his six year old daughter] (1796); but he also translated Racine's *Britannicus* (1803) and published two volumes of *Fables and Satires* (1809), which were unfavourably reviewed in the *Quarterly Review*, III (1810), pp. 43 ff. On his connection with Edinburgh see Gillies' *Memoirs*, II, pp. 33 ff. The *D.N.B.* (new ed., II, p. 853) has also a short notice. A remark by Gillies himself (*l.c.*, II, p. 38) would lead us to infer that Boothby had been in Weimar about 1795: 'he visited divers German courts sojourning longest at Weimar, where he was in habits of daily intercourse with Goethe, who spoke to me of Sir Brooke with the kindest and liveliest recollection twenty-six years afterwards.'

[2] *Edinburgh Annual Register*, Vol. II, Pt. 2 (1809), pp. 647 ff.

[3] Joseph Charles Mellish, known as the translator of Schiller's *Maria Stuart* (1801), was born in London on March 2, 1769, and spent the years 1797–1802 in or near Jena and Weimar. The correspondence of Goethe and Schiller bears testimony to the friendly footing on which he stood with both poets. He seems also to have translated *Hermann und Dorothea* (Goethe to Schiller, May 2, 1798), but this was not published. In 1798 he was made 'preussischer Kammerherr.' In 1802 he was appointed English *chargé d'affaires* to the King of the Sicilies; but in 1813 he was transferred to Hamburg. He revisited Goethe in 1816 (*Tag- und Jahreshefte*, Weimar edition, xxxvi, p. 115), and died, as representative of the Hansa towns in London, on September 18, 1823. Besides *Mary Stuart*, he published *Specimens of the German Lyric Poets* (1823), and *Gedichte* (in German, English, Greek, and Latin, 1818).

minutes sufficed for our audience; but he was very courteous at parting, and said he should rejoice to hear that I could meet with an abode at Weimar suitable to my finances and views.

J. G. Robertson.

London.

Minor Notes on 'Havelok the Dane.'

l. 421. *Ne hem* ne *dede richelike* be*bedde.* There is no need, with Skeat, to omit the second *ne*; still less, with Holthausen, to change the word-order. *bebedde* is simply miswritten for *bedde* which occurs in three other places in the poem. There is no irregularity in the metre: *e* is syncopated often enough between chief and secondary stress.

l. 722. *Ne were* neuere *but ane hwile.* Skeat supplies *it* before *neuere.* Holthausen emends correctly to *fere*[d] but unnecessarily cuts away the *ne* and supplies *þei.* Read *ne were* ne fered.

ll. 808, 1026. *also heui als a neth.* Is Hupe's interpretation 'neat, young ox' certain? 'Heavy as a net' seems to me not improbable. The rime proves nothing, of course: we are justified in assuming the vowel in *gret* to be short through analogy with the comparative form. Cf. Morsbach, *Mittelengl. Gram.*, 54a 2.

l. 1129. *Goldeborw gret and* yas *hire ille.* Skeat here reads *was,* translating 'it was ill for her.' The correct reading is Stratmann's: *gaf.* Cf. l. 164, *He greten and gouleden and gouen hem ille*; cf. also *Isumbras,* l. 315, *þe ladi gret and gaf hire ille.* But the meaning is not so much 'to give oneself up to grief' (Skeat, p. 168) as 'to shew or put forward one's grief.' I am informed by my friend, Mr H. W. Ealwarda, Secretary of the Frisian Society of London, that the expression is still in common use in West-Frisian. Of a malingering soldier, for instance, is said *Hi yowt him siik* (*oan*), and the expression *Hia yoech hiar siik* is used frequently of one of the fair sex.

l. 1287. *But on on þe moste hil.* Holthausen changes the first *on* to *one,* translating 'ganz allein': Skeat keeps the MS. reading, but gives no note on the syntax. The construction, after all, is common enough, particularly in the phrase *oon the beste.* Cf. also *þreo þa betstan ele* in the *Blickling Homilies* (E.E.T.S., p. 73). But the well-known line *si muose toten sehn einen den liebesten man* ought to have warned Holthausen.

l. 1380. *Ne forfaren for no sinne.* I am unable to understand on what grounds Holthausen turns the pret. partic. into an indic. and Skeat inserts *may.* Is it possible that the latter scholar is here polish-

ing the metre again? In ll. 1284, 1304, 1376 he does not hesitate to change the word-order for this purpose, and the number of small words he has to insert in his attempt to make the metre of *Havelok* more regular than that of Chaucer's *Prologue*, is legion.

l. 1430. *Hauede* go *for him gold ne fe.* Here it is Holthausen that 'improves' the metre, by inserting *no* before *gold.* Skeat's emendation to *go*[n] is quite unnecessary. Cf. *Mi gamun is al go* (*Die engl. Gregorlegende*, l. 104, ed. Schulz, Königsberg, 1876). Cf. also *haue do* in l. 1805 of *Havelok*, where the form is fixed by the rime *two.*

l. 2333. *þer mouhte men se hw* grim *greu* has caused unnecessary trouble to the editors. Skeat will read *Grim* and gives a long note on 'scenic representation': does he mean that at Havelok's court there is presented a kind of play of Grim's life-history? Holthausen emends violently to *glam.* There is really nothing against a simple interpretation of the MS. reading. *grim* with the meaning anger, strife, is common enough. Cf. *Sir Bevis*: 'Thus beginneth *grim to grow*,' *Alexander and Dindimus*: 'þei were agrisen of his *grym and wende gref þolie*,' *Ywaine and Gawin*: 'To him *he stirt* with birful *grim*.' The line refers, of course, to the bull and boar-baiting just above.

Here let me call attention to the word *mike*, a parallel form to *mikel.* Although this word, as far as I know, has not got into the dictionaries, it is of too frequent occurrence to be set aside as a scribal error or as a 'ghost-word.' *mike* occurs four times, *mik* once, in *Havelok*: in every case the editors emend to *mikel.* The word *mike* occurs too in *Genesis and Exodus*, l. 292, where Morris supplies an *l.* A good instance is to be found in *Cursor Mundi*, l. 26113, where in place of *and is als* mikil *for to say* the Cotton MS. reads *and es als* mikes al *for to say.* A search, which I have not undertaken, would doubtless reveal other examples.

J. H. G. Grattan.

London.

DISCUSSIONS.

Milton and Syllabism.

The papers on 'Milton's Heroic Line considered from an Historical Standpoint,' by Professor Walter Thomas, which appeared in the numbers of this *Review* for July and October 1907, seem to me models of exact study. In that respect, at least, they may be ranked with the work of Mr Robert Bridges; higher praise no one could desire. The conclusions reached by their writer, however, are so remarkable that some further examination of his argument seems called for before we can accept the thesis he so ably defends.

And, first, I must call attention to a point about which he is, I think, unintentionally misleading. He quotes (Vol. II, p. 303, near foot) Milton's preface to *Paradise Lost*, and makes the poet affirm that one principal element of his verse is a 'fit quantity of syllables,' assuming that by this is meant a fixed number of syllables. The assumption is made in the next sentence but one, and is several times repeated. Surely this assumption is unfounded. Milton wrote not 'a fit quantity' but 'fit quantity,' and I have always understood the words to mean *suitable sound* of syllables, 'quantity' being used in its familiar technical sense. The indefinite article added by Prof. Thomas, and quite properly shown by him to form no part of the original sentence—for it is outside the quotation-mark[1]—conveys an erroneous, or at least doubtful, meaning. It would be as reasonable to imagine that 'apt numbers' refers to an invariable number of syllables in a line, as to suppose that 'fit quantity' does so.

Prof. Thomas must not, therefore, assume that he has Milton's authority for saying that each heroic line contains ten syllables, neither more nor less; but he is of course well within his rights in seeking to prove that this is so. He makes the attempt with great ingenuity and wide range of example. He does not, indeed, go all lengths with Messrs van Dam and Stoffel, or with those pupils of Prof. Bright of Baltimore, a tractate by one of whom is reviewed in another part of the number which contains his second article (Vol. III, p. 80). He admits variation of accent, though not of syllabic number. Even as regards the

[1] On p. 309, l. 2, however, it is included within the quotation-marks.

latter, he recognises (*ibid.*, p. 19, l. 9) a few rare exceptions such as (*P. L.*, VIII, 649):

> Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever.

These he considers to be of the nature of exceptions which prove the rule, and by unsparing use of contractions, aphaeresis, etc., he tries to establish as a fixed law of scansion that 'Milton never allows his line to fall short of or to exceed ten counted syllables' (*ibid.*, p. 29, l. 17).

I believe such a view to be nearer the truth than that of those who find in Milton's verse only wild licence. He was evidently guided by very strict principles of metre. Beyond doubt, he sought to draw tighter bonds which had been unduly relaxed. Dramatic blank verse, even by Shakespeare himself and far more by his followers, had been written with a freedom that threatened to annihilate the distinction between prose and metre. Such verse would have ill suited Milton's majestic strain. He achieved his statelier measure by rejecting dramatic laxity, discarding for example almost entirely the distinctly hypermetrical syllable after a caesura. But to argue from this that he returned to a 'drumming decasyllabon,' and that every syllable which exceeds typical number is to be excluded from scansion, seems to me pushing conjecture too far.

Appeal is made to Milton's own spelling. That, fortunately, we can test for ourselves by reference to Canon Beeching's facsimile reprint (Clarendon Press, 1900), but we must consider it as a whole. Prof. Thomas quotes from *Comus* such examples as *count'nance* (l. 68), *th' Indian* (l. 139), *t' whom* (l. 217). But he does not quote such others as *eev'n* (l. 202), *unprincipl'd* (l. 367), *self-consum'd* (l. 597), where the apostrophe cannot mean entire omission. It was shown long ago by Mr Bridges that the substitution of an apostrophe for a vowel, in Milton's very elaborate and carefully carried out system of spelling, does not necessarily imply that the vowel is not to be sounded; this short cut to certainty is therefore closed against us.

Besides, if Milton's own spelling is to be our guide, a contrary verdict must be given. *Comus* furnishes many such examples as *feaverish* (l. 8), *groveling* (l. 53) [Prof. Thomas quotes this as *grovling* (p. 306, l. 17), so must fight out the textual question with Canon Beeching], *likeliest* (l. 90), *different* (l. 145), *frivolous* (l. 445), *innocent* (l. 574). If we are to go by spelling, these must be trisyllabic sounds. Words like *äereal*, *ambrosial*, *fiery*, *glorious*, etc., are of course disputable, and *mansion* (l. 2) would be reckoned a dissyllable by most critics. It is certainly conceivable that *different* may have been sounded as two syllables, but to believe that *innocent* was so treated requires robust faith; Milton's spelling at any rate presents both as words of three syllables.

These instances are taken from *Comus* merely because that poem was under notice; *Paradise Lost* and its sequel yield a like result. In them, too, we have the same elaborate system of spelling, and though Milton must for these poems have trusted others to carry out his

instructions, the instructions were evidently again his own. *P. L.*, Bk. I, shows the same peculiar rendering of words like *manacl'd* (l. 426), *dark'n'd* (l. 599), *doubl'd* (616), *riff'd* (687). If in its first two paragraphs we find *Heav'n* and *heav'nly, th' Aonian* and *th' upright,* we also find *glory above, ethereal sky, prison ordain'd. Adventrous* (l. 13) is balanced by *tempestuous* (l. 77). *Ruin* takes the place of a monosyllable in l. 91. Other words spelt without contraction in the course of the next few pages are *ignominy and shame* (l. 115), *glory extinct* (l. 141), *conquerour* (l. 143), *sulphurous* (l. 171), *groveling* (l. 280), *to adore* (l. 323). Such spellings are much too numerous to be deemed printers' mistakes.

Typography, then, is inconclusive of the question. Nor do the historical arguments advanced by Prof. Thomas seem more decisive. He urges that our heroic line began as a strict decasyllable, on French models. Granted; but the question is how long our poets remained content with this form. He quotes definitions by early metrists; but our prosodians have always tended to lay down rules more strict than the practice of our great singers warranted. He argues that contraction of words was commoner then than now, and no one doubts that forms like *'gan* for *began* or *'sdain'd* for *disdained* represent actual omissions of sound; but does this justify our making monosyllables of *garden, river, savour, being*, and a host of similar instances? He cites (see Vol. III, p. 17 for this and some of the foregoing) Jaques in *As you like it* and Pope in the *Essay on Criticism* as identifying ten syllables with heroic metre; but such phrases might be used to-day without carrying the significance ascribed to them. When we read 'My brethren, these things ought not so to be,' we call it a line of blank verse, not because we think such a line must contain ten syllables and no more—for modern verse has taught us otherwise—but because this is the normal type, the most easily recognisable form. Finally, he suggests (*ibid.*, p. 29) that 'both the anapaestic and the dactylic rhythm was [were] practically unknown to English epic and dramatic poetry' at this date, being 'almost exclusively confined to popular songs and ballads,' so it is unlikely that Milton would adopt it in 'the loftiest form of verse.' It will be well to consider what is involved in this suggestion.

There is an obvious difference between the 'triplet' of heroic metre and the 'triple-time foot' of our so-called dactylic or anapaestic verse. In the latter, three syllables are given their ordinary full pronunciation; in the former, they occupy the time normally given to two syllables. Milton did not, I think, ever intend to vary the time of his feet. His rejection, already mentioned, of the hypermetrical syllable following a caesura seems clear proof of this. In *Comus* we find many lines like:

> And, as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek... (l. 302).
> Alone, and helpless. Is this the confidence... (l. 583).
> Root-bound, that fled Apollo. Fool, do not boast... (l. 662).

Such lines are exceedingly rare in the *Paradises*, so rare that I wonder Prof. Thomas does not ask us to say *cond'scension* in the line previously quoted, no more difficult a contraction than some which he recommends.

But while such lines are rare, lines which can be read with the *rippling* effect of true triplets are exceedingly numerous. A typical instance is (*P. L.*, I, 520):

Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian Fields.

Even supposing that *th'* implies real elision, and that *Hesperian* can be reduced to three syllables as *Hess-pere-yan*, there remains *Adria*, which cannot by any method known to me be made an absolute dissyllable. But if once we admit a trisyllabic effect, however slight—the tiniest ripple, or *slur* if you like—in even one word, a door is opened through which many others may pass.

The word *slur*, properly understood, explains much. And here historical considerations rightly come in. We know that Milton studied Italian verse. From it he probably took his initial 'double trochee,' though Spenser had already used it, as in that line beloved of Leigh Hunt (*F. Q.*, I, 3, 7):

As the god of my life. Why hath he me abhorr'd?

What more likely, or rather more certain, than that Milton had noted the effect produced by two Italian vowels melting into each other, and sought to copy it? Prof. Thomas of course knows this, and duly refers to it (Vol. II, p. 295; Vol. III, pp. 20–1). So that the issue really is—Do such meltings leave us with two vowels, or with one only?

Here it must be remembered that the question is not what happens in Italian speech—a point on which it would be rash for foreigners to dogmatise—but what takes place in our own speech. We can know only what happens in modern language; whether it was the same in Milton's day can be matter only of inference. Even as to what happens now there can be doubt. I, for example, do not think there is actual fusion in our pronunciation of 'many a' (Vol. III, p. 21, last line). As a rule, I do not think there is often absolute fusion even in colloquial speech, much less in the more careful utterance with which we naturally read great poetry. Such questions, however, are undoubtedly difficult, and verse-critics are by no means always competent to deal with them. I would not accept the pronouncement of Italian grammarians without sifting, any more than the verdicts of our own. But I may remind Prof. Thomas that Dr Abbott, whom he cites as an authority on Shakespeare's contractions, cautiously says: 'In many cases it is impossible to tell whether in a trisyllabic foot an unemphatic syllable is merely slurred or wholly suppressed, as for instance the first *e* in "different"' (*Shakespearian Grammar*, 1872, § 452). Such caution is wise.

Our English speech-habit is notoriously intolerant of elision. So much so, that we are tempted to slip in a consonant between two unaccented vowels, and even educated speakers are heard to say 'the idea(r) of it.' Nor are we fond of the effect produced by a lightly accented vowel coming immediately before a more heavily accented one, an effect satirised in Pope's line:

Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire.

Midway between these comes the 'rippling' effect produced by pronouncing both vowels lightly and rapidly; is not this what is meant by 'slurring'? It is an effect so characteristically English that one can hardly believe Milton renounced it. Whether it is not also the effect produced by Italian pronunciation of words like *Siena* and *duomo* I must leave others to say; Browning, we know, accounted the former of these words a dissyllable[1].

I do not, therefore, suppose that Milton intended any of his extra syllables to receive full weight in utterance. What Prof. Saintsbury calls 'the blessed trisyllabic swing and swell' does not cause any disturbance of verse-measure. Our grammarians err in this matter, because they count by syllables instead of time-beats. If they would be content to say that every line of Milton's heroic verse contains 'ten semi-peds,' as an old writer calls it—or whatever similar phrase they prefer—and would not insist that each 'semi-ped' must contain one syllable and no more, discussion would be simplified. What A calls one syllable B calls two, and mere logomachy follows. The real point is whether temporal structure is affected, and to say that three syllables may never be pronounced in the normal time of two is to ignore an exceedingly common form of utterance.

Prof. Thomas will, I think, have much sympathy with this argument. He opposes (p. 22, foot) any attempt to pronounce 'No advantage' as *nadvantage*, and asks that it be sounded 'No 'dvantage.' What is this but a very rapid pronunciation of the initial *a*? So with 'he (e)ffected,' and 'my (a)dventure,' later in the same paragraph. Without following him through all his numerous examples, one may ask whether the principle now suggested does not secure all he wants, preserving that 'regularity' of metre for which he rightly contends.

Historically, the case for this trisyllabic *ripple* is very strong. Side by side with the 'foreign' imported verse there was always the older English line with its loose array of syllables punctuated by accent and alliteration. Would not our poets naturally seek to engraft on the new measure somewhat of the old freedom? That they did so, even to excess, has been already pointed out. It is Milton's glory that he restricted this tendency, and showed how it was possible to unite strict measure with sufficient and admirable freedom. But strict measure does not imply syllable-counting, and any attempt to make it do so must be strenuously resisted.

For, such an attempt sacrifices effects which one feels sure Milton deliberately sought. The famous line (*P.L.*, VII, 411) describing the great sea-monsters as:

> Wallowing unwieldie, enormous in thir Gate...

(I copy the original spelling), loses its descriptive vividness if we truncate

[1] Whoever to scan this is ill able
Forgets the town's name's a dissyllable.
Pacchiarotto, § XV.

the first two words, which it will be observed Milton's own spelling does not do. That other famous couplet (*P.L.*, III, 1021–2):

> So he with difficulty and labour hard
> Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee...

becomes commonplace if we make four syllables of *diff-i-cult-yand*. Even such an ordinary line as (*P.L.*, I, 770):

> Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive...

is less rhythmically expressive if we somehow reduce *populous* to a dissyllable. And I must really protest against the assertion (Vol. II, p. 307) that *highest* is a monosyllable in (*P.R.*, IV, 106):

> Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd...

and that 'any other scansion resolves the verse into prose.' It is a singular conception of verse which makes it depend on absolute monotony of rhythm, and there is no need to introduce any such conception.

I am, however, quite willing to admit that Milton may have written by rule as well as by ear. Mr Bridges, we know, holds that he 'came to scan his verses one way and read them another,' and sought 'to keep blank verse decasyllabic by means of fictions' (*Milton's Prosody*, 1901, pp. 18 and 19). And I think it highly probable that Milton relied on concurrence of vowels to justify many of his lines. This will explain harsh-seeming phrases like *express thee unblam'd, into utter darkness, no ingrateful food, virtue in her shape*, and should be remembered in dealing with the crucial line (*P.R.*, III, 586):

> Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep...

where, by the by, one would have expected to find the spelling *ev'n*. Some such doctrine of elision seems needed in connection with the frequent slurring of *-ue* in particular. And it is easily admitted when we recall how persistent this same doctrine of elision has been in our verse and our criticism. To this day, our poets show a marked fondness for effects dependent on 'slurring' of vowels. Tennyson's line in *Lucretius*:

> Ruining along the illimitable inane...

could be reduced to ten syllables by the methods now under discussion. So could, wholly or almost wholly, that more difficult heroic line in Mr Swinburne's *Elegy* on Burton:

> Illimitable, insuperable, infinite.

And I lately saw a poet rebuked for 'eliding' a syllable ending in *-m*, though he—poor soul!—had probably no thought of 'elision,' but intended only rapid pronunciation.

Even in Dryden and Pope, and even in the comic verse of *Hudibras*, is it certain that elision was a reality? Did people really say *tatone* for *to atone*, *thinsane* for *the insane*, etc.? Mr Bridges, in three articles contributed to the *Athenaeum* during January, 1904—articles to be read by all interested in this subject—aptly asks whether we must say:

> Tell what her Dameter tan inch is...

for 'Diameter to an inch.' And it is difficult to believe that Pope said *vilet* for *violet*, made actual dissyllables of words like *avarice, amorous, following, virtuous, he impairs*, or that anybody could make a true monosyllable of *flow'r'd*. One knows that Dryden in his prefaces maintained elision, but did he mean more than that the syllables were to count as one? Cowper, who is twice quoted by Prof. Thomas (Vol. III, pp. 20 and 24, *notes*), speaks of 'cutting short' a *the*; does this imply total omission of the vowel? I am much inclined to think that total elision is a fiction of grammarians, and of poets playing the grammarian to their own detriment; and that the real use of such spellings as *t' atone* is merely to indicate that the word *to* should not receive distinct pronunciation, but should be slurred or glided into the following vowel. In this connection it may be remembered that Pope gave special praise to his own line:

The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows...

where surely a trisyllabic effect must be heard in the proper name.

Returning to Milton, I doubt if we can ever feel sure of his accentuation in cases otherwise doubtful, therefore the question about his 'final trochee'—in words like *surface, exile, future, prostrate*, etc.—remains insoluble. Modern poets, however, use this cadence. Much discussion about accent in § 7 of these papers, and tiltings with Prof. Masson and Mr Bridges (cf. also Vol. II, pp. 313–4), can lead to no result. I note that the critic is driven to admit 'some slip on the part of the poet' (Vol. III, p. 37, l. 14), which is always a dangerous argument. Milton's principles should not be conceived as cast-iron rules. He departs from them occasionally, perhaps on purpose to show his freedom. If he usually slurs such words as *to atone*, he sometimes gives the vowel its full value. If he most often so treats the termination *-ble* before a vowel, as in (*P.L.*, II, 626):

Abominable, inutterable, and worse...,

he can also write (*ibid.*, V, 565):

To human sense th' invisible exploits.

Similarly, many compound words are accented either on first or second syllable at pleasure, sometimes being repeated twice in the same line with different accentuation, as Prof. Thomas has not failed to observe. That as a rule Milton 'avoids fusing stressed syllables' (Vol. III, p. 21, l. 6) is a just remark, but this rule too has its exceptions. And when it comes to sounding 'the Most High' as 'thee Most High' (*ibid.*, p. 29, l. 2), and similarly treating 'the high Capital' (p. 37, l. 4), I think we must feel that the limits of sane prosody have been overstepped.

My own feeling is that they are overstepped also when we are asked (p. 32, l. 4) to accept such a contraction as 'th' voice' in (*P.L.*, X, 198):

Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife.

The difficulty, however, of feeling sure in such matters is shown in a

line almost immediately following (*ibid.*, x, 204), which I give like the last in Milton's own spelling:

Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' Herb of th' Field.

Prof. Thomas has not noticed the apparent contradiction in this second line. He suggests (p. 31, lowest line) that we 'elide' the first *the*, but says nothing about the second, to whose vowel he evidently allows full value. Yet Milton's spelling, if rightly reproduced, 'elides' both. I cannot myself read the line as printed by Canon Beeching, and can only suppose there is a mistake, probably in the original type.

The subject being so beset with difficulties, it seems to me extremely hazardous to assume that Milton favoured colloquial contractions, surely unsuited to his dignified verse. Is it not much more probable that his apostrophe represented light and rapid sound—a sort of blurred vowel? 'Rapidly sounded, but not counted in the line,' is one phrase used in these papers (p. 30, l. 10); does not this practically mean, 'not counted in the beats'? History and theory both support this; Elizabethan freedom, reproduced during the last century, shows it possible in fact as undoubtedly in prosody. With modern poetry Prof. Thomas is perhaps less intimately acquainted than with older, for I find him asserting (p. 25, l. 5) that at present English poets use only feet of two or of three syllables, whereas they certainly also use one of four, commonly containing a primary and a secondary accent. Here, as always, the burden of proof rests on those who depart from customary views, and I suspect it is here too heavy for the bearer. I am not convinced that Milton pronounced *spiritual* as two syllables, though I am quite sure that he gave it the value of only two syllables in his line (*P.L.*, iv, 677):

Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth.

Nor am I convinced that he so pronounced *innocent, populous, capital, politic, piety, deity,* and many such words, though beyond doubt they occupy the time usually assigned to two syllables in his verse. One line, thus printed in Canon Beeching's edition (*P.R.*, iii, 256):

Th' one winding, the [*sic*] other strait and left between...

I can scan only by supposing that *one* was not yet pronounced *wun*, but retained its initial vowel; *th' one* clearly occupies the normal time of a single syllable[1].

There are many other points in these papers well worth considering, and they furnish a rich treasury of assorted examples. I was particularly struck by a remark (Vol. iii, pp. 16–7) to the effect that 'iambic' accentuation formed no part of the original decasyllable; a remark which seems to me as true as it will be novel to many people. I hope Prof. Thomas will continue his researches into the verse of Milton and other poets; but, before doing so, I wish he would consider afresh what precisely takes place when two syllables are, as we phrase it, slurred together.

[1] Was the poetical *th' other* as real a dissyllable as the colloquial *tother*?

[The preceding pages were written before I had seen Prof. Thomas's third paper, or knew that it was to follow. They were also written in ignorance of his not being a compatriot, a fact which I should never have inferred from these essays. Having since read the third paper, I find nothing in it which alters my opinion on the matter discussed, and prefer to let these pages stand as originally written. I note, however, that 'a fixed number of syllables' now appears without qualification (p. 237, tenth line from foot; p. 245, l. 4), and that 'haste' or 'negligence' on the poet's part is again invoked as an explanation of abnormalities (pp. 237, l. 4; 238, l. 15; 255, l. 10). I think English readers will hardly recognise an *ee* sound in the words 'horrid rift abortive' (p. 248, l. 6); a better instance would have been:

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear (p. 254, l. 6).

The bold assertion, in this paper's final sentence, that our heroic measure 'has never allowed the intrusion of trisyllabic feet,' must of course stand or fall with our definition of such feet; this is the one point dealt with in my queries. Very much in this third paper merits notice, and would receive it in any full review; admiration of its writer's care, patience, and thoroughness remains undiminished. The question of 'slurring,' however, receives no new treatment. With reference to the first footnote on p. 234, I may observe that the line quoted has no stops in Canon Beeching's edition, and may therefore be read:

Me, me, only just object of his ire,

avoiding what is certainly an unusual cadence. The second footnote on the same page surely ignores such familiar lines as (*P. L.* IV, 830):

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,

with others less familiar, e.g. (*ibid.*, VI, 19):

War he perceived, war in procinct.

In the last example cited on p. 237, is not the word 'then' emphatic? The remarks on Milton's varied caesuras are excellent, if necessarily not novel; those on his 'harmony' (§ IX) too, except as regards contractions. Hearty thanks are certainly due to Prof. Thomas for his papers from all lovers of our great Puritan poet.]

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REVIEWS.

The Oxford Book of French Verse. Chosen by St John Lucas. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 8vo, xxxv. + 492 pp.

Drama apart, the greatest names of French literature are to be found among its prose-writers. France has no poets who have combined originality of thought with brilliance of expression quite in the same degree as Rabelais, or Montaigne, or Pascal. Even if we throw the drama into the scale, the balance remains unaltered. For the dramatic qualities of Corneille, Molière, and even of Racine, are superior to their purely poetic ones. To what is this due? to the national temperament, or to the character of the language? Probably to a combination of both. It was the love of reason and lucidity far more than Malherbe's rigid rules of versification that early in the seventeenth century dried up the sources of French lyric poetry, and suffered them only to trickle in a tiny stream for two hundred years. But it is also an undoubted fact that the French Muse wears a 'tight buskin.' For songs and lighter lyrics, indeed, a certain 'rebelliousness' in the form is on the whole an advantage, for it helps to save them from the pitfalls of trivial thought and commonplace expression. But in longer poems, especially in those of a philosophical character, the task of presenting the thought with that lucidity which a Frenchman demands—a French Browning is inconceivable—and at the same time in a perfectly poetical form, is one to tax the skill of the most consummate artist—of a Hugo or a Milton. How easy it is to fail can be judged from the later work of Sully Prudhomme. Moreover the border line between poetry and prose is narrower in France than in England, and it requires not only natural genius but perfect workmanship and vigilant self-criticism to sustain a French poet who is also a thinker in his arduous flight. When Sainte-Beuve said in 1829, that the chief merit of all French poets except Molière and perhaps Corneille was their style, he implied that in his opinion the greatest French thinkers had turned aside from poetry.

His remark also implies the important aesthetic truth, that the merit of poetry depends in the first instance upon style. Style alone does not make great poetry, but without style there is no poetry at all. Now it is a commonplace that it is far more difficult to appreciate the poetry

of a foreign country than its prose. But the secrets of French poetry seem peculiarly difficult for an Englishman to penetrate. Its artistic workmanship, its delicate and subtle music, its grace and distinction, demand a certain preparation from the English student before he can worship at its shrine. We know how insensible was the ear of Matthew Arnold to its harmonies, and Mr J. C. Bailey in his excellent volume, *The Claims of French Poetry*, is probably right in saying that Englishmen have a prejudice against French poetry.

For this reason Mr St John Lucas's *Book of French Verse* is peculiarly welcome. He has brought to his task not only knowledge, care, and sympathy, but the discriminating taste of one who is himself a poet, and whose own poetry is distinguished by a fine sense of harmony. Where one dissents—as one must occasionally—from his judgments, one does so with diffidence and humility. The historical survey which serves as an introduction to the selection may also be heartily praised, but with rather more reservation. Its defects are a tendency to overstatement, and, partly as a result of this, a certain inequality of treatment. Thus Mr Lucas, in his wrath against the 'deplorable cataract of *ballades* and *rondeaux*' which marked the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, almost entirely forgets the earlier and fresher period of French lyric, and he represents the twelfth and thirteenth centuries by only two examples. Where are Thibaut de Champagne, Audefroy the Bastard, Conon de Béthune, the Châtelain of Coucy, Gace Brulé, and Blondel de Nesle? Where are the motets and pastourelles and the other anonymous lyrics of this period? On the other hand, Mr Lucas pays a just tribute to Charles d'Orléans, and he estimates the genius of Villon in a half-page which is wholly admirable. Admirable, too, in spite of a few random shafts, is his account of the Pléiade. But his legitimate enthusiasm for Ronsard and his followers blinds him to the merit of Marot's work as a pioneer[1]. It is misleading to speak of French poetry as being in a 'prison which had Marot for governor.' Rather it was Marot who released the French Muse from prison, while it was Ronsard who gave her wings. The poetry of the Marotic school should have been represented by a few more examples, at least by the remarkable sonnet prefixed to Des Periers's *Nouvelles Récréations et Joyeux Devis*, which I commend to Mr Lucas's notice. The selection from the poetry of the Pléiade is full and good. Yet I notice a few omissions—Jean de La Taille, Garnier, Pibrac, Bertrant. Room might have been found for the shortest and most beautiful of Belleau's *Pierreries, La pierre aqueuse*. Magny is indifferently well represented, and I would gladly exchange Louise Labé's *Élégie* for one or two more of her sonnets, in which by the way I do not detect any 'obscure symbolism.' Mr Lucas is unjust to Du Bartas. The greater part of his poetry is 'inflated fustian,' if you like, and his epic as a whole is a complete failure. But it contains a few fine passages which are marked by imagination of the highest order. I do not however suggest that Mr Lucas should have

[1] There is an admirable appreciation of Marot in Mr Bailey's volume.

given one of these, for he has apparently made an excellent rule to include none but complete poems. When I think of the liberties which some editors of anthologies, especially French editors, take with lyrical poems, I cannot praise this resolution too highly. But it has deprived Mr Lucas of the power of including favourable specimens not only of Du Bartas and his fellow Huguenot D'Aubigné, but also of giving an example, such as the account of Hippolyte's death, of Racine's most characteristic verse.

The least satisfactory part of Mr Lucas's book is his treatment of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Frenchmen now-a-days are under no illusion as to the value of the lyric poetry of their classical period. Why then does Mr Lucas, who inveighs against this period with almost unnecessary energy, think it necessary to represent it by such third-rate poets as Colletet, Benserade, Chapelle, Mme. Deshoulières, Le Brun, Ducis, Fontanes? For the *épicerie* which he gives as a specimen of Maucroix he might have substituted the stanzas cited by Sainte-Beuve in his charming article on this friend of La Fontaine. Closely inspired as they are by Virgil's *O fortunatos nimium!* they would have formed an admirable trio with Desportes's *Chanson* (No. 123) and Racan's *Stances* (No. 136)[1]. There are too many *rondeaux* by Voiture and too many epigrams by Voltaire. Why give the *Stances de Don Rodrique* of which Corneille himself said in his later years that their affectation was inexcusable? Is Racine satisfactorily represented by three hymns and three epigrams? It is an insult to Molière to give as a specimen of his genius a sonnet which is only differentiated from prose by the rhymes and the order of the words. On the other hand Mr Lucas's appreciations of La Fontaine and André Chénier and his selection from their poetry—I miss *Les deux pigeons* and *Le paysan du Danube* from the former—are worthy of all commendation.

No English lover of poetry, at any rate, will quarrel with Mr Lucas's estimate of Malherbe, and no competent French critic, except M. Faguet, thinks him a great poet, but Frenchmen rightly recognise the virile, if monotonous, harmony of his verse, and the careful finish of his workmanship. In versification he is the master of Corneille, but his chief service to French literature lies in the fact that he introduced that spirit of self-criticism which is as necessary in verse as it is in prose. Mr Lucas is right in pointing out that Malherbe was 'merely the spokesman of his age,' and that he did not kill lyric poetry. But no more can the ladies who frequented the Hôtel de Rambouillet in its palmy days—is it fair to call them *Précieuses*, a name which was not invented till about 1650?—be said to have killed it. It was dead already. Is it true to say of the creator of French classical drama that 'no man of genius was less of an inventor'? Not only the *Cid*, but *Mélite*, *Le Menteur*, *Rodogune*, and *Nicomède* were all experiments and not unsuccessful ones.

[1] It has, I think, never been noticed how freely Racan borrows from Desportes in this his best-known poem.

When he comes to the Romantic movement Mr Lucas is again at his best. Nothing could be happier than his account of Chateaubriand as the 'pioneer' of the movement—*nous sommes tous partis de lui*, said one of the Romantics—and he rightly couples with him Mme. de Staël. With his selection from the greatest poets of the movement there is room at most for an occasional difference of opinion. For instance, Lamartine's most characteristic music is played on what Sainte-Beuve calls 'his enchanted flute' rather than with a full orchestra, and for that reason I should have omitted his long and late poem, *La vigne et la maison*, in spite of its fine passages, to make room for three more of the first *Méditations—Le Vallon*, *L'Automne* and *L'Isolement*, of which the last is to my mind superior even to *Le Lac*. 'Richness of diction,' I would suggest, is not a characteristic of these early poems. They seem as if written by some ethereal spirit, or, as more than one French critic has said, by the Muse of poetry herself. Yet Matthew Arnold remarked to Sainte-Beuve that he could not consider Lamartine a poet of very high importance. No poet of the Romantic movement has gained more in estimation during recent years than Alfred de Vigny, and Mr Lucas represents him by four fine poems. As a thinker Vigny is undoubtedly superior to both Hugo and Musset, but let any one compare *La Maison du Berger* or *La bouteille à la mer* with the *Lettre à Lamartine* and the *Tristesse d'Olympio*, and he will recognise that as an artist he is their inferior. Especially his handling of the long poetical phrase lacks their certainty of execution.

The poetry of Victor Hugo offers so wide a field that it is inevitable that no two persons should agree in their choice. Yet the only poems in Mr Lucas's selection that seem to me unworthy of their place are *Souvenir de la Nuit du 4*, from *Les Châtiments* (No. 242) and *L'Enfance*, from *Les Contemplations*, in both of which the pathos is forced. There are, however, several poems in *Les Contemplations* which I should have preferred to *Elle avait pris ce pli* (No. 346) and *J'ai cueilli cette fleur*, notably that fine poem *Ibo*. I also regret the absence of that even finer poem *Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne* (from *Les Feuilles d'Automne*), which Sainte-Beuve regarded as Hugo's masterpiece. The selection from Alfred de Musset is full and admirable. There is nothing one would wish away. Rather, the most sincere record of passion that was ever made immortal by verse might have been completed by the addition of *Souvenir*—especially interesting for comparison with *Le Lac* and *La Tristesse d'Olympio*—and *Tristesse*.

The lesser poets of Romanticism are worthily represented by Brizeux, Barbier and Laprade, all with fine poems. Félix Arvers appears with the single sonnet by which he is remembered. But the examples of Émile Deschamps and Casimir Delavigne are hardly good enough for their company. Hégésippe Moreau would have been better represented by *La Fermière*. The three poems by Sainte-Beuve serve to confirm one's impression that he lacked the magic alchemy which transmutes the rough ore of emotional thought into the gold of true poetry. Gérard de Nerval, that forerunner of the Symbolists, is well represented

by two sonnets and two short lyrics, of which the latter might have been signed by Paul Verlaine. The one serious omission here is Mme. Ackermann.

The selection from Gautier is good, and the passage through him from Romanticism to the Parnassian School is well indicated in the Introduction. The leader of the Parnassians, Leconte de Lisle[1], whose poetry has the relief, but also the hardness, of metal-work, is also well represented. A welcome addition would have been those two striking sonnets, *Les montreurs* and *Aux modernes*, which show that he was by no means the impassive artist he pretended to be. His whole poetry is an eloquent protest against the *régime* of Napoleon III, all the more eloquent because of its apparent reserve. Soulary, like Gautier, was a Parnassian before letters, an inferior Coppée without his facility. Of the two sonnets given by Mr Lucas, one, *Les deux cortèges*, is generally considered by his admirers to be his masterpiece. It is also famous for having been dissected by M. Lemaître with cruel penetration.

Finally we come to that unequal but true poet, Charles Baudelaire, to whose influence was largely due the rise of the Symbolist school, and to Paul Verlaine, whom that school hailed as their leader. It is an omission in Mr Lucas's Introduction that it closes without any reference to this reaction against the Parnassians, to this substitution for the plastic representation of the visible and material world of a poetry which also takes account of spirit, and which assimilates its methods to those of its natural ally, music, rather than to those of painting and sculpture. Of Verlaine's poetry Mr Lucas gives some characteristic specimens, including the *Chanson d'Automne*, which though published as far back as 1866, already has more than a touch of symbolism, and *Sagesse*, which appeared in 1880. No worthier *envoi* than this last could have been found for Mr Lucas's charming volume. This tiny poem, of four stanzas, with four short lines to each stanza, and composed of barely more than fifty different words, has all the sincerity—'sincerity to the impression of the moment' was Verlaine's poetic ideal—the intimacy, the delicate and refined harmony which are characteristics of French lyrical poetry.

It is unfortunate that copyright reasons have prevented Mr Lucas from giving specimens of Heredia. The same reason doubtless accounts for the absence of Albert Samain's delicate Muse.

Arthur Tilley.

Cambridge.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. II. The End of the Middle Ages. Cambridge: University Press. 1908. Royal 8vo. xii + 539 pp.

In his 'final words' to the present volume Mr Waller combats, not without cause, the common superstition that the fifteenth century is, to

[1] Leconte de Lisle was born in 1820 not in 1818. Mr Lucas's dates for most of the minor poets of the Pléiade school require revision.

the reader of English literature, 'an uninviting barren waste, in which it were idle and unprofitable to spend one's time when it can be fleeted carelessly in "the demesnes that here adjacent lie."' The greater part of this second instalment of the Cambridge *History* is designed to correct such hasty estimates of the period's significance in our literary annals. One may not perhaps be quite prepared to endorse Mr Waller's own enthusiastic belief that the fifteenth 'can well hold its own in the history of our literature as against the centuries that precede or follow it.' In support of so sanguine a proposition he has, for example, to hazard so doubtful a statement as that *The Nut Brown Maid* is 'in itself sufficient, in form and music and theme, to "make the fortune" of any century.' Still, it must be admitted that the contributors to this volume have succeeded in giving us a presentment of the literature of the fifteenth century which more than 'holds its own,' both in interest and in critical competence, against all its competitors in the field. Moreover, the volume contains much,—and that of the first importance,—which does not strictly come within the limits of the fifteenth century; for Chaucer, Gower, *Piers the Plowman* and the early Scottish poetry all find their place here. The net result is a volume which, while sufficiently ample in range and weighty in matter, has the advantage over its predecessor in the series of being more homogeneous by reason of the fewer obligations laid upon its contributors to deal with obscure 'origins' and other matters more or less alien to the story of English literature proper.

The task of the editors of a composite work planned on such a scale as that of the Cambridge *History* is so difficult as to make it appear somewhat ungracious to begin a detailed criticism of this volume with a word of complaint as to its arrangement. Certain eccentricities, not to say defects, of proportion will, however, at once attract the notice of the reader. It is not easy, for example, to reconcile one's self straightway to seeing a separate chapter devoted to Stephen Hawes. Even Chaucer gets no more. Although Mr Murison, who writes (competently and agreeably enough) about him, says that 'Hawes occupies a position of peculiar isolation,' he discovers little in him which would seem to entitle him to the splendid isolation of a chapter in a volume of this compass. He did not, we are told, 'produce passages memorable for choice diction and for harmony of sweet sounds, passages familiar as household words,' the sum of his achievement being to 'continue the defects of the fifteenth century poets,—confused metre, slipshod construction, bizarre diction.' On such a showing, an equally strong claim to a separate chapter could be made out for Lydgate, Hawes's self-acknowledged master, of whom Professor Saintsbury says in this very volume that he was 'adored' by the fifteenth century 'because he combined all its worst faults.' It may be that Hawes, as more than one modern writer has pleaded, has been unduly depreciated by by-gone critics, and it is certain, as Mr Murison takes pains to point out, that his influence upon Spenser was very considerable. But by no process of rehabilitation can he be advanced to a position among individual

writers reserved in this volume for only Chaucer and Gower besides. Again, most of us hold Malory to be one of the greater literary lights of the fifteenth century. But Malory is altogether too perfunctorily dismissed in the second of two chapters on 'English Prose in the Fifteenth Century.' Indeed, a better case could be made out for giving a special chapter to Malory than to Hawes; for, as one of the most distinguished of our living critics has said, 'the great prose achievement of the fifteenth century' is the *Morte D'Arthur*, and Malory's work is 'the prose analogue of Chaucer's poetry—summing up as it does some of the great attainments of the Middle Ages.' Proportion, also, has to some extent been sacrificed in the disparity between the scope and matter of the final chapter (11 pages), and the extreme length, and occasional irrelevance, of its bibliography. The editors tell us that 'advantage has been taken of the opportunity afforded by a concluding chapter to add a few notes on books and writers not specifically dealt with elsewhere.' The result is a somewhat confusing aggregation of authors, both prose writers and poets, many of whom serve only to illustrate matters dealt with in various parts of the first volume.

These, however, are but trivial shortcomings in a work that is, as a whole, a remarkable editorial achievement. Not, indeed, that the editors' judgment may not be, and actually has been, questioned in matters other than those already noticed. The wisdom, for example, of including—at this stage in the discussion of the subject,—so palpably controversial a chapter as that of Professor Manly on *Piers the Plowman* is, doubtless, open to some question. There can, however, be no doubt that Professor Manly's contribution is the most 'challenging' in the whole book. William Langland disappears altogether under the ruthless analysis of Mr Manly, and 'Long Will, the dreamer,' is dismissed as being 'obviously as much a creation of the muse as Piers the Plowman.' In his stead are presented to us the shadowy figures of a group of writers who, for the present, we must be content to know only by the letters already familiar to us as designating the three principal versions of the poem's text—'A, the continuator of A, B and C.' Mr Manly arrives at his hypothesis of composite authorship by various tests, among them being those of metre, of scansion, of dialectical differences, and the somewhat more precarious one of 'visual imagination.' No attempt can be made here to give even a summary of the results of these tests, or to pass judgment upon their validity. Suffice it to say that no student of *Piers the Plowman* can afford to ignore them, and that they open out an exciting and all but new arena of controversy for the 'higher critics' in Middle English. Mr Manly's chapter opens the book, and is appropriately followed by a clear and well-written survey of 'Religious Movements in the Fourteenth Century' by the Rev. J. P. Whitney. What the literary student, perhaps, may wish to have had in Mr Whitney's chapter is a fuller treatment of Rolle's *Pricke of Conscience*. In her chapter (III) on 'The Beginnings of English Prose' Miss Alice Green-

wood gives us, among other things, a full and spirited account of *Mandeville's Travels*—an account which stands in strange contrast with her disappointing treatment of Malory in a later chapter. A feature of the present volume is, as might have been expected, the prominence given to the literature of Scotland. Professor Gregory Smith contributes three excellent chapters on 'The Scottish Language' (IV), 'The Scottish Chaucerians' (X) and 'The Middle Scots Anthologies &c.' (XI), respectively. While the two literary chapters afford some of the best and most delightful reading in the book, special attention may be called to Chap. IV, more particularly to the passages in which Prof. Smith traverses the generally received opinions as to the French influence upon the Scottish language, due mainly, as he puts it, to the 'neglect or depreciation of the position of Latin in Scottish culture.' 'The Earlier Scottish Literature' forms the subject of a crowded chapter by Dr P. Giles. Gower is, as he should be, dealt with by our highest English authority upon him; and Mr Macaulay could hardly have been expected to give us more than a summary of what he had already wrought and monumentally written. This he has done with admirable conciseness and lucidity.

The chapter on Chaucer, by Professor Saintsbury, is a thoroughly characteristic contribution. That is to say, here, as elsewhere in his recent writings, Mr Saintsbury carries his learning and his vast reading so easily, and writes with such breezy, not to say jaunty, confidence as to disarm all but the most ill-natured critic. But, to slower minds than his and to those who have perforce to pick their way with cautious and even faltering steps along such perilous paths, his treatment of Chaucer is apt to be somewhat disturbing. It may be said, at once, that the reader will not find here a full statement and discussion of all the outstanding problems of Chaucerian scholarship. The chapter is, frankly, an 'appreciation' from the literary and human point of view. Hence its defects and its merits. What, perhaps, disturbs one most is Mr Saintsbury's methods of statement. Not to mention occasional loose writing, he leaves us with too many choices and probabilities and qualifications. His criticism, on the other hand, is delightfully refreshing, all the more so because he insists upon surveying Chaucer's work as a whole, and refuses to consider him in compartments. One of the very best things in the chapter is its treatment of Chaucer's humour. 'In most great English humorists, humour sets the picture with a sort of vignetting or arabesquing fringe and atmosphere of exaggeration and fantasy. By Chaucer it is almost invariably used to bring a higher but a quite clear and achromatic light on the picture itself or parts of it. The stuff is turned rapidly the other way to show its real texture; the jest is perhaps a burning, but also a magnifying and illuminating, glass, to bring out a special trait more definitely. It is safe to say that a great deal of the combination of vivacity and veracity in Chaucer's portraits and sketches of all kinds is due to this all-pervading humour; indeed, it is not very likely that any one would deny this. What seems, for some commentators, harder to keep in mind is that it may

be, and probably is, equally present in other places where the effect is less immediately rejoicing to the modern reader; and that medieval pedantry, medieval catalogue-making, medieval digression and irrelevance are at once exemplified and satirised by the operation of this extraordinary faculty.' In a chapter in which 'commentators' and textual critics and other unliterary folk are rather cavalierly dealt with, it is good to see full justice done to the great achievements of Tyrwhitt.

Space forbids more than a passing mention of the remaining contributions to this very interesting volume. Miss Greenwood's chapters on the development of English prose give, on the whole, a full and clear survey of the subject, but, as has been said already, she should have given much greater prominence to Malory. Mr Gordon Duff and Mr T. A. Walker write on the early history of the printing-press, and on English and Scottish education, respectively, while Professor Padelford of Washington contributes an excellent chapter on 'Transition English Song Collections.' Of greater interest, perhaps, to the ordinary reader will be the chapter on 'Ballads' by another American—Prof. Gummere, a recognised authority on the subject. On the vexed question of ballad origins Prof. Gummere maintains that 'when one studies the structure and the elements of the ballad itself as a poetic form, a form demonstrably connected with choral dramatic conditions in its origin but modified by a long epic process in the course of oral and quite popular tradition, one is compelled to dismiss absolutely the theory of minstrel authorship, and to regard ballads as both made and transmitted by the people.' Finally, it remains to be noted that this second volume conveys the pleasant news that it has already 'been found necessary to prepare a second impression of the first,' and with it is issued a leaflet of corrections made in Vol. I 'in order that purchasers of the first impression may not be placed at any disadvantage.'

W. Lewis Jones.

Bangor.

Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama. A Literary Inquiry, with special reference to the Pre-Restoration Stage in England. By Walter W. Greg. London: A. H. Bullen, 1906. 8vo. xii + 464 pp.

This is a scholarly, exhaustive, and interesting thesis which requires and repays careful study. A hasty reading is both apt to convey a mistaken impression as to the interest of the work (which is to be found in the discriminating and penetrating criticisms of the principal poems and plays passed in review) and even to mislead, for some of Mr Greg's *obiter dicta* require the qualification and amplification which they generally receive in the course of the treatise. Moving through an elaborate argument, or complex genealogy, he sometimes raises expectation of a slightly different conclusion from that which he actually reaches

The pastoral drama in England is Mr Greg's theme. But to detach any one specific kind of pastoral literature of the Renaissance from the rest is impossible, because the pastoral ideal of the Renaissance refused to be confined to any single form, such as the classical eclogue, but invaded every department of literature—sonnets and lyrics, romance and epic, as well as drama—and that so spontaneously that, although one may, and Mr Greg does, indicate stages in the evolution of the pastoral romance or the pastoral drama, it is well to be on one's guard against any too rigid theory of origins. Quite naturally, therefore, Mr Greg devotes the first two chapters of his book to a review of pastoral literature from Theocritus and Virgil, through Petrarch, Boccaccio, Mantuan, Sanazzaro, Montemayor and Marot, to Spenser, Sidney and their followers. I mention only the chief names. In this review he discusses, in considerable detail, the regular imitations of classical eclogue, the more spontaneous pastoral lyric, and (though the title of his book does not suggest it) the prose pastoral-romance. He omits only the pastoral interludes in the romantic epics of Ariosto, Tasso and Spenser.

Mr Greg is too wise to attempt any precise definition of what took so many forms. But he indicates clearly the peculiar 'note' of pastoral poetry, the artificiality of its golden age, 'the recognition of a contrast, implicit or expressed, between pastoral life and some more complex type of civilisation.' Pastoral poetry is neither the spontaneous utterance of simple and primitive feeling, nor poetry so faithfully descriptive of rural life as Crabbe's. Pastoral literature presents a courtly and cultured dream of country life, from which all realistic and painful features are deliberately banished. With Theocritus it took its rise in 'the contrast between the recollections of a childhood spent among the Sicilian uplands and the crowded social and intellectual life of Alexandria.' In the hands of Virgil it began to lose some of this dream charm, becoming a more conscious playing at shepherd life, in a word allegory. In the most characteristic Renaissance pastorals, the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido*, we get an exquisite combination of courtly and refined sentiment with the feeling of a return to nature. But generally the 'proper pleasure' of the pastoral shows a tendency to disappear, or change into something else, in one of two ways. The convention becomes purely a convention, untouched by any feeling for nature, as in the eclogues of Mantuan and the Humanists—and even in *Lycidas* despite its compensating beauties—'ecloghe dove di pastorale non v' ha che i nomi e le frasi: il resto è allegoria di cose contemporanee tutt' altro che pastorali.' On the other hand, the natural feeling may become too sincere for its conventional setting. This is the tendency of much English pastoral. Mr Greg has laid great stress, in his second chapter, on the evidence of a dual tradition in English pastoral poetry, the older, simpler, more realistic pastoralism of the ballads and Miracle plays, and the conventional, ideal, Italian pastoralism. To the first he seems in this chapter to trace the vein of naive realism in Spenser's eclogues, the delightful descriptions of Devonshire scenery in *Britannia's Pastorals*,

and the sincere and ardent enthusiasm for nature of Wither's clear, high song; while the same vein blends with and heightens the more ideal strain in the golden songs of *England's Helicon* and the *Muses' Elizium*. Later, however, Mr Greg somewhat modifies the impression given by this chapter, and very wisely finds the link between native and Italian pastoralism rather in temperament and character than in a literary tradition. The Englishman is at bottom a countryman rather than, or always as well as, a courtier. The only exception is Donne, and he frankly detests the country. See his epistle to Sir Henry Wotton beginning 'Sir, more than kisses letters mingle soul,' or that to the Countess of Bedford beginning 'Madam, you have refined me,' or his only pastoral eclogue (which Mr Greg has excusably ignored) introducing his second Epithalamion. No English poet could have written the *Aminta*. But Spenser and Drayton, and Browne and Wither, are interesting forerunners of Thomson and Dyer, Gray and Collins, Cowper and Crabbe.

Indeed it is this temperamental trait which gives its only interest to the history of later pastoralism, from Pope to Crabbe, pastoral poetry which has lost entirely the courtly note and lingers merely as a literary tradition. For it was in connection with pastoral poetry that the cleavage first showed itself distinctly between the two principles of neo-classicism, 'follow nature' and 'imitate the classics,' since 'to follow nature is to follow them.' Steele was too English to admit that to follow nature in describing country life was identical with the mere imitation of Theocritus and Virgil. The movement he initiated by his essays in *The Guardian* produced Gay's *Shepherd's Week* and Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, and though the one is a burlesque, and the other a very genteel pastoral, still they were steps on the way to Crabbe's rejection of 'the sleepy echoes of the Mantuan bard,' and to Wordsworth's deeper and more philosophical idealism. Even Dr Johnson, who began by being all for the rules and Virgil, ending by detesting pastoral poetry, in which 'there is no nature for there is no truth,' and which as a literary artifice is 'easy, vulgar and therefore disgusting.'

Mr Greg's review of English pastoral poetry in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is excellent. He lays special stress on Spenser and Drayton, and has done justice to the structural as well as poetical capacity shown in the *Shepherd's Kalender*. If we feel inclined to differ from him, it is when he appears to prefer the *Shepherd's Kalender* to the *Muses' Elizium* on the ground of its choice of subject, after previously criticising the incongruity of Spenser's 'pastoral theology.' Surely Spenser's is the greater poem simply because, despite faults of immaturity, it contains finer poetry, deeper in feeling, richer in phrase and cadence, than the fresh and charming work of Drayton ever attains to. But this finer poetry is to be sought not in the controversial eclogues but in such songs as those for June and for October. These touch a deeper and more vibrating note than Drayton's most enthusiastic strains. But possibly we have misunderstood Mr Greg and are expressing his own feeling in a different way.

Coming to the drama Mr Greg describes the beginnings of the pastoral plays in Italy in such mythological plays as Politian's *Orfeo*, and more directly in the *Egloge Rappresentative*. The earliest English pastoral plays of Peele and Lyly were also mythological, but there seems no reason to demur to the name 'pastoral' as applied to Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, unless the name is to be confined to the Italian kind elaborated by Tasso. The other actors than the Gods are shepherds of the pastoral type. Indeed it affords an interesting illustration of the spontaneity with which the pastoral drama tended to take shape that Spenser's eclogues had hardly appeared before his shepherds were utilised for dramatic courtly entertainment. Even without the *Amyntas* and *Pastor Fido* we should doubtless have had shepherd plays of more than one kind.

In discussing these so admired and so influential products of the Italian taste for artificial sentiment and for motives better adapted to music than drama, Mr Greg has analysed and criticised, with great acumen and justice, the central motive of both pieces, the conflict between 'feverish passion' and 'virginal coldness'; and the lurking sense which they convey of something a little unreal in the latter and not altogether lovely in the former. And nothing is more interesting in Mr Greg's analysis of the English masterpieces in the kind than his discussion of the treatment of this motive by Fletcher and by Milton. No critic has shown so fully and clearly the source of Fletcher's failure, despite the lyrical charm of his style and verse, and the Theocritean grace of his descriptions. Mr Greg finds the source of that failure in the abstract manner in which Fletcher set to work to develop the fundamental contrast, and his want of sympathy with the 'ideal which he sought to honour,'—his failure, in a word, to appreciate the beauty either of chastity or of love. The delicate feeling of the *Aminta* is not perhaps quite sound at core, but it has a grace and charm which is wanting altogether to the cynical licentiousness of Fletcher.

To Milton's *Comus* Mr Greg is, I think, less just, and partly because he does not make allowance for the fact that it was a protest against courtly cynicism and licence. *Comus* suffers—like *Lycidas*, like *Paradise Lost*, like *Samson Agonistes*—from being too polemical. But Mr Greg has duplicated a single charge which one may and must admit. *Comus* is not quite a masque and not quite a drama. It is not quite a masque like Jonson's *Masque of Queens* because the change of fortune is not effected simply by a transformation scene, but is made to depend on the will of the Lady. Yet the poem is a masque rather than a drama, because both the action and persons are conceived abstractly and symbolically rather than concretely. The Lady is not Lady Alice Egerton, a girl of thirteen, but Virtue Militant. Grant this, and it seems unnecessary to accuse Milton further of bad taste in making her speak beyond her years. Some awkwardness there is doubtless in the identification, but it is not enough to mar the splendour of Milton's defence of Chastity, the magnificent poetry in which he has set forth the Puritan ideal, which Gardiner, with perhaps more strict propriety,

saw incarnate in Archbishop Abbot looking on at the marriage of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard.

To the beauty of Milton's poetry, indeed, Mr Greg does ample justice, as to the grace of Fletcher's, the pathetic loveliness of Jonson's fragment—for the whole of which one would give a dozen *Alchemists*—and the blithe and pleasing *Amyntas* of Randolph. Indeed Mr Homer Smith might plead that the Note at page 308 has some applicability to Mr Greg's own criticism of *The Faithful Shepherdess* and *Comus*. In both he does a little separate the substance from the form.

These are the most direct inheritors of the Italian tradition, though Mr Greg has shown how independently the Englishmen adapted the borrowed form to the traditions of the native stage. One departure from these traditions which betrays the Italian origin of these plays he has not deemed worthy of remark, their strict adherence to the rule of twenty-four hours. Dr R. Otto, in his preface to an edition of the *Sylvanire*, has pointed out that it was the admiration felt for the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido* which revived in the earlier seventeenth century, in France, discussion of the Unities, after Hardy had given them the go-by. And for this reason discussion turned at first on the unity of time alone. 'C'était l'unique règle que l'on connût en ce temps-là,' says Corneille in the *Examen de Clitandre*, and it is the only one mentioned in Mairet's preface, with which began the movement that closed with the condemnation of the *Cid*. No such effects followed in England. Ben Jonson had no Academy and Richelieu to back him. But even in lawless England, the rule of the 'astrological day' was recognised as an essential feature of the Italian pastoral drama.

And speaking of France brings me to one small addition which might be made to Mr Greg's exhaustive thesis. In his review of those hybrid pastoral plays (Chap. VI) in which chivalrous elements, borrowed from the romances, are mingled with the purely pastoral scenes and incidents, Mr Greg has ignored the possible influence of the contemporary French drama. Both pastoral plays, and tragi-comedies combining chivalrous, pastoral and humorous elements, were the rule in France till the *Sophonisbe* (1635) and the *Cid* (1636) established the vogue of tragedy. In reading Mr Greg's analysis of plays in the second section of Chapter VI we noted several little points of resemblance, and came upon one clear case of unrecognised borrowing. Of course it is always to be remembered that in tracing an English play to a French source we are not excluding the possibility of going a step further and finding an Italian original.

The mad lover who conceives himself in Elysium, drawn with real dramatic touches by Randolph in the *Amyntas* (1632–35), and more artificially by Cowley in *Love's Riddle* (1638), appears in Rotrou's *L'Hypocondriaque* (1628), and the same author's *Laure persecutée* (1638). The latter play is, however, based on Lope de Vega's *Laura perseguida*. Probably the type has some original Italian source. The case of undoubted plagiarism from the French, which has hitherto escaped attention, is Rutter's *Shepherd's Holiday* (1635). Rutter

translated the *Cid*, and was, therefore, presumably familiar with French plays. At any rate the purely pastoral portion of his drama—the story of Nerina and her lovers, and of the poisoned mirror—is, throughout, an adaptation, often a paraphrase, occasionally a translation, of Mairet's *Silvanire* (1629). It cannot be said that in general Rutter has improved on the original. The scenes are shortened, with the result that the development of motives is made more abrupt. The courtly incidents which Rutter has loosely grafted on to Mairet's pastoral have a general resemblance to the same poet's more romantic and interesting *Sylvie* (1626). There a prince (as here a princess) leaves the court for love of a shepherdess, and incurs the wrath of his father. The *dénouement*, however, is different, and Rutter's solution may be his own or have a different origin. Cowley is, through Rutter, indebted for his best scene (*Love's Riddle*, IV. 1) to the *Silvanire* (III. 7). Mairet's own play, it may be added, is the recast of a play in blank verse written by the author of the *Astrée*, at the request of Marie de Médicis. There may be some other instances of borrowings from the French. Mr Greg has throughout had Italy mainly in view. The first beginnings of French influence in the reign of Charles I are worthy of note.

Every student of the Elizabethan drama must be grateful to Mr Greg for this carefully developed and discriminating study of the diverse elements which combined to produce the various forms of the English pastoral drama, and his admirable criticism of its masterpieces. If his work has a fault it seems to me to be an occasional disproportion of style to subject, and an occasional over-emphasis in the expression of his divergence from the views of others.

H. J. C. Grierson.

Aberdeen.

An Enterlude of Welth and Helth. Eine englische Moralität des XVI. Jahrhunderts, kritisch herausgegeben von F. Holthausen. (Festschrift der Universität Kiel.) Kiel: Lipsius and Tischer. 1908. 8vo. 66 pp.

'Die lange verschollene Moralität *Welth and Helth* ist in einem alten *Blackletter*-druck in 4° erhalten, von dem das einzige bisher bekannte Exemplar 1906 in Irland gefunden wurde.' When writing this Prof. Holthausen was, of course, ignorant of the Mostyn sale of June, 1907. On that occasion another and better copy of the original was acquired by Mr T. J. Wise. The fact is important, for the new copy not only determines a number of readings which are doubtful in the British Museum copy, but also presents certain actual variants. A full collation has been published in Part I of the Malone Society's *Collections*, but it may be worth while here to discuss the bearings of the new evidence upon the construction of a critical text.

The most important new point is the restoration of the line (755* of the numbering here adopted) cut away in the Museum copy. This reads:

remedi Thou canst play the knaue, and so ye can do all

which completes the sense and sets the speakers right. But there are a number of other passages in which the readings have to be modified. There is a case in l. 123, where the text as given by Prof. Holthausen reads:

As to bylde churches and make bye-wayes?
Such deedes mans soule doth saue.

In a note he remarks: 'Dass die Anlage von Nebenwegen als verdienstliches Werk galt, ist kulturhistorisch interessant. Gibt es hierfür weitere Belege?' But the new copy of the original shows that the reading should be not 'bye wayes' but 'hye wayes.' In l. 402 the editor has substituted 'sonck' for 'lonck,' and 'sonck' is now seen to be the true reading of the original. He has again inserted what is the true reading in l. 764, namely 'Mot' for 'Mor.'

There remain the cases in which the readings of the two copies of the original differ. In the great majority of cases the British Museum copy, though the worse printed, is the more correct. There are, however, a few cases in which that belonging to Mr Wise preserves a better reading. The only ones of any importance are 'at this' for 'att his' on the title-page, 'ic vell' for 'icvell' in l. 399, 'Wyll' for 'Wytte" in l. 368 (all obvious corrections already adopted by Prof. Holthausen), and lastly 'may say' for 'mayay' in l. 466, which substantiates the emendation proposed in the Malone Society reprint of the play (also adopted in the present edition).

A feature of the piece are the passages in very corrupt stage Dutch and Spanish. Reconstructions by Professors Bang and Brandin have appeared in the Malone Society's *Collections* already mentioned. Prof. Holthausen has also tackled the problem, and produced his own answer. This kind of conjecture forms an interesting, indeed rather a fascinating, game, but no sort of finality is conceivable in the results. This, of course, is no reflection on those that play at it, but belongs to the nature of the subject. How much the present editor has done for the elucidation of the text will be apparent to anyone who goes through his six closely printed pages of notes. In l. 424 'drouse' is taken to be 'throes'; a suggestion already made in *Notes and Queries* in July, 1907 (p. 73). In l. 8, 'kepe' for 'care,' and in some minor points Prof. Holthausen anticipates Mr Hunter's notes in the last number of this *Review*.

The introduction contains a general account of the piece, including a useful survey of the metrical form. Incidentally the editor points out that the statement on the title-page that 'Foure may easily play this Playe' is incorrect, since at one point Wealth, Health, Liberty, Will and Wit are all on the stage together. However, Prof. Holthausen would be the first to admit that much work remains to be done on this

play. Particularly its literary relations require to be studied. We know that the piece was in existence in 1557, for it was entered by Waley on the Stationers' Register soon after July 19 that year. It follows that the prayer for Elizabeth at the end (l. 943), which places the extant edition after Nov. 17, 1558, must be an insertion. This being so there is no reason why the mention of 'our soueraine Ladye the Queene' in l. 85, which would place the original text at the earliest in Mary's reign, should not also be a late addition. (Curiously enough in this passage 'Queene' rimes with 'at ene' = 'at one,' an expression not elsewhere recorded after 1400. Moreover in the previous line—'With all the counsel and all that with them bene'—it is hardly natural to make 'them' refer to 'counsel.' It almost looks as though the original had read 'King and Queen' in l. 85.) But one would hardly expect to find approving mention of the riches of ecclesiastics (l. 563), between the Reformation and Mary's accession, especially from a writer whose sympathies, as Prof. Holthausen points out, seem to be Catholic. The archaism of much of the language tempts one to throw back the date, while the deliberate modernization of such readings as that in l. 8 ('care' for 'kepe') suggests that the text was once a good deal more archaic than it now appears.

The question is of interest from its bearing upon a far more important problem. There is a very significant group of moralities, which make up by their inordinate individual length for the comparative scarcity of the type. I mean the political moralities. Three great examples have hitherto been known: Skelton's *Magnificence*, c. 1520; Sir David Lyndsay's *Satire of Three Estates*, 1540; and the anonymous *Respublica* of 1553. The shortest of these runs to some two thousand lines, the longest to between four and five thousand. To these must now be added *Wealth and Health*, which is happily under one thousand. But this is not all. Anyone who reads *Wealth and Health* and *Magnificence* together cannot help, I think, being struck by the fact of some evident but by no means easily determinable relation between the two. Liberty is a character in both plays, and I believe nowhere else; Felicity in *Magnificence* is hardly more than an alias of Wealth, as appears from the very first stanza. Moreover the second scene of Skelton's play is a contention between Felicity and Liberty, which strongly recalls that in *Wealth and Health*. There is also one curious little point that becomes suggestive when considered in this light. In *Magnificence* there suddenly occurs the puzzling remark: 'It was Flemying hyght Hansy.' There is nothing to lead up to it, and it leads to nothing, but anyone with the other play in mind will not fail to think of the drunken Fleming Hance[1]. Did some later writer, making a popularized adaptation of Skelton's play, develop this mysterious hint into a comic and satiric part; or did Skelton take the suggestion for his spacious morality from an earlier and slighter piece, and preserve in this single allusion a

[1] I owe this point to Mr A. W. Pollard. Shortly after the publication of the Malone Society reprint of *Wealth and Health* we both happened to be reading *Magnificence* and were independently struck by the obvious connection between the two plays.

character he had rejected from the scheme of his work? This is a question which the historian of the drama will some day have to decide.

W. W. Greg.

London.

The Partiall Law. A Tragi-Comedy (circa 1615–30). Edited by Bertram Dobell. London: Published by the Editor, 1908. 4to. xix + 130 pp.

Mr Dobell is to be congratulated on this addition to his finds in seventeenth century literature. While by no means a great play, it is extremely well constructed in the exaggerated style of adventurous romance and is eminently readable. Preserved in a professional scribe's copy with a few presumably autograph corrections, it offers few clues of authorship. I am inclined to agree with the editor that it is not the work of any recognised dramatist, but rather of one of the courtly amateurs of Charles' reign. He was however a very able amateur. Granted that, the construction would be by no means beyond his powers, and itself perhaps suggests rather the care of the study than the more ready methods of the professional writers. The composition is by no means inept either as regards verse or style, though the author occasionally allows himself rather startling liberties in metre and grammar alike.

The plot has a resemblance to that of *Much Ado*, though whether the author was aware that he was using the same material as Shakespeare may be doubted. His direct source seems to be the Ariodante and Ginevra episode in the fifth canto of the *Orlando Furioso*. On the other hand, as Mr Dobell points out, there is pretty clear evidence of familiarity with *Pericles* and possibly *As You Like It*. There also occur a few Shakespearian phrases, but these may have already been current.

The text stands in need of a little editing. I, ii is really a continuation of I, i; the speakers do not leave the stage—possibly a case of 'dramatic enjambement' by means of the traverse. III, iii and IV, v should each be split up into two scenes. There is some difficulty as to the three country-women; are they the same throughout? P. 6, l. 23, 'be your secret' should read 'be you secret'; p. 62, l. 7, 'And with him send' should be 'And will him send.' P. 85, ll. 15–6 are from Guarini, 'Molti averne, uno goderne, e cangiar spesso.' P. 111, l. 28, s. d. 'pluckes out' is probably a mere slip for 'pluckes off.' Some of the notes require reconsideration. P. 98, ll. 13–4:

> If none should take her cause in hand, I
> Would have had been the man my selfe.

Bad verse and bad grammar. Mr Dobell proposes:

> If none should take her cause in hand, I would
> Have been the man my selfe.

With any ordinary author one would have thought the emendation certain. Compare, however, p. 106, l. 4:

> I should not have had given so true a test;

and p. 114, l. 13:

> Might have had struck me dead;

while for the metre compare such a passage as (p. 84, ll. 7–8):

> what colour'd gowne
> Her Grace puts on to day, what knots
> What fashion'd ruffe: he lowly cringes,
> Kisses her glove, &c.

Again, p. 115, l. 20, 'guiderdon' = guerdon. There need be no difficulty about this, it is simply the Italian 'guiderdone.' There is a misprint on p. xviii. In line 3 of note 'Act III' should be 'Act IV.'

W. W. Greg.

London.

Biographia Literaria. By S. T. Coleridge. Edited with his Aesthetical Essays by J. Shawcross. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1907. 8vo. xcvii + 272 and 334 pp.

Coleridge's Literary Criticism. With an Introduction by J. W. Mackail. London: Henry Frowde, 1908. 8vo. xx + 266 pp.

The Indebtedness of Samuel Taylor Coleridge to August Wilhelm von Schlegel. By Anna A. Helmholtz, University of Wisconsin. Thesis. (Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin, No. 163: Philology and Literature Series, Vol. III, No. 4, pp. 273–370.) Madison, Wisconsin, 1907. 8vo. 98 pp.

The renaissance of Coleridge is now assured, after a phase of ill-informed pity or mistrust which was chiefly due to his broken life and to the miscarriage of his big speculative system. But the absence, in the cultivated as distinct from the studious part of English society, of any true loyalty to knowledge and inquiry, is painfully seen in the power of jokes and caricatures to delay, though not for ever, the recognition of a spirit like Coleridge. Two men of letters helped to mislead public opinion. Carlyle's famed portrait in the *Life of Sterling* of Coleridge on Highgate Hill did harm, because there is no such portrait (if we except Hazlitt's) of Coleridge in the hour of his first prophetic radiance to hang beside it for corrective. Carlyle coarsely dismissed him as a weak, sensual, and futile personage, as the *Conversations* with Sir C. Gavan Duffy prove; and Matthew Arnold jauntily dismissed him as 'poet and philosopher, wrecked in a mist of opium.' But these critics, each a professional moralist in his own line, and each incapable of forming or even of valuing a clear philosophical conception, were really themselves fogged by the mist of Coleridge's opium. He,

with his flawed nature and frustrate schemes, was at his best a greater artist, and was throughout a deeper and more permanently inspiring critic, than either Arnold or Carlyle. To draw out fully what he achieved as a writer, and what mental forces, still at play, he quickened as a thinker, is a task so far unperformed, requiring subtlety and patience and no small measure of philosophic and literary sense. For such a work the labours of the last fifteen years furnish precious and needful material. The late Mr Dykes Campbell's memoir and edition of the poems stand fast; their exhaustive and detective scholarship will not soon be matched. Coleridge's *Letters*, and the fragments of talk and writing published as *Anima Poetae*, have been faithfully edited by his grandson, Mr Ernest Hartley Coleridge, and both works are indispensable documents. We owe to the same pious skill a definitive edition of *Christabel*. Many are the polite essayists and selectors; but to the names of these two *presenters*, to use the old term, of Coleridge, is now to be added that of Mr Shawcross, the editor of *Biographia Literaria* and the expounder of Coleridge's philosophy of art. His notes and elucidations are worthy, it is no extravagance to say, of Pattison or of the good Shakespearian commentators. He is patient and cautious in exegesis and has the philosophic mind: and he is so well seen in the lore surrounding Coleridge and Wordsworth, as well as in their actual writings, that our one regret is his omission to give us more purely literary comment of his own. His notes show him qualified to do so. He has acutely pointed out, for example, how Coleridge mistakenly saddled Wordsworth with an objection to poetic style in itself, while Wordsworth only contended for a community of *vocabulary* between poetry and prose. And the editorial note on *The Thorn*, a poem which Wordsworth altered after his friend's objections were known to him, may be cited as a further example. Coleridge had said that 'in a poem, still more in a lyric poem...it is not possible to imitate truly a dull and garrulous discourser, without repeating the effects of dullness and garrulity.' The note runs:

'Coleridge here fails to take into consideration (what a careful perusal of Wordsworth's introductory note to *The Thorn* must have made clear to him) Wordsworth's real object in the poem. This was to represent the facts as they actually appeared to the mariner (a man with a "reasonable share of imagination"), and as he would have actually portrayed them. But Wordsworth's dramatic gift was not great enough to enable him to do this successfully, and the fact that the prosaic lines, to which Coleridge alludes, are felt as prosaic, is due to the inability of Wordsworth really to transport himself into the state of mind which he wishes to represent. For the consequence is that in the dull lines we see the prosaic mariner, and in the fine lines the imaginative poet, and do not accept them in their unity, as characteristic of the particular mood and temperament from which they are supposed to emanate. Wordsworth would not therefore have mended matters by substituting a more poetical language in these passages' (Vol. II, pp. 274–5).

The chief original labours of Mr Shawcross are on the philosophic side. It is well known how Coleridge characteristically worked backwards in composing the *Biographia*. He planned a collection of his poems; the preface grew into a 'Sketch of my Literary Life and Opinions'—especially opinions concerning the principles of poetry. But behind this poetic lay a psychology, and behind this again a metaphysic, which Coleridge was tempted on to expound. The preface thus became a book, or rather a medley, of anecdote, philosophy, and criticism. And the link between the psychology and the criticism lay in the grand distinction between 'Fancy and Imagination.' To unfold this involved a commentary on the whole Associational theory of Hartley, through which Coleridge had worked his way. It is this abstruse but vital distinction that Mr Shawcross has explained so well, in a style somewhat severe and slow-moving, but serried and lucid nevertheless. He is well versed in the German philosophers Kant, Schelling and Maass, from whom Coleridge drew or with whom he coincided independently; and his elaborate statement of that coincidence, and of the growth of the theory of Imagination, throws a fresh light upon the devious process, half intellectual and half emotional, of Coleridge's thought. The statement, indeed, is more coherent than anything in Coleridge, and must be regarded rather as bringing his views into more light than he himself vouchsafed, or perhaps possessed, than as merely a digest. The contradictions and ragged edges of the theory—as, for example, where the relationship of beauty and artistic pleasure is discussed, and where it is not clear which is the end and which is the means—are excellently brought out. So, too, is the difference between 'the imagination as universally active in consciousness (creative in that it externalises the world of objects by opposing it to the self) and the same faculty, in a heightened power, as creative in a poetic sense' (Vol. I, p. lxvii); and the further distinction between Imagination, as Coleridge, starting from Richter and other Germans, conceived it, and Fancy, is made plainer. 'Fancy is, in fact, the faculty of mere images or impressions, as imagination is the faculty of intuitions. It is in this sense that Coleridge sees in their opposition an emblem of the wider contrast between the mechanical philosophy and the dynamic, the false and the true' (Vol. I, p. lxviii).

The debt of Coleridge to Schelling is a vexed matter, but Mr Shawcross pronounces carefully upon it. He thinks that Coleridge is not 'guilty either of insincerity or of self-deception when he declares that the similarity of his philosophical standpoint to that of Schelling is a matter of coincidence'; that he regarded truth, at the same time, as common property; and that he still 'was willing enough to concede to Schelling the general credit of the ideas which they shared' (Vol. I, p. 244). His mind, we may say, worked in the sphere of philosophy much as that of Milton or Tennyson worked in the sphere of poetry—adopting, adapting, transforming, and so virtually originating. The distinction between fancy and imagination probably owes its value less to psychological precision—for after all fancy is only a low power and a

crude working, even on Coleridge's showing, of imagination,—than to the way in which Coleridge made it a type of the chasm between the mechanical and the dynamic or spiritual points of view generally, and to the insight with which he applied it to the poets themselves. His analysis and vindication both of Wordsworth and Shakespeare are the most determined and successful efforts, it may be, in the English language to find a ground and reason for our immediate aesthetic instinct which greets those poets, at their highest, as among the highest: and both analysis and vindication hinge on the theory of imagination. Nor could there be any surer refutation, by the way, of the temper which makes the judgment of poetry as purely subjective and personal as the taste for vintages, and which rules out any philosophical groundwork, or 'poetic,' just beyond the arbitrary point where the reasoning outstrips the brains of the critic himself. The example of Coleridge shows that there need be no real break in the long chain between metaphysics and appreciation. This truth is disguised by the fact that there are so few persons able to deal with both, and that it is common to deal capably with the one and not with the other. Coleridge is so great, because he can deal, instinctively and consummately, with both; because the metaphysician in him forecasts, and justifies, and remembers the poet, while the poet is too sure of his art to let his metaphysics clog it. Among Mr Shawcross's services will be counted the reprinting, with due and subtle comment, of Coleridge's four kindred fragments, *On the Principles of Genial Criticism*, *An Essay on Taste*, *An Essay on Beauty*, and *On Poesy or Art*. The last of these touches and flashes light upon almost every great issue of aesthetic discussion—the nature of artistic pleasure, the demarcation between the various arts, and the Kantian conception, which Coleridge took with a gloss of his own, of Beauty as the source of 'disinterested,' that is of undesiring, pleasure.

There is still room for a *corpus* of Coleridge's utterances on art and its principles and of his sayings on books and their writers; and this *corpus*, for which the materials are very scattered, should certainly be made. It would contain, besides the material used by Mr Shawcross, Coleridge's lectures on literature (almost all reported, and only approximately in his own words), and also the remarks thereon in his letters, table talk, notes, and numerous MS. *marginalia*. Only from these broken lines and isolated points of light should we realise the wide curve in which his intellect projected itself—both extensively, in point of actual reading and assimilation, and intensively, in point of insight and power. The anthology published by Mr Henry Frowde is excellent within its limits of space, and is well arranged by its unnamed editor, who wisely 'sacrifices all idea of balance to the preservation of a scheme of development.' There are, first of all, passages on the principles of poetry—these are too scanty; then the chapters on Wordsworth; passages and sayings, often very brief, on other authors, chiefly English; and longer ones (the most valuable, if not all that are of value) on Shakespeare and the 'Elizabethan' dramatists. We find,

however, but a scrap of the lecture (*Lit. Remains*, Vol. I, pp. 230 ff.) on the evolution of English prose, which is justly singled out by Prof. Saintsbury in his *History of Criticism* (Vol. III, p. 227), and which is a wonderful little map, or rather balloon view, of a territory never explored before and never fully explored since—as Prof. Saintsbury, who has done so much expert and careful surveying of the same territory, would be, we think, the first to admit. The Introduction by Prof. J. W. Mackail is half-satisfying. He repeats, aptly enough and in his own way, what has been said before in an essay of real power by Oscar Wilde;—that 'the critical faculty as applied to the masterpieces of literature, and still more the critical faculty as applied to the art of literature itself, is akin to the creative faculty of the artist....A sharp line can be drawn between the artist and critic where they work in different material, as in the criticism of painting, or of music. No such line can be drawn in literary criticism; for the critic works in the same material, and his criticism, so far as it is vital...is also a work of art. Criticism of literature is literature.' This is very well; and the remarks that follow on the fragmentary and unequal character of Coleridge's judgments are equally true, indeed are self-evident. But much of the Introduction seems an attempt to slight the poetic theory, that is, the general philosophic groundwork, of Coleridge, while praising many of those particular opinions, in which 'he abandons himself,' as Mr Mackail happily puts it, 'to his own poetical sensitiveness, and his unequalled power of making language a vehicle of emotion.' Such is the casual sentence on *Romeo and Juliet*: 'It is a spring day, gusty and beautiful in the morn, and closing like an April evening with the song of the nightingale.' All that Mr Mackail says in this sense, on the worth and beauty of Coleridge's personal impressions of art, and of the words that he finds for them, is sound and felicitous. Nearly all he says on the weakness of Coleridge as an expounder of poetic is less sound, and the antidote is the study of Mr Shawcross's preface, which, as the editor's note on p. xx of this selection shows, came out before the selection was made. The strictures of the connoisseur cannot stand, nay they fall down into fragments, before the steady exposition of the student who has really shown us the way through the documents and has felt and brought out the suggestiveness of Coleridge's central conception.

'His general ideas (says Mr Mackail) are nebulous; he becomes intoxicated with his own rhetoric and dialectic, and seems now and then talking (as, in fact, he often did) as one in a dream, under the effect of some opiate which invested all things in iridescent haze' (p. xii).

Yes, there are turbid passages 'now and then.' But the 'general ideas' are not 'nebulous' if we are at the pains to study them. They are elusive and intricate, which is a different thing; and they issue from a metaphysic which we may or may not accept, but which we must not call 'a quasi-philosophical system' unless we can show it is nothing better. Later, Mr Mackail slights Coleridge because 'he believed himself to have found a central point' in critical theory;

while 'no such point exists,' because 'the history of criticism is one of perpetual progress,' and 'thus it is that all criticism necessarily becomes obsolete.' But it does not become so until you have superseded it; and you cannot supersede it simply by saying it is 'quasi-philosophical.' In point of fact, if we exclude Hegel's mighty attempt at a synthesis in his *Aesthetik*, and the narrower but piercing observations of Schopenhauer, it may be hard to find a philosophy of poetry which is newer and also better than Coleridge's; and in England there has assuredly been none. Moreover, to rule out 'poetic' as a fertile field of thought, just because it is progressive, is not Mr Mackail's intention; it is fertile, as he hints, because progressive; and that the progress is not so rapid as to make the study useless, may be seen by remembering how little time has wrecked some of the famous definitions of Aristotle —those, for instance, of tragedy, of the comic, and of the rhythm of prose. It is, lastly, dubious to say of Coleridge that 'in his theorizing he is...justifying impressions already made, habits of appreciation already formed' (p. vii). The truer account might be that his reasoning and sensibility worked together when he appreciated, just as they did when he created, poetry; and his theories not only increased the width and precision of his judgments, but themselves shaped and enriched the 'musical and expressive language,' which, as Gibbon says of Greek, 'gave a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy.' I have been thus particular, because Mr Frowde's volume aims at the cultivated reader, and the professor's preface ought not to cut off in advance a main source of the reader's mental enlargement.

The graduation thesis of Miss Helmholtz handles, in the dry, useful, business-like way of many American treatises, a long-vexed question. A. W. von Schlegel gave his *Lectures on Dramatic Literature* in Vienna in 1808, and published them a few years later—before 1812. Coleridge also lectured in 1808 at the Royal Institution, but only scanty reports remain. He lectured on the drama in 1812, and in the middle of his course seems to have read Schlegel for the first time. Next season, and again in 1818, he continued lecturing on the drama. From the course of 1812 onwards the likenesses of his thoughts and phrases with those of Schlegel become more and more striking. Yet he asseverated all his life that to Schlegel he owed nothing, and that the likenesses were only coincidence. Sara, Coleridge's daughter, accepts this view while pointing out some of the likenesses, which have been often vaguely referred to by critics. Miss Helmholtz prints them at length, and now we can judge. There is no doubt that Coleridge, above all when discussing Greek drama, often translated Schlegel nearly *verbatim*, and never said, and probably never remembered, that he had done so. The passage (p. 317) comparing the work of the artificial poet to the broken flower-stems stuck in a child's garden, and the distinction (pp. 322–3) between ancient comedy and tragedy, are striking instances, and there are many more where it is clear that Coleridge would have spoken otherwise had not Schlegel been before him. Mr Shawcross, though Miss Helmholtz's thesis is not named by him

(and probably could not have reached him in time) is abreast of this conclusion (Vol. I, p. 213). But we all knew before that Coleridge's evidence on such a point is suspect, and that he took a highly impersonal view of mental copyright, like Guido dalle Colonne and Spenser before him and indeed the whole of the middle ages. The real inference is twofold. First, Schlegel's lectures were but one affluent of that stream of German thought with which Coleridge irrigated English thought. Schelling, and Schiller, and Lessing contributed likewise, as Dr Herford points out in a pregnant passage (pp. 84–7) of his *Age of Wordsworth*, and as Dr Alois Brandl also made clear in his book on Coleridge. Secondly, Coleridge coloured, and deepened, and ennobled what he took, adding poetry and psychology of his own. The parallels with Schlegel often prove Coleridge's supremacy as a critic—the blunter thinking and more formal rhetoric of the German becoming subtilised and eloquent, and only serving as a point of departure. The descriptions of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* (Helmholtz, p. 307) and of the play itself (p. 320) are examples, and their beauty and sagacity make them too well-known to quote here.

In saying that Matthew Arnold 'jauntily dismissed Coleridge,' I did not forget an earlier tribute, in the essay on Joubert, to Coleridge's 'continual instinctive effort, crowned often with rich success, to get at and to lay bare the real truth of his matter in hand.' But Arnold also cries out: 'How little either of his poetry, or of his criticism, or of his philosophy, can we expect permanently to stand!' This was said in 1865; yet we see that Coleridge's criticism has outworn forty years since then, and is still vital.

Oliver Elton.

Liverpool.

Beiträge und Studien zur Englischen Kultur- und Literaturgeschichte. Von J. Schipper. Wien und Leipzig: C. W. Stern. 1908. 8vo. viii + 371 pp.

In this volume Professor Schipper of Vienna has collected a number of papers of a somewhat popular kind, all of which with one exception had been published before in journals or newspapers. The book is divided into two sections, 'Kulturhistorisches' and 'Literarhistorisches.'

The first section opens with an account of the civilization of the Anglo-Saxons, in which Professor Schipper points out certain features which are no less characteristic of the England of to-day. The next paper treats of Oxford and Cambridge, and has been brought up to date, as it twice mentions the large bequest which has lately been made to Trinity College, Cambridge. The bequest however is attributed to Lady Pearce instead of her husband and the sum is given as £400,000. It has lately been stated that it is of about half that amount. Professor Schipper falls into error here and there by treating the two Universities together and applying terms to both such as 'Convocation' and 'Congregation' which are not applicable at any rate to Cambridge in the

sense which he gives them. In his general treatment he is fair-minded and sympathetic. While claiming for German Universities that they do more for the spiritual emancipation of the student, and for systematised research, he admits that in the latter respect Oxford and Cambridge have made great advances of late years and are still moving in the right direction, He envies us the help that our Universities receive from the private benefactor. In a note on p. 28 which purports to give a list of the Universities of England I must point out the omission of Durham, and, 'as in private duty bound,' Sheffield.

The other papers in this section are little more than newspaper articles. They deal with the Tercentenary Celebrations of Edinburgh University and Trinity College, Dublin, the Quatercentenary of Aberdeen University and the British Museum Reading Room. Professor Schipper is wrong in stating (p. 112) that the ceremony of conferring degrees is the same in all British Universities. 'Capping' is unknown to Oxford and Cambridge, at any rate. He has elevated Mr Balfour to the peerage, 'der frühere Ministerpräsident Lord Balfour' (p. 113). I regret to say that the British Museum Reading Room now closes at 7 (practically at 6.45), not at 8 as Professor Schipper informs his readers (p. 126). Or is Professor Schipper specially favoured? One might think so from his statement that he gets his books from 5 to 10 minutes after they are ordered. But his testimony to the good management of the great institution to which so many of us owe so much is pleasant to read and will be widely echoed.

The second section of the book contains papers on *The Freiris of Berwik* (with a vigorous original translation of the poem into German). the wearisome Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, the Schlegel-Tieck translation of Shakespeare as revised lately by Conrad, Professor Raleigh's *Shakespeare,* Burns, Charles Wolfe, and 'Lord Byron und die Frauen.'

Professor Schipper gives Conrad the praise he deserves for his translations of passages of Shakespeare which were misunderstood by his predecessors. One passage which he selects for praise (*Lear* II, 1, 23) seems to me however still a mistranslation:

> Have you nothing said
> Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?

which Conrad turns:

> Habt ihr nichts gesagt
> Von seiner Rüstung gegen Albaniens Herzog?

But Shakespeare means, not 'Have you nothing said *about his party,*' but 'Have you said nothing *on his side, in his interest,* against....' Professor Schipper naturally rejects the interpretation of 'the mobled queen' which he attributes to Conrad, viz., 'the queen led by the mob.' He does not point out however that the word 'mob' is not known to Elizabethan English.

Professor Schipper has a generous appreciation of Professor Raleigh's brilliantly written *Shakespeare*: 'Wir kennen kein anderes ähnliches Werk, in welchem der Verfasser seinem Gegenstande mit einer solchen

warmen Sympathie des Herzens und dennoch mit einer solchen Selbständigkeit des Urteils und des Verständnisses gegenübersteht. Auch wird es nicht leicht von einem anderen Buch verwandten Inhalts an Reichtum eigener Gedanken, an Klarheit und zugleich an Originalität des Ausdruckes übertroffen werden.' He holds, however, that it does not replace the works of Sidney Lee and Dowden, and like them shows too little acquaintance with the results of German investigation.

No one yields to myself in admiration of Sir John Moore or in gratitude to Charles Wolfe for the lyric which will keep Moore's name a household word to all time. I think however that Professor Schipper a little exaggerates the artistic perfection of Wolfe's moving lines.

In the concluding paper on Lord Byron, Professor Schipper maintains the time-worn position of continental critics that Byron is 'the greatest English poet of modern times,' though, as he says elsewhere (p. 102), it is thought 'good tone' in England at present to depreciate Byron and Moore in favour of more didactic poets such as Wordsworth and Browning. Is he aware of Swinburne's comparison of the poetic merits of Byron and Wordsworth? or does he attribute that either to a worship of 'good tone' or to a love for the didactic element in poetry?—or again to an hypocritical morality, which is always invoked by the continental critic, as by Professor Schipper himself (p. 355) when he deals with the attitude of Englishmen towards Byron? Surely when we are so constantly told by Germans that we do not take sufficient notice of German work, we may expect German Professors of English to be acquainted with the best English criticism of English poets and to pay some respect to it. It cannot surely be that 'the fine flower of poetry,' as we know it and feel it, is something impervious to German spectacles?

With regard to the exhibition of 'hypocritical morality' which followed Byron's parting from his wife—'die pharisäische Tugendheuchelei, leider noch immer eine der verbreitetsten und unerfreuchlichsten Erscheinungen in England'—(is *every* difference in moral standard to be called hypocritical?) Professor Schipper falls into a curious error. 'In den Zeitschriften, wie z. B. in der *Saturday Review* und im *Spectator*, wurde Byron aufs heftigste angegriffen.' The explanation of this strange antedating of our two weeklies is perhaps to be found in the following sentence in Nichols' *Byron* (*English Men of Letters* Series), p. 101: 'Cottle, Cato, Oxoniensis, Delia, and Styles, were let loose, and they anticipated the *Saturday* and *Spectator* of 1869 (*i.e.*, of course, of the time of the Beecher-Stowe revelations).' English condemnation of much of Byron's life and conduct may be due, not, I think, to hypocrisy, but to a certain moral narrowness; but its dislike of his manner of appealing to the sympathies of the public against his wife is due I suppose to the English feeling of what constitutes a gentleman, and one might wish that a similar feeling was also observable in foreign critics. When Byron is in question, it appears generally to be absent.

As will have been seen, Professor Schipper's book is intended for the German reader, and does not contain much that is very valuable or fresh for ourselves, though one recognizes in most of it a fairminded appreci-

ation of the land in which the author has often been an honoured guest and of the literature to which he has devoted his life. The rather ordinary character of these papers is not however redeemed by any brilliance or distinction of style, and there are a terrible number of uncorrected misprints.

G. C. Moore Smith.

Sheffield.

Untersuchungen über die mittelhochdeutsche Dichtung vom Grafen Rudolf. Von Johannes Bethmann. (Palaestra, xxx.) Berlin: Mayer und Müller, 1904. 8vo. viii + 170 pp.

Die Bruchstücke des *Grafen Rudolf* haben seit ihrer Veröffentlichung durch W. Grimm (1828 und ²1844) mit gutem Recht wiederholt die Aufmerksamkeit der Gelehrtenwelt auf sich gelenkt. Der historische Hintergrund, auf den schon der erste Herausgeber grossen Nachdruck legte, nicht weniger die unläugbaren Beziehungen zu altfranzösischer aber auch deutscher Dichtung forderten lebhaftes Interesse heraus; zudem genügte der erhaltene Rest für die bedeutsame Erkenntnis, dass es sich hier ebenso wenig um ein grobkörniges Spielmannsgedicht handle als von dick aufgetragenem oder aufdringlichem geistlichen Firnis die Rede sein könne: blickte aber aus dem Werkchen ein Mann ritterlichen Standes hervor, so verdiente es ob seines Alters schon aus diesem Grund hervorragende literarische Beachtung. Wieder ein anderes Problem, dessen Lösung Grimm noch nicht vollständig gelungen war, bildete eine durchaus befriedigende Anordnung der Fragmente, wieder ein anderes die Ermittlung der Heimat des Dichters.

Mit der Heimatfrage hebt Bethmanns Arbeit an. Als Resultat—und hierin weicht er von seinen Vorgängern (S. 4) ab—ergibt sich ihm Lokalisierung der Handschrift in Thüringen zwischen Werra und Saale (S. 50), des Dichters hingegen in Hessen innerhalb oder doch nicht weit von einem Gebiete, dessen Grenzen S. 37 gezeichnet werden. Sicherheit scheint mir die eindringliche, besonders auf moderne Mundarten wie die Hersfelder, gestützte Untersuchung gleichwohl nicht erzielt zu haben, schon deswegen nicht, weil es gewagt erscheint bei der immerhin nicht kleinen Zahl *unbedingt* unreiner Reime andere, die es auch sein könnten, in den engen Bereich eines bestimmten, natürlich des hessischen Dialekts zu pressen, und weil dennoch Bindungen übrig bleiben, die zu jener Mundart nicht recht passen wollen. Man vergleiche die Ausführungen Bethmanns zu Reimen wie *behalt* : *golt* (S. 7 f.); *mochte* : *dûchte* und *virsûchte* (S. 12); zu den für die frühe Zeit besonders auffälligen Reimen von *s* : *z* (S. 20); zu *maht* : *craft*, u.s.w. (S. 26); zu den -â-Formen der Verba *stân* und *gân* (S. 35), um die Gezwungenheit der Beurteilung zu merken. In Hinblick auf solche Bindungen dürfte E. Schröder zu der allerdings wohl auch nicht streng beweisbaren, aber ebensowenig von Bethmann widerlegten Ansicht gekommen sein, der Verfasser sei ein 'hochdeutsch dichtender Niederdeutscher.' Tüchtige, eindringende Arbeit, freilich

m. E. auf unzuverlässigerem Boden aufgebaut als der Verfasser meint, verrät auch das anschliessende, ausführliche Kapitel über die Metrik, mit den besonders dankenswerten Abschnitten über die Hebungen, stärker gefüllte und fehlende Senkungen; auffällig ist aber das Zurückschrecken vor der Annahme gelegentlicher dreihebig stumpfer und vierhebig klingender Verse in der Bindung mit dreihebig klingenden, vgl. S. 61 unter b, S. 72 f. Die üblichen Gewaltkuren verschaffen dem Emendator grössere Befriedigung als sie den Schaden—wenn es wirklich ein solcher ist—sicher heilen. Die übrigen Kapitel sind den Quellen der Dichtung—literarischen und historischen—dem Stil und der Persönlichkeit des deutschen Dichters gewidmet. Mit Holz (Paul und Braune's *Beiträge*, xviii, S. 565 f.) ordnet Bethmann die Bruchstücke in der Folge β α B δ C D γ A E—K, doch versucht er über ihn hinaus und gegen Grimm eine einleuchtende Ergänzung des zweiten und dritten Verses von γ (*mohtes tu daz ircr[îgen und] sîne hôgezit beliben*, S. 79 und Anmerkung, 1, S. 80) und identifiziert, gewiss mit Recht, den Herrn von Flandern in A mit dem Grafen Rudolf. Die Gleichstellung Apollinarts mit des Heiden Sohn (S. 82 doch auch S. 84) möge dagegen auf sich beruhen. Sein Urteil über das Verhältnis des deutschen Gedichtes zum *Beuve de Hanstone* fasst Bethmann S. 101 dahin zusammen, dass die im *Grafen Rudolf* vorliegende Fassung der Sage im wesentlichen Eigentum des deutschen Dichters sei, der den Stoff, welchen er aus Erzählungen und Lektüre kennen gelernt habe, aus dem Gedächtnis verwandte und der Erzählung als Hintergrund die Ereignisse der Kreuzzüge gab. Gesteht also Bethmann hier grösstmögliche Freiheit einer französischen Vorlage gegenüber zu, so will er anderseits die von Sybel (*Zeitschrift für deut. Altert.*, II, S. 235) als historischen Hintergrund gekennzeichnete Geschichte des Grafen Hugo von Puiset nicht als solchen gelten lassen, weil die Übereinstimmungen nicht weit genug giengen; der Dichter habe überhaupt nicht eine bestimmte Persönlichkeit vor Augen gehabt, vielmehr einzelne wirklichen Kreuzfahrern entlehnte Züge auf seinen Helden übertragen und unter diesen käme besonders Graf Dietrich von Flandern in Betracht. Allein was Bethmann dafür (S. 108–11) beibringt, scheint mir wenig glücklich. Für mein Gefühl bleibt es das wahrscheinlichste, dass der deutsche Dichter einer in Nordfrankreich oder in Flandern selbst entstandenen französischen Quelle in allem wesentlichen folgte, einer Vorlage, die Züge aus dem Leben Hugos von Puiset mit sagenhaften, wie sie zum Teil im *Beuve de Hanstone* auftreten, kombiniert hatte. War der französische Dichter in Flandern zuhause, so konnte schon er den Kaiser hereingebracht haben; dass er seinen Helden aus Arras stammen lässt, ist doch kein Ausschlag gebender Gegengrund wie Bethmann S. 101 f. meint. Ausgeführt mag der Deutsche diese Beziehung auf das kaiserliche Hofceremoniell immerhin haben, und das um so wahrscheinlicher wenn Bethmanns Vermutung über seine Beziehungen zu den thüringischen Landgrafen das Richtige trifft. Indem Bethmann schliesslich den Beziehungen des *Grafen Rudolf* zu anderen deutschen Dichtungen nachgeht, gelangt er zu der chronologischen Reihe:

Vorauer Alexander, Eilharts *Tristrant*, *Strassburger Alexander*, *Graf Rudolf*. Für die Priorität des *Tristrant* kann er jedoch nur Erwägungen, die in der Technik begründet sind, ins Feld führen, und das bleibt immer eine missliche Sache, wo man, wie hier, von der natürlichen Begabung, poetischen Schulung und literarischen Beeinflussung der betreffenden Dichter so wenig sicheres weiss. Jedesfalls sind die auf das umgekehrte Verhältnis deutenden Ausführungen E. Schröders (*Zeitschrift für deut. Altert.*, XLII, S. 78 f., 196) auf festerem Boden aufgebaut.

R. PRIEBSCH.

LONDON.

MINOR NOTICES.

The attractive 'Tudor and Stuart Library' published by the Oxford University Press already contains a number of useful texts, and gains not a little by the inclusion of this handy edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and *A Lover's Complaint* (with an Introduction by W. H. Hadow. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1907). It stands the test of collation with the original in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, all departures therefrom being recorded in the notes. The plan has been to make no alteration except in cases of absolute necessity, and this rule appears to have been scrupulously observed. It may, however, be questioned whether, in spite of the undoubted fact that the original 'is not a particularly good specimen of the printing of the period,' it would not have been worth while making the text a facsimile reprint. Such an edition would probably have been welcome to many students who cannot afford the photographic facsimile published some years ago. However, little harm has been done by the changes, which certainly result in greater typographical amenity. The introduction contains a moderate advocacy of the dramatic-autobiographic view and the Pembroke-Fitton theory. It is pleasantly written but makes no claim to originality. In enumerating the instances of the sonnet form being used in the plays, the meeting of Romeo and Juliet (I, v, 95 &c.) might have been added. On p. xvi we find 'solve' in the last line of Son. LXIX, while the text reads 'soyle' (rightly). A note on the reading of the quarto ('solye') says: 'The usual reading is *solve*; but *soyle*...is the simpler change.' Here 'solve' was introduced by Malone; but 'soyle,' the reading of the Poems of 1640 adopted by Capell, is surely now universally accepted.

W. W. G.

An edition of the works of Gascoigne (*The Complete Works of George Gascoigne*. Vol. I. *The Posies*. Edited by John W. Cunliffe. Cambridge: University Press, 1907) is a very welcome item in the series

of 'Cambridge English Classics.' In this volume Professor Cunliffe reprints *The Posies* from the second quarto of 1575. He gives no Introduction but describes the early editions of *The Posies* in an Appendix and goes on to give a careful collation of the text he has chosen with the texts of Quarto 1 (1573) and Quarto 3 (1587) and in the case of *Jocasta* with a MS. now in the British Museum, formerly the property of Roger, second Baron North. He adds some poems which appeared in Quarto 1 but were omitted from the later quartos. Professor Cunliffe's work appears to be very careful and his edition ought to do much for the reputation of a poet who has not hitherto attained his deserts. In his 'verse-letters' and in a few lyrics such as *The Lullabie* Gascoigne is surely an excellent writer.

G. C. M. S.

The comparative method in literary criticism has its dangers as well as its fascinations; it has led M. Guillaume Huszár (*Études critiques de la littérature comparée.* II. *Molière et l'Espagne.* Paris: H. Champion, 1907) into an enchanted land where fancy riots and common-sense is unknown. He sets out with two theses, which he proves to his complete satisfaction; one that Molière has been greatly overrated, and the other that his debt to Spain is very considerable. M. Huszár, who is very contemptuous towards critics who are ignorant of the Spanish drama, sees Spain everywhere. Arnolphe and Chrysalde are Spaniards; so is Alceste. Mascarille in *L'Étourdi*, and Sganarelle in *Don Juan*, are *graciosos*. In *Don Juan* the unities are neglected, therefore it is Spanish. In the *Dépit Amoureux* Molière deals with the psychology of love, therefore it is Spanish. The *précieuses* are Spanish. '*Tartuffe* comes also from Spain.' In short, there is not a single play of Molière's which does not owe something to Spain. For the purposes of M. Huszár's argument it is all the same whether Molière borrows directly from a Spanish play, or indirectly through Scarron or the Italian Comedy. It is a pity that M. Huszár has not added to his wide reading of the Spanish drama some knowledge of Italian comedy and of the social conditions of Molière's day. He would then have hardly come to the conclusion that Molière saw nature through books, nor would he have failed to perceive the great gap which separates the creator of modern social comedy from Scarron and Desmarests and even from Corneille. M. Huszár's conclusion is that much of Molière's work is obsolete, and that his characters are all of a piece, exaggerated, and therefore improbable. These are harmless opinions, and will hurt nobody, least of all Molière.

A. T.

Dr James Williams has in his *Dante as a Jurist* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1906) collected all the juridical references in Dante's works. The first 29 pp. are occupied (after a short but learned Introduction) with the *Divina Commedia*, where the matter is classified as follows: (1) Bologna, (2) Lawyers, (3) Legal terms, (4) Legal arguments, (5) Penology. Then

follows a section on the Prose Works, most space being given to the *De Monarchia* which, as the writer says, is 'permeated with law.' There is an interesting appendix on *Duo Gladii*, a short bibliography and a classified Index. The little book breaks new ground, and does it effectively. Such a subject leaves no room for eloquence, nor does it give much scope for style. To the lay mind it must necessarily appear somewhat dry; occasionally also a little far-fetched, as, e.g., when it is suggested that Bologna is called in the second Eclogue *antrum Cyclopis* 'possibly because a zealous advocate is apt to approach his case with one eye shut' (!).

L. R.

Translation from English in its earlier stages is a task which is seldom satisfactorily accomplished. Old English alliterative poetry is perhaps the most difficult of all, but it is close run by the poetry of the North-west-midland school. It is a real pleasure to find in Dr Charles G. Osgood's prose rendering of the most beautiful of all Middle English poems, *The Pearl* (Princeton, N.Y.: published by the translator, 1907), a translation which can be read with pleasure for its own sake, while sacrificing none of the intimate charm of the original. Dr Osgood has successfully avoided the various pitfalls which await the translator from Old and Middle English. There is none of that straining after archaism which even to the initiated often makes renderings from the earlier Teutonic tongues more difficult than the original poems themselves. Neither is there any jarring modern note, when a single word often spoils the effect of a whole paragraph or stanza. The translation is never more archaic than the language of the Authorised Version and never so modern as to cause us to forget that the whole setting and trend of thought in the poem belong to an age that is past. Only the scholar can appreciate the labour of love that must have gone to the making of such a translation, but we may hope that through it the larger world may learn to know and love more than they have yet had any chance of doing this 'pearl' of poetry. Perhaps it may be added that the format of the book is well worthy of its choice contents.

A. M.

The Gyldendalske Boghandel in Copenhagen, which in the past years has earned the gratitude of all students of modern and especially recent Danish literature by its admirable *Bibliothek for Hjemmet*, has just issued the first volume of a new series, *Mindesmærker af Danmarks Nationallitteratur*, udgivne af Vilhelm Andersen, the volume being devoted to selections from the writings of Sören Kierkegaard under the editorship of Carl Koch. It is proposed to include in the series annotated editions of Holberg, Oehlenschläger and other Danish classics, besides mediaeval texts.

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June—August, 1908.

GENERAL.

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Untersuchungen und Quellen zur germanischen und romanischen Philologie. Johann von Kelle dargebracht von seinen Kollegen und Schülern. I. Teil. (Prager deutsche Studien, VIII.) Prague, C. Bellmann. 14 Kr.

ROMANCE LANGUAGES.

Romanische Forschungen. Organ für romanische Sprachen und Mittellatein. Herausg. von K. Vollmöller. Vol. XXII, 3. Erlangen, Junge. 12 M. 65.

ZACCARIA, E., Bibliografia italo-iberica, ossia edizioni e versioni di opere spagnuole e portoghesi fattesi in Italia. Parte I (Edizioni). 2da ediz. con nuove aggiunte. Carpi, Ravagli. 3 L. 50.

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ANCONA, D., Dio nell' opera di G. Carducci. Conferenza. Bari, Casa editr. Alighieri. 1 L.

CASTETS, F., I Dodici canti. Épopée romanesque du XVI^e^ siècle. (Publ. de la Société des langues romanes, XXII.) Montpellier, Coulet et fils. 8 fr.

CHIURLO, B., Un poeta dialettale friulano imitatore del Béranger. Udine, Gambierasi. 1 L.

CIPOLLINI, F., Appunti di storia e critica del melodramma. Padua, Drucker. 1 L. 50.

COLAGROSSO, F., Un' usanza letteraria in gran voga nel Settecento (le Raccolte). (Biblioteca nazionale.) Florencè, Le Monnier. 2 L.

DANTE ALIGHIERI, La Vita Nuova e il Canzoniere (Edizione Vademecum). Florence, Barbèra. 3 L.

DE GUBERNATIS, A., Torquato Tasso. Corso di lezioni fatte nella r. università di Roma (1907–8). Rome, Tip. Popolare. 10 L.

FARINELLI, A., Dante e la Francia dall' età media al secolo di Voltaire. 2 vols. (Biblioteca letteraria.) Milan, Hoepli. 15 L.

GARRONE, M. A., Vademecum dello studioso della Divina Commedia. Turin, Paravia. 2 L. 50.

Gourmont, R. de, Dante, Béatrice et la poésie amoureuse. Paris, Mercure de France. 75 c.

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Lo Parco, F., Studi manzoniani di critica, lingua e stile. Messina, V. Muglia. 3 L. 50.

Manzoni, A., Opere complete. Vol. I. I promessi sposi, illustrati da G. Previati, preceduti da uno studio su Gli anni di noviziato poetico del Manzoni di M. Scherillo. 2da ediz. (Biblioteca letteraria.) 5 L.

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Muratori, L. A., Epistolario, edito e curato da M. Campori. XI (1745–48). Modena, Soc. Tip. Modenese. 12 L.

Parini, G., Versi e prose, con un discorso di G. Giusti intorno alla vita e alle opere di lui. (Biblioteca economica.) Florence, Le Monnier. 1 L. 75.

Petrarca, F., Rime, con l' interpretazione di G. Leopardi, migliorata in vari luoghi la lezione del testo e aggiuntevi nuove osservazioni. (Biblioteca economica.) Florence, Le Monnier. 1 L. 75.

Pierre-Gauthiez, Dante, essais sur sa vie. Paris, H. Laurens. 9 fr.

Piranesi, G., Giostre e tornei in Dante. Rome, Collegio Araldico. 2 L.

Rimatori bolognesi del Quattrocento, a cura di L. Frati. (N. Malpighi. G. B. Refrigerio. G. Roverbella. C. Nappi. G. A. Garisendi. Bornio da Sala. A. M. Salimbeni. S. Aldrovandi.) Bologna, Romagnoli dall' Acqua. 12 L.

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Rossi, G., Saggio di una bibliografia ragionata delle opere di Alessandro Tassoni, con un discorso sugli scritti editi ed inediti di lui. Fasc. I. Bologna, Zanichelli. 6 L.

Secchia, La, contiene sonetti burleschi inediti del Tassone e molte invenzioni piacevoli e curiose vagamente illustrate, edite per la famosa festa Mutino-Bononiense del 31 maggio MCMVIII, prefazione di O. Guerrini. Bologna, L. Beltrami. 2 L. 50.

Sinowitz, M., Kommentar zu Dante Alighieris Göttliche Komödie. Zürich, Clecner. 5 fr.

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Trabalza, C., Storia della grammatica italiana. Milan, Hoepli. 9 L.

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Celestina, or, The Tragi-Comedy of Calisto and Melibea. Transl. from the Spanish by James Mabbe, anno 1631. (Library of Early Novelists.) London, Routledge. 6*s.* net.

Sanz del Castillo, A., La mogiganga del gusto en seis novelas, publicadas con una introducción por D. Emilio Cotarelo y Mori. (Colección selecta de antiguas novelas españolas, VIII.) Madrid, Imprenta Ibérica. 3 pes.

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Beck, J. B., Die Melodien der Troubadours. Nach dem gesamten handschriftlichen Material zum erstenmal bearbeitet und herausgegeben. Strassburg, Trübner. 30 M.

French.

(*a*) *General* (*Language*).

Horluc, P., et G. Marinet, Bibliographie de la Syntaxe du Français (1840–1905). (Annales de l'Université de Lyon, II, 20.) Lyons, A. Rey. 6 fr.

(*b*) *Old French.*

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Champion, P., Charles d'Orléans, joueur d'échecs. Paris, H. Champion. 3 fr.

Jacobius, H., Die Erziehung des Edelfräuleins im alten Frankreich nach Dichtungen des XII., XIII. und XIV. Jahrhunderts. (Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie, 16. Beiheft.) Halle, Niemeyer. 2 M.

(*c*) *Modern French.*

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Amiel, H. P., Fragments d'un Journal intime. Paris, Fischbacher. 5 fr.

Barbey d'Aurevilly, J., L'esprit de Barbey d'Aurevilly, dictionnaire de pensées, traits, portraits et jugements, tirés de son œuvre critique. Paris, Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.

Barbey d'Aurevilly, J., Le théâtre contemporain. Paris, P. V. Stock. 3 fr. 50.

Bruner, J. D., Studies in Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters. Boston, Ginn and Co. 1 dol.

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Séché, L., Muses romantiques. Hortense Allart de Méritens. Paris, Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.

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Zweig, S., Balzac, sein Weltbild aus den Werken (Aus der Gedankenwelt grosser Geister, xi). Stuttgart, Lutz. 2 M. 50.

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